D.605 g.

PSALMODY,

Tranſlated from the

HIGH GERMAN:

To which is added,

A

SUPPLEMENT,

WITH

Their proper TUNES, and thorough BASS.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Sold by Mrs. LINDE, Stationer, in *Bridges-Street*, near *Covent - Garden.*

MDCCLXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 AUG 61

TO THE

QUEEN's

Moſt Excellent MAJESTY,

May it pleaſe YOUR MAJESTY,

TO grant me Leave to lay the following Sheets at YOUR MAJESTY's Feet, and to beg YOUR MAJESTY's moſt gracious Protection and Countenance for an Attempt to contribute ſomething towards the Advancement of genuine Piety and Virtue, by an Engliſh Tranſ-

DEDICATION.

Tranſlation of ſome of the moſt valuable German Hymns.

Tho' I am ſenſible of the many Defects almoſt inevitable in Works of this Kind; yet the Purpoſe of this preſent Undertaking, I dare hope, will not be deemed altogether unworthy of the Patronage of a PRINCESS as illuſtrious for Her virtuous Sentiments, as for all the tranſcendent Graces and Talents, which can dignify Human Nature; and which have rendered Her the worthy CONSORT of the moſt Gracious SOVEREIGN of Great-Britain.

But to attempt Praiſes due to ſuch Qualities, would be far beyond my Capacity. To wiſh YOUR MAJESTY



DEDICATION.

MAJESTY the higheſt Degree of Happineſs, Providence can beſtow, and Mortality receive on Earth, would be almoſt ſuperfluous. Theſe Bleſſings, MADAM, You enjoy already on the Summit of Human Greatneſs, and in what is infinitely more precious and dear to You, in the moſt engaging and tender Love of a Darling of Providence and of Mankind.

The only remaining Object of Prayers, (and many concerned Nations join in them,) for ſuch an AUGUST PAIR, is that God may be pleaſed to continue down to our lateſt Poſterity the invaluable Bleſſings we enjoy under ſuch a Reign, and to preſerve with Your

Sacred

DEDICATION.

Sacred PERSONS ſo bright an Aera of Virtue, of Glory, and of Felicity, as long as ever Human Nature can allow.

With theſe Sentiments of the moſt profound Reſpect, I have the Honour to remain,

MADAM,

May it pleaſe YOUR MAJESTY,

YOUR MAJESTY's

Moſt dutiful,

Moſt humble,

And moſt obedient Servant,



The EDITOR,

John Haberkorn.

THE PREFACE.

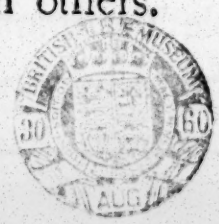
TO Tranſlate Spiritual Hymns out of one Language into another in preſerving the Metres and by courſe the Tunes as well as the Spirit of the Original, muſt be allowed to be a very difficult Taſk: but to execute this Taſk in a number of them ſufficient for the different purpoſes of private and public Devotion, ſeems to me a merit equal, if not ſuperior to that of many original Works, and an unexceptionable proof of an uncommon perſeverance and piety in the Author.

THIS Taſk was formerly undertaken by the late pious Mr. *Jacobi*, and the ſucceſs of his Labours, and of thoſe his Succeſſor, in the Supplement, here in London and in the Britiſh Settlements in the Weſt Indies, bears no inconſiderable Teſtimony to the candour, the piety and the indulgence of the Public: a conſideration which has determined the preſent

preſent Editor of this Work to ſatisfy the Public demand with a third Edition, and to ſpare neither pains nor expences, in order to make this Work appear in a condition at once worthy of its Merit, and of the favourable reception it has met with from the Public.

How far he has ſucceeded in his endeavours, he leaves to the Judgment of the Readers, contenting himſelf with remarking that he has joined the two different Works which were formerly printed by different Publiſhers, and printed them on a much better Paper than that of the former ones.

He wiſhes and hopes to contribute by this new Edition ſomething towards the advancement of piety, and to meet on that account with the favour and kindneſs of ſuch Readers as are ſenſible how apt and uſeful Hymns may prove to excite religious Sentiments: how neceſſary and important Virtue is to real Happineſs, how wiſe the endeavours to ſecure both to themſelves, and how meritorious, to promote them in others.





Advent Hymn.


Now the Saviour comes in deed of the Virgin
Mothers Seed To the Wonder of Mankind
By the Lord Himself de Sign'd

UPON THE

INCARNATION *of* CHRIST.

Nun komm der Heyden Heyland.

I.

NOW the Saviour comes indeed,
Of the Virgin-Mother's Seed,
To the Wonder of Mankind,
By the LORD himſelf deſign'd.

II.

Not begot like Men unclean,
But without the Stain of Sin;
In our Nature God was born,
Us to ſave, who were forlorn.

III.

Though the Virgin was with Child,
Chaſtity prov'd undefil'd;
All the Female Virtues were
Thron'd in her, for God was there.

IV.

From his Chambers forth he went;
Left the Glorious Element;
And, at once both God and Man,
He his bleſſed Courſe began.

V.

From his Father's Breaſt he came;
And return'd to him again.
Having firſt, our Foes to quell,
Triumph'd over Death and Hell.

VI.

O Thou God-like every Way,
Carry thy victorious Sway
In the Fleſh to ſuch a Length,
That we gain thy Godly Strength.

VII.

Lord, thy Crib ſhines bright and clear,
Chacing darkneſs every where.
Let no Sin o'ercloud this Light,
That our Faith be always bright.

VIII.

Glory to the God of Love!
Glory to his Son above!
Glory to the Spirit be!
Glory to the Bleſſed Three.


BRITISH MUSEUM 30 60 AUG

Wi

Wie ſoll ich dich empfangen.

To the Tune; *Commit thy Ways and Goings.*

I.

HOW ſhall I meet my Saviour?
How ſhall I welcome Thee?
What Manner of Behaviour
Is now requir'd of me?
Let thine Illumination
Set Heart and Hands aright,
That this my Preparation
Be pleaſing in thy Sight.

II.

Whilſt with the gayeſt Flowers
Thy Sion ſtrews the Way,
I'll raiſe with all my Powers
To Thee, a grateful Lay;
To Thee the King of Glory
I'll tune a Song Divine;
And make thy Love's bright Story
In graceful Numbers ſhine.

III.

What haſt Thou not performed,
Lord, to retrieve my Loſs,
While I was ſo deformed
By Sin and Helliſh Droſs?
The Senſe of loſt Salvation
Quite drove me to Deſpair,
But thy own Incarnation
Brought my Redemption near.

IV.

I lay in Fetters groaning,
Thou cam'ſt to ſet me free.
My Shame I was bemoaning;
With Grace Thou cloathedſt me.
Thou raiſeſt me to Glory;
Endow'ſt me with thy Bliſs,
Which is not tranſitory,
As worldly Treaſure is.

V.

What caus'd thy Incarnation?
What brought Thee down to me?
Thy Love to my Salvation
Contriv'd my Liberty.
O Love, beyond Expreſſion!
Wherewith Thou doſt embrace
Mankind in its Digreſſion
From Thee, the Source of Grace.

VI.

Let this Conſideration
Heal up your Wounds within,
Ye Sons of Deſolation,
That feel the Smart of Sin.
Take Courage, your Salvation
Stands waiting at the Door;
The Goſpel Conſolation
Is nearer than before.

VII.

'Tis none of your Endeavour,
Nor any Mortal Care
Cou'd draw his Sov'reign Favour
To Sinners in Deſpair;

Un-

Uncall'd he comes with Gladneſs
To ſave you from the Fall,
And cure all Grief and Sadneſs
You're ſtill oppreſt withal.

VIII.

Be not caſt down nor frighted
At Sin, tho' ne'er ſo great;
No! *Jeſus* is delighted
The Greateſt to remit.
He comes repenting Sinners
With Life and Love to crown;
And make them happy Winners
Of Glory like his own.

IX.

Then fear not ye the Clamour
Of Satan and his Clan;
The Word, his pow'rful Hammer,
Deſtroys their wicked Plan.
He comes as King of Glory,
Whoſe Nod confounds their Hoſt;
He carries all before ye,
And baffles all their Boaſt.

X.

He comes to paſs his Sentence
On all his Enemies.
But Children of Repentance
Shall meet with Love and Peace.
Come, Prince of Grace and Wonder!
Fetch thy Beloved Home;
Reveal thy Glories yonder;
Thy longing Spouſe ſays, Come!

The Nativity of CHRIST.

Gelobet ſeyſtu Jeſu Chriſt.

I.

DUE Praiſes to th' incarnate Love,
Manifeſted from above!
All Men and Angels now adore
What we, nor they have ſeen before. *Hallelujah*

II.

The bleſſed Father's only Son
Choſe a Manger for his Throne:
In the mean Veſt of Fleſh and Blood,
Was cloathed God, th' eternal Good. *Hallel.*

III.

Who had the World at his Command,
Wants his Mother's ſwadling Band.
Th' Almighty Word was pleas'd to come
A helpleſs Infant from the Womb. *Hallelujah.*

IV.

Th' eternal Splendor is in Sight;
Gives the World its ſaving Light;
And drives the Clouds of Sin away,
To make us Children of the Day. *Hallelujah.*

V. God's

On the Birth of Christ



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30 60
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On the Birth of Christ



God's only Son, and equal God,
Took amongſt us his Abode;
And open'd, through this World of Strife,
A Way to everlaſting Life. *Hallelujah.*

VI.

In Poverty he came on Earth,
To enrich us by his Birth,
And make us Heirs of endleſs Bliſs,
With all the darling Saints of his. *Hallelujah.*

VII.

This all he did that he might prove
Unknown Wonders of his Love;
Then let us all unite to ſing
Praiſe to our New-born God and King. *Hallel.*

Mel: Lobt Gott ihr Chriſten all zugleich.

I.

SHepherds, rejoyce, lift up your Eyes,
And ſend your Fears away!
News from the Region of the Skies:
Salvation's born to Day. Salvation's born to Day.

II.

Jeſus, the God, whom Angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-Day he makes his Entrance here,
But not as Monarchs do.

III. No

III.

No Gold nor Purple ſwadling Bands,
Nor Royal ſhining Things;
A Manger for his Cradle ſtands,
And holds the King of Kings.

IV.

Go Shepherds! where this Infant lies,
And ſee his humble Throne,
With Tears of Joy in all your Eyes,
Go Shepherds! kiſs the Son.

V.

Thus *Gabriel* ſang, and ſtrait around
The heav'nly Armies throng;
They tune their Harps to lofty Sound,
And thus conclude the Song:

VI.

Glory to God, that reigns above!
Let Peace ſurround the Earth:
Mortals ſhall know their Maker's Love,
At their Redeemer's Birth.

VII.

Lord, and ſhall Angels have their Songs,
And Men no Tunes to raiſe?
O may we looſe our uſeleſs Tongues,
When they forget to praiſe.

VIII.

Glory to God that reigns above!
That pity'd us forlorn:
We join to ſing our Maker's Love,
For there's a Saviour born.

On



On New Years Day.



On New-Year's-Day.

Das alte Jahr vergangen iſt.

I.

WITH this New Year we raiſe New Songs,
To praiſe the Lord with Hearts and (Tongues,
For his Support in Troubles paſt,
Wherewith our Life was overcaſt.

II.

O! grant us, *Jeſu*, Prince of Peace,
Thy conſtant Aid, thy conſtant Grace,
That we may, thro' the rolling Year,
Serve Thee with filial Love and Fear.

III.

O! may we never loſe thy Truth,
(The Prop of Age, the Guard of Youth)
Keep from us ſuperſtitious Fears.
Baniſh falſe Doctrine from our Ears.

IV.

Guard us, oh! guard us from all Sin:
And let us be renew'd within:
Of Errors paſt the Records rend,
O! Thou, whoſe Mercy knows no End.

V.

Grant us to lead a holy Life.
And when we leave this World of Strife,
O! bring us to that joyful Day,
When Thou wilt wipe all Tears away.

VI.

Then ſhall thy Praiſe a-new begin,
Without th' Allay of Self and Sin.
Maintain, O Lord, our Faith and Love,
Till we behold thy Face above.

Helfft mir Gottes Güte preiſen.

I.

COME, let us All, with Fervour,
On whom Heav'n's Mercies ſhine,
To our Supreme Preſerver
In tuneful Praiſes join.
Another Year is gone;
Of which the tender Mercies
(Each pious Heart rehearſes)
Demand a grateful Song.

II.

Tell o'er, with true Devotion,
The Wonders of his Grace:
Let no polluting Notion
Our Gratitude deface.
But ſtill remember well,
That this Year's Renovation
Renews our Obligation
To fight 'gainſt Sin and Hell.

III.

His Grace is ſtill preſerving
Our Peace in Church and State;
His Love is never ſwerving,
In Spite of Satan's Hate.
Diſpens'd with open Hand,
His Bleſſings on this Nation
Still ward off Deſolation,
And ſave a ſinful Land.

IV. 'Tis

On New Years Day





IV.

'Tis his eternal Kindneſs
That ſpares us from the Rod.
Tho' long our wilful Blindneſs
Has ſore' provok'd our God
To pour his Vengeance down;
Yet ſtill he Grace provides us;
And ſtill his Mercy hides us
From his own dreadful Frown.

V.

The Source of all Compaſſion
Pities our feeble Frame,
When turning from Tranſgreſſion
We come in *Jeſu*'s Name,
Before his holy Face;
Then every ſinful Motion
Is caſt into the Ocean
Of never-failing Grace.

VI.

To *Chriſt* our Peace is owing:
Through him Thou art appeas'd.
Through him thy Love's ſtill flowing:
O! wilſt Thou then be pleas'd,
Through *Chriſt*, thy Grace to ſend,
In all its Strength and Beauty,
To keep us in our Duty,
'Till theſe frail Days ſhall end.

Mein Vater zeuge mich dein Kind.

I.

MY Father! form thy Child according to thine Image:
Create, O God, in me a new and contrite Heart:
Vouchsafe to number me in thine unspotted Lineage;
And make me so by Grace, as Thou by Nature art.

II.

My Light! enlighten me with thy transcendent Favour;
Clear up my dismal Heart; dispel the Clouds of Sin;
By Nature Nothing else but sinful Thoughts I savour;
If Thou withdraw'st thy Light, I am all blind within.

III.

My Everlasting Way! unbar the Gates of *Salem*,
That I may enter in, and tread rhe Paths of Peace;
I've sojourn'd long enough amongst the Sons of *Balaam*,
And now I long for Home, where Sighs and Sin shall cease.

IV. O

Upon the Names of Christ




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IV.

O Thou Eternal Truth! Let me thy Grace inherit;
And brighten up my Mind with thy Serenity;
And may thy glorious Word caſt out the lying Spirit,
And ſtrengthen me to ſtand againſt that Enemy.

V.

My Life! live Thou in me, that I in Thee be living,
For without Thee I'm dead to all that's truly Good;
Thou art the Bread of Life; this *Manna* is thy giving;
Feed my diſtreſſed Soul with that Celeſtial Food.

VI.

My Lamb! moſt innocent, meek, patient, full of Sweetneſs,
Create thy lamb-like Mind in me thy ſtraying Sheep:
Enable me to bear, with Patience and with Meekneſs,
The Croſs made light to me by wounding Thee ſo deep.

VII.

My Maſter! Teach thou me to know my great Creator;
Without thy Light I can't behold God who is Light;

In-

Inſtruct my Heart and Lips to call him *Abba* Father,
That mine Addreſſes may be pleaſing in his Sight.

VIII.

My High-Prieſt! do not ceaſe to pray for thy loſt Creature;
Upon the Father call with me inceſſantly;
Thy Holy Spirit's Groans ſupport me, when frail Nature
In th' inward Combat ſhrinks, and has no Strength to cry.

IX.

My King! defend thou me, when Fleſh, World, Sin and Devil
Aſſault the Spark of Grace thou haſt vouchſaf'd to me;
The Shadow of thy Wings protect my Soul from Evil,
For he's alone ſecure who truſts alone in Thee.

X.

My Shepherd! feed my Soul with Food of thy Salvation;
And lead me, when I thirſt, unto the Water-Springs;
Reſtrain me when my Soul gives Way to ſtrong Temptation;
My wandring Mind bring back, when pleas'd with empty Things.

XI.

My great Phyſician! heal my Soul, whoſe Sores are many,

Caus'd

Caus'd by my num'rous Sins, ſo heinous and ſo foul.
That Sov'reign Remedy, thy Blood that's ſhed for Any,
Whoſe Refuge are thy Wounds, apply unto my Soul.

XII.

My Friend! beſtow on me thine All-ſufficient Graces;
Confirm me more and more in holy Faithfulneſs:
Grant me full Confidence to fly to thine Embraces,
When Satan, Sin and Hell my trembling Soul oppreſs.

XIII.

My Bridegroom! love me ſtill, endow me with thy Spirit;
Enrich me with thy Grace; print on my Heart thy Seal;
Thy ſweet embracing Love, O Lord, let me inherit;
And to my longing Soul thy wondrous Self reveal.

XIV.

My One and all! let me with Thee be ſo united,
That I may love but Thee, and ſcorn all earthly Toys;
And when I am by Death t'appear before Thee cited,
O, may I be prepar'd for all thy glorious Joys.

Upon

Upon the EPIPHANY of CHRIST.

Mel: Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her.

To the Tune: *With this New Year*, &c.

I.

HE reigns, the Lord our Saviour reigns;
Praiſe him in Evangelic Strains;
Let all the Earth in Songs rejoyce,
And diſtant Iſlands join their Voice.

II.

The Lord is come, the Heav'ns proclaim
His Birth, the Nations learn his Name;
An unknown Star directs the Road
Of Eaſtern Sages to their God.

III.

All ye bright Armies of the Skies,
Go worſhip where the Saviour lies.
Angels and Kings before him bow,
The Great on high, and Great below.

IV.

Let Idols totter to the Ground,
And their own Worſhippers confound;
But *Judah* ſhout, but *Zion* ſing,
And Earth confeſs her Sov'reign King.

V.

Rejoice, ye Chriſtians, and record
The Sacred Honours of the Lord:
None but the Souls that feel his Grace,
Can triumph in his Holineſs.

Of

Of the Love of Christ.

O Jeſu ſüſs! wer dein gedenckt.

To the *Tune*: O Lord, how many Miſeries.

I.

SWEET *Jeſu!* when I think on Thee,
My Heart for Joy doth leap in me.
Thy bleſs'd Remembrance yields Delight;
But far more ſweet will be thy Sight.

II.

When I th' incarnate *Jeſus* ſpy,
I'm loſt in Joy, in Tranſport die;
When with his Name I'm charm'd in Song,
I wiſh myſelf all Ear and Tongue.

III.

Of him, who did Salvation bring,
I could for ever think and ſing.
Ariſe, ye Guilty: he'll forgive;
Ariſe, ye Poor: for he'll relieve.

IV.

His Grace but aſk, and 'twill be giv'n:
He'll raiſe, and turn your Hell to Heav'n.
When Sin and Sorrow wounds the Soul,
The Balm of *Chriſt* will make it whole.

V.

If diſmal Clouds the Mind affright.
His Beams clear up the mournful Night.
Theſe Pleaſures are beyond compare:
His Love exceeds our Wiſh and Pray'r.

VI.

His Praiſe whene'er we ſtrive to tell,
Our Pens muſt flag, our Tongues muſt fail;
The Joy's too great, we muſt confeſs;
We feel a Bliſs we can't expreſs.

VII.

O wondrous *Jeſu!* Greateſt King!
The World doth with thy Triumphs ring;
Thou conquer'ſt all, below, above,
Dire Fiends with Force, and Men with Love.

VIII.

Thus diff'rent Ways thou giv'ſt thy Laws:
Some Terror frights; Some Softneſs draws.
O, dart upon us thy bright Ray,
Expelling Darkneſs, bringing Day.

IX.

For thy Seraphic Sweets, we find,
Can cure the Conſcience, and the Mind;
Chace Errors, which our Souls benight:
No Fiend nor Falſhood bears thy Sight.

X.

This ſhews the World Things hid before:
Its Glory's Shame, its Riches poor,
Its Pride Diſgrace, its Pleaſure Pain,
Its Wiſdom Nonſenſe, Bus'neſs vain.

XI.

Thy Sunlike Light drives far the Cold;
Enlight'ning Love, obſcuring Gold;
For they whoſe Sight its Beams reſtore,
Deſpiſe the Purſe, to prize the Poor.

XII. With

XII.

With Love of Thee I'm overcome,
Entranc'd with Joy, with Pleaſure dumb;
When on the Croſs I Thee behold,
I loſe all Strength, grow dead with Cold.

XIII.

The wounding Spear doth pierce my Heart:
When Thou art nail'd, I feel the Smart:
Thy dying Groans my Sighs diſplay;
Thou bow'ſt thy Head, I faint away.

XIV.

Ye Hearts of Stone, come melt to ſee,
That this was done for you and me.
His Griefs procur'd, that we're forgiven;
And on his Blood we ſwim to Heav'n.

XV.

To ſhame our Sins, he bluſh'd in Blood;
He clos'd his Eyes to ſhew us God:
Let all the World fall down, and know,
That none but God ſuch Love could ſhew.

XVI.

His Love with equal Warmth purſue;
Burn for him, as he flam'd for you;
Love ſhou'd Returns of Love inſpire,
And his bright Flames ſet us on Fire.

XVII.

View well his Face, and winning Charms,
And fly with Speed into his Arms;
Thy Love, my Saviour! ne'er can cloy,
Fountain of Bliſs, and Source of Joy.

XVIII.

Oh ! Let me ever ſhare thy Grace,
Still taſte thy Love and ſee thy Face;
Still let my Tongue reſound thy Name,
And *Jeſus* be my conſtant Theme.

XIX.

For tho' I can't Words worthy ſpeak.
Yet ſtop my Tongue, my Heart will break;
Big with thy Love, I muſt to Joy
Give Vent, leſt I in Pieces fly.

XX.

For when thy Charms croud in my Mind,
I ſplit, unleſs a Vent I find:
Thy Merits in my Mem'ry roll;
They ſooth my Thoughts, and raiſe my Soul.

XXI.

The Love of *Chriſt*'s ſtupendous Meat;
It fills me, yet I ſtill could eat;
With this his Food I'm never cloy'd;
Still hungry, tho' I'm ever fed.

XXII.

Inſatiate to thy Spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
As Dropſy loves the liquid Store,
I ſwell, and yet I thirſt for more.

XXIII.

Againſt its Charms I can't be Proof.
Ah ! who that loves can have enough?
No Heathen in this Feaſt delights;
It is not for ſuch Appetites.

XXIV. No

XXIV.

No Beauty to the Blind appears :
Sweet Sounds are loſt on deafen'd Ears ;
Chriſt is to me a pleaſing Feaſt ;
They *Jeſus* love, who *Jeſus* taſte.

XXV.

Of this his Love who's once a Taſte,
Will thirſt for more ; his Thirſt will laſt ;
But they thrice happy Lovers prove,
Whoſe Hearts are fill'd with *Jeſus'* Love.

XXVI.

Thy Name adorns the Angel's Sphere,
Pleaſes the Taſte, and charms the Ear :
Ten thouſand Times I Thee deſire ;
If Thou withdraw'ſt, I muſt expire.

XXVII.

When ſhall thy higheſt Love be try'd ?
When ſhall my Soul be ſatisfy'd ?
Remembring Thee, I panting lye ;
Thy Love both makes me live and die.

XXVIII.

I riſe and ſink in Exſtacy,
Reviv'd with Love, and kill'd with Joy.
Sweet Love ! in Publick ſtill I ſigh,
And ſtill for Thee in Secret cry.

XXIX.

'Tis Thee I love : For Thee alone
I ſhed my Tears and make my Moan.
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the Object of my Love.

XXX. In

XXX.

In finding him, my Hours are bleſt;
And when he's found, I'll hold him faſt.
O Bliſs! the Lord I fought, appears;
My Sighs are loſt with all my Fears.

XXXI.

Let Love for Joy *Hoſanna* ſing;
Heav'n, Earth with *Hallelujahs* ring;
To celebrate this welcome Day,
I dance, and die for Love away.

XXXII.

The Love of *Jeſus* now ſhall laſt,
And keep its moſt tranſporting Taſte:
No more I loſe it; no more mourn;
Its Flame continual ſhall burn.

XXXIII.

Sent from above this Fire ſhall glow,
Nor die as temp'ral Fire below;
It melts my Marrow, warms my Blood;
Lights up, but not conſumes its Food.

XXXIV.

Ev'n as the Damn'd I Heat ſuſtain;
But mine's of Pleaſure, their's of Pain.
What wond'rous Love is this I ſhare!
It burns; yet doth refreſh like Air.

XXXV.

Come, Sinners! learn of me to love;
All wanton Charms from you remove;
My Paſſion's chaſte, divinely good;
You love Men's Daughters, I my God.

XXXVI. He's

XXXVI.

He's ſweeter than the Sweets of *May*;
Far clearer than the brighteſt Day;
More pleaſing to my Taſte and Eye,
Than Eaſtern Spice, or Eaſtern Sky.

XXXVII.

Oh! let my Mouth thy Sweetneſs taſte;
My Noſtrils with thy Odours feaſt:
Still let my Lips thy Glories kiſs,
Tho' I ſtill faint beneath the Bliſs.

XXXVIII.

To Thee I'll be for e'er confin'd,
Bliſs of my Heart, Joy of my Mind!
Of Thee I think, of Thee I boaſt;
Who ſav'd the World, won't ſee me loſt.

XXXIX.

But *Chriſt* reſumes his Father's Throne.
While Angels ſing, Man's left to moan.
But, Lord! I'll never part with Thee;
I'll mount up in thy Company.

XL.

Come all, and faſt to *Jeſus* cleave;
Let's follow cloſe; ne'er *Jeſus* leave;
Both Hearts and Tongues to *Jeſus* raiſe,
With Vows, and loud harmonious Lays.

XLI.

That when we ſhall have learn'd this Art,
And from this earthly Choir depart,
He may requite our Songs of Love,
And join us to the Choir above.

ON THE

PASSION OF CHRIST.

Chriſtus, der uns ſelig macht.

I.

CHRIST, by whoſe all-ſaving Light
Mankind benefited,
Was for Sinners in the Night
As a Thief committed.
Dragg'd before a wicked Court
Of the *Jewiſh* Clergy;
Where they try'd their worſt Effort
'Gainſt the Lord of Mercy.

II.

Sentenc'd early by this Crew,
As the worſt of Sinners,
Came to *Pilate*, who foreknew
This Tumult's Beginners:
Though he judg'd him innocent
Of their Accuſation,
Yet to *Herod* he was ſent
For his Arbitration.

III. Then

On the Passion of Christ




60
AUG

III.

Then his holy Fleſh was torn
With inhuman Laſhes,
And his bleſſed Head in Scorn
Crown'd of ſinful Aſhes:
Cloathed in a Purple Dreſs,
Mock'd, and beat, and bruiſed;
Thus the Source of Holineſs
Was by Sin miſuſed.

IV.

Then at Noon the Son of God
To the Croſs was nailed,
Where his fervent Prayer and Blood
For our Sins prevailed:
The Spectators ſhook their Head
Had him in Deriſion,
Till the Sun-light mourning fled
From ſo ſad a Viſion.

V.

When at Three they heard him call:
Why am I forſaken?
Strait was Vinegar mix'd with Gall
Offer'd, but not taken:
Then to God his Spirit ſent,
Shaking th' Earth with Wonder,
Gave the Vail a thorough Rent,
Cleft the Rocks aſunder.

VI.

At th' approaching Evening Tide,
Criminals Bones were broken;

But the Spear pierc'd *Jeſus'* Side,
For a laſting Token:
Which pour'd forth a double Flood
Of a cleanſing Nature,
Both the Water and the Blood
Waſh the guilty Creature.

VII.

Joſeph, when the Eve was come,
Took his deareſt Maſter,
Laid him in his Stately Tomb,
Hewn in Alabaſter;
Nicodem, now void of Fear,
Brought the richeſt Spices:
Thus theſe holy Men paid here
Their laſt Sacrifices.

VIII.

Grant, O *Jeſu*, bleſſed Lord,
By thy Croſs and Paſſion,
Thy bleſt Love may be ador'd
By the whole Creation:
Hating Sin, the woful Cauſe
Of thy Death and Suff'ring,
Give our Heart t'obey thy Laws,
As the beſt Thanks-offering.

Jeſu deine heilge Wunden.

To the Tune; *Faithful God, I lay*, &c.

I.

CHRIST, thy ſacred Wounds and Paſſion,
Bloody Sweat, Croſs, Death, and Tomb,
Be my daily Meditation,
'Till I to thy Preſence come.
When a ſinful Thought ſhall ſtart,
Ready to ſeduce my Heart;
Shew me, that my own Pollution
Caus'd thy bloody Execution.

II.

Should my Boſom with lewd Paſſion
Be enflam'd, and burn to Sin,
Let the Thoughts of thine Oblation
Quench that ſpreading Hell within.
When the Serpent makes his Way
To my Heart, Lord! grant I may
With thy Croſs, and Crown of Briar,
Chace from thence that grand Deſtroyer.

III.

Would the World, with gay Temptation
Draw me in its own broad Way;
Let me then think on thy Paſſion,
And the Load which on Thee lay.

Sure,

Sure the Sweat, and precious Blood
Of my dear expiring God
Will create in me a Paſſion
To oppoſe and ſhun Temptation.

IV.

Lord, in every ſore Oppreſſion,
Let thy Wounds be my Relief.
When I ſeek thine Interceſſion,
Add new Strength to my Belief.
In thy bloody Hands and Feet
All my greateſt Comforts meet.
This imprinted Demonſtration
Of thy Love, be my Salvation.

V.

All my Hope and Conſolation,
Chriſt, is in thy bitter Death.
In the Hour of Expiration,
Lord, receive my dying Breath.
By thine Agony and Sweat,
Grant me, Lord, a ſafe Retreat.
By thy glorious Reſurrection,
Raiſe thy Servant to Perfection.

VI.

Chriſt, thy ſacred Wounds and Paſſion,
Bloody Sweat, Croſs, Death, and Tomb,
Be my daily Meditation,
'Till I to thy Preſence come;
Moſt of all, when I go hence,
Let this be my Confidence,
That thy deep Humiliation
Was to purchaſe my Salvation.

Jeſu

Paſsion Hymn



Jeſu meines Lebens Leben!

I.

JESU, Source of my Salvation,
Conqueror of Death and Hell!
Thou, my High Prieſt and Oblation,
Felt the Pain which I ſhou'd feel:
By the Greatneſs of thy Torment
Thou haſt purchas'd my Preferment:
Thouſand, Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Deareſt Lord, for ever be.

II.

O how baſely waſt Thou uſed,
Buffeted, and Spit upon?
Laſh'd and torn, and ſorely bruiſed,
Thou the glorious Father's Son?
But to ſet the worſt of Wretches
Free from Hell and Satan's Clutches?
Thouſand, Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Deareſt Lord, for ever be.

III.

Thou, with more than Lamb-like Meekneſs,
Suffer'd'ſt Death upon the Croſs:
O, That my Rebellious Sickneſs
Had not been the fatal Cauſe.
Thou wert curs'd for my Tranſgreſſing,
To reſtore me to thy Bleſſing.
Thouſand, Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Deareſt Lord, for ever be.

IV. Lord

IV.

Lord, thy deep Humiliation
Pay'd for my Rebellious Pride;
And thy ſacred Expiration
Puts my Fear of Death aſide:
All thy Grief and ſhameful Bondage
Thou haſt turn'd to my Advantage.
Thouſand, Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Deareſt Lord, for ever be.

V.

Lord I'll praiſe Thee now and ever
For thy more than Human Pain,
For thy agonizing Shiver,
For thy Wounds and bloody Stain,
For thy ſtooping to the Sentence
Of eternal Wrath and Vengeance:
For thy Love, my God and King,
Praiſes ſhall for ever ring.


AUG

Paſsion Hymn



O Lamb Gottes unſchuldig.

I.

O Lamb of God, our Saviour!
Kill'd on the Tree of Sorrow!
Thy ſuff'ring meek Behaviour
Paid what thou didſt not borrow.
Thy bearing our Tranſgreſſion
Secur'd us from Damnation.
Have Mercy upon us, *O Jeſu! O Jeſu!*

II.

O Lamb of God, our Saviour, *&c.*
Have Mercy upon us, *O Jeſu! O Jeſu!*

III.

O Lamb of God, our Saviour, *&c.*
O grant us thy Peace, *O Jeſu! O Jeſu!*

Da Jeſus an dem Creutze Stund.

I.

WHEN *Chriſt* hung on the curſed Tree,
A bloody Sacrifice for Thee,
Bereft of Conſolation,
His Seven laſt Words, of all, deſerve
Thy deepeſt Meditation.

II.

The Firſt beſpeaks the Depth of Love;
In which he pray'd to God above
For his imbitter'd Nation.
Father, forgive our Ignorance
At thy Son's Interceſſion.

III.

The Second was the great Relief
He promis'd the repenting Thief,
Firmly aſſeverated.
Lord bring us to thy Paradiſe,
When we are hence tranſlated.

IV.

The Third, the Care he well apply'd,
For his bleſt Mother to provide
By him whom he beſt loved.
Provide, O God, for Thoſe we leave,
When we are hence removed.

V. The

Paſsion Hymn




AUG

V.

The Fourth was, when he cried: I thirſt!
Alas! for whom, but for the Curſt,
And all Mankind's Redemption?
Lord, true Repentance grant, that we
May anſwer thy Intention.

VI.

The Fifth the Lord in Anguiſh ſpoke:
Why haſt thou, God, my Soul forſook;
While ev'ry Terror preſſes?
Lord, grant our Souls from thy Diſtreſs
May fetch all-healing Graces.

VII.

'Tis finiſh'd: was the following Word,
By which our great and dying Lord
Retriev'd our loſt Salvation.
Ye mourning Sinners, all rejoice
To hear this Declaration.

VIII.

The Sev'nth was: Father to thy Hand
My Soul and Spirit I commend:
This be my laſt Expreſſion.
Lord *Jeſu!* when thou call'ſt me hence,
Take me to thy Poſſeſſion.

IX.

Whoever pays a deep Regard
To theſe Expreſſions of our Lord,
And mourns their ſad Occaſion,
Will lay, for everlaſting Life,
A ſtrong and ſure Foundation.

Wenn meine Sünd mich kräncken.

I.

WHEN Guilt and Shame are raiſing
A Storm within my Soul,
Thy Death, Lord! ſo amazing,
Sin's damning Pow'r controul.
Remind me, that thy ſacred Blood
Has cancell'd my Tranſgreſſions,
By paying what I ow'd.

II.

O Wonder, far exceeding
All human Pow'r and Senſe!
Heav'n's Sov'reign was ſeen bleeding,
To wipe off our Offence.
The Source of Life gave up his Breath
For me, whoſe vile Rebellion
Deſerv'd an endleſs Death.

III.

Tho' Sin exceeds a Mountain
Of all the ſandy Shore;
Yet th' everlaſting Fountain
Of *Chriſt*'s own purple Gore
Quite drowns and waſhes them away,
And ſaves me from the Terror
That held me in Diſmay.

IV.

My Heart, while here 'tis moving,
Shall beat with fervent Praiſe
To Thee, who wert ſo loving
Towards our ruin'd Race:
Thy dying Words and every Groan
Shall be my Meditation,
'Till I am all thy own.

V. Lord

On the Paſſion of Christ

34




AUG

On the Paſſion of Christ

34

When Guilt and Shame is raiſing a
Thy Death Lord ſo a--mazing ſins --

Storm within my Soul
damning Power controul
Remind me that thy

Sacred Blood has canceld my Tranſgreſſion by

Paying what I ſhould

AUG

Lord! let thy bitter Paſſion
Dwell always in my Mind,
To raiſe an Indignation
'Gainſt Sin of ev'ry Kind,
That henceforth I may ne'er forget
The greatneſs of my Ranſom,
Which paid an endleſs Debt.

VI.

All Pains and Tribulations,
Contempt and Worldly Spite,
Help me to bear with Patience,
And always fix my Sight
On that unerring Rule of Faith,
Thy bleſſed Imitation,
And Self-denying Path.

VII.

Oh! may my Life and Labour
Expreſs what Thou haſt done;
By loving well my Neighbour
And ſerving ev'ry one
Without Self-Int'reſt or Diſguiſe,
And may thy pure Example
Be my beſt Exerciſe.

VIII.

And Oh! apply the Merit
And Comfort of thy Blood,
When I give up my Spirit
To Thee my Judge and God.
Then let my Hope its Pow'r diſplay,
And reſt upon thy Promiſe,
To ſave me in that Day.

ON THE

BURIAL *of* CHRIST.

O Traurigkeit !

I.

O Boundleſs Grief,
Beyond Relief !
Where are my Paſſions hurried ?
God the Father's darling Son
For my Sins is buried.

II.

O Greateſt Dread !
God-Man is dead.
See where he is expired,
And, for Sinners doom'd to Death,
Endleſs Life acquired.

III.

O make a Pauſe,
And ſearch the Cauſe
Of this unheard-of Murther !
Sinner ! thine Apoſtacy
Cou'd advance no further.

IV.

The Lamb of God
Has ſhed his Blood
For my and thy Salvation,
Thus to reſcue ſinful Men
From deſerv'd Damnation.

On our Saviours burial





On our Saviours burial




AUG

V.

O glorious Head!
Waſt Thou then made
Thus to be torn and wounded?
At this Sight, the guilty World
Ought to be confounded.

VI.

O lovely Face!
Thou Source of Grace,
And Author of all Beauty!
Who can ſee Thee, and not melt
Into Tears of Duty?

VII.

How bleſt he is,
Who weigheth this
With Chriſtian Application,
That the Lord of Life and Light,
Dy'd for our Salvation.

VIII.

O *Jeſu!* bleſt
My Hope and Reſt,
Grant me this heav'nly Favour,
That thy Blood, Croſs, Death and Tomb
Prove my dying Savour.

OF THE
RESURRECTION of CHRIST.

Chriſt lag in Todes Banden.

I.

CHRIST was to Death abaſed,
And giv'n for our Tranſgreſſion,
But by his being raiſed
Regain'd our Life's Poſſeſſion.
This ſhould make our Souls rejoice
To praiſe the Lord with Heart and Voice,
In ſinging *Hallelujah, Hallelujah!*

II.

None could be found of *Adam*'s Race
Who *Death* and *Hell* could ſlaughter.
Sin had defac'd the Worth and Grace
Of ev'ry Son and Daughter.
Death then, cauſed by the Fall,
Was, from thence, entail'd on all;
And kept the World in Bondage.

III.

But JESUS, whom God ever lov'd,
Came down for our Salvation:
Death from her Empire he remov'd;
And by his bleſſed Paſſion,
Ruin'd all her Pow'r and Claim;
And left *Death* nothing but the Name:
The Sting is loſt for ever. *Hallelujah.*

IV. How

Easter Hymn


38
CHRIST was to Death a--ba--ſed and
But by his be---ing Rai-ſed re----
given for our Tranſgreſſion
--gaind us life's Poſſeſ--ſion
This ſhou'd make our
Souls Reioyce to Praiſe the Lord with heart &
Voice in ſinging Hallelu--jah Halle--lu--jah



IV.

How hot and wond'rous was the Fray!
Life was with Death ſurrounded,
The Lord of Life here gain'd the Day,
Death's Kingdom was confounded.
This the Scripture doth record,
That Death was conquer'd with his Sword,
And led at laſt in Triumph. *Hallelujah.*

V.

This is the Bleſſed Paſchal Lamb,
By God himſelf appointed.
The Prophets do aloud proclaim,
That this is THE ANOINTED.
On our Hearts his Blood we ſhew;
No Fears of Death diſturbs us now:
Subdu'd is that Deſtroyer. *Hallelujah.*

VI.

This is the Day the Lord has made
To all our Hopes to raiſe us:
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And join to ſing his Praiſes.
He diſpels the Clouds of Sin,
His Merit cleanſes all within,
We are remov'd from Darkneſs. *Hallelujah.*

VII.

The Bread of Life, by which we're held
Is CHRIST for ever living:
The Leav'n of Sin is ſtill expell'd
By Grace, which he is giving.
Faith deſires no other Food,
But our Redeemer's Fleſh and Blood.
Bleſt be his Name for ever. *Hallelujah.*

Heut triumphiret Gottes Sohn.

I.

TO Day, the Lord in Triumph reigns,
Breaks Death and Hell's infernal Chains;
Retakes his Life, and Majeſty;
Praiſe him to all Eternity. *Hallelujah.*

II.

When he deſcended into Hell,
Satan and all his Legions fell:
Behold the great Accuſer caſt:
The Hour of Darkneſs now is paſt. *Hallel.*

III.

Now let the infernal Lions roar,
They cannot hurt us as before;
Loſt is the Pow'r of all thoſe Fiends:
We are God's Children, Heirs, and Friends.

IV. *Hall.*

O ſweet Redeemer, *Jeſus Chriſt!*
Our Sacrifice, and great High-Prieſt,
Lead us by thine Almighty Grace,
To end with Joy our Chriſtian Race. *Hall.*

V.

Infinite Lover, gracious Lord!
Thy wond'rous Name ſhall be ador'd;
To Thee be endleſs Honours given
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n. *Hallelujah.*

On the Resurrection of Christ.




AUG


60
AUG

Ascension Hymn

41



Auf dieſen Tag, bedencken wir.

I

RAISE your Devotion, mortal Tongues,
To praiſe the King of Glory,
Sweet be the Accents of your Songs
Of him who went before ye;
Bright Angels, ſtrike your loudeſt Strings:
Let Heav'n and all created Things
Sound our *Emanuel*'s Praiſes.

II

Ye mourning Souls, look upward too,
For *Chriſt* is now preparing
At God's right Hand a Place for you:
Shake off what ſeems deſpairing.
Thence our great Lord and King ſhall come
To fetch our longing Spirits Home,
And crown your Love and Labour.

III.

Since He o'er Heav'n bears ſov'reign Sway,
By all its Pow'rs attended;
And has more Graces to diſplay
Than can be comprehended;
Fear not but He his Graces pours
On ſuch meek, trembling Hearts as yours,
The Objects of his Favour.

IV.

Extend, O Lord, thy ſov'reign Grace,
Thy Light to ev'ry Nation:
Let Earth and Seas avow and praiſe
Thy Love, thy Pow'r, thy Paſſion;
'Till we join with thy Saints above
In Hymns to celebrate thy Love,
And dwell with Thee for ever.

Of the HOLY GHOST.

Komm Heiliger Geiſt.

I.

COME, Holy Ghoſt! Come, Lord our God!
Spread Faith and Love divine abroad;
And fill thy longing People's Minds
With precious Gifts of ſundry Kinds.
O Lord, who, by thy heav'nly Light,
Haſt call'd thy Church from ſinful Night,
Out of all Nations, Tribes and Tongues,
Thy Praiſe ſhall make our choiceſt Songs:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

II.

Thou Light of Glory, gracious Lord!
Revive us by thy holy Word,
And teach thy Flock in Truth to call
On Thee, the Father of us all.
Deluſive Errors far remove,
And guide us always by that Love,
Which, keeping cloſe to *JESU*'s Path,
Rejects all other Guides of Faith. *Hallelujah.*

III.

Thou great Diſpenſer of that Love,
Which ſent Redemption from above,
O! Grant us Faith and Conſtancy,
To conquer Sin, and yield to Thee.
O Lord! by thine Almighty Grace,
Prepare us ſo to run our Race,
That we, from Bonds of Sin kept free,
May gain a bleſt Eternity. *Hallelujah.*

On Pentecost




AUG


Heav'nly light haſt call'd thy Church from ſin--
...full Night out of all Nations Tribes and
Tongues thy Praiſe ſhall tu----ne our choiceſt
Songs Hallelu-jah Halle---lu...jah



O du allerſüſte Freude.

To the Tune: *Faithful God, I lay before Thee.*

I.

O Thou ſweeteſt Source of Gladneſs!
Faith and Hope and Heav'nly Light,
Who, in Joy, as in our Sadneſs,
Doſt convince us of thy Might!
Holy Spirit, God of Peace,
Great Diſtributer of Grace,
Life and Joy of the Creation,
Hear, O hear my Supplication.

II.

O Thou beſt of all Donations
God can give, or we implore,
Having thy ſweet Conſolations,
We need wiſh for Nothing more.
Come, Thou Lord of Love and Pow'r,
On my Heart thy Graces ſhow'r:
Work in me a new Creation,
Make my Heart thy Habitation.

III.

From that Height that knows no Meaſure,
As a Show'r thou doſt deſcend;
And bring'ſt down the richeſt Treaſure
Man can wiſh, or God can ſend.
O! Thou Glory ſhining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant me thy Communication,
Which makes All a new Creation.

IV. Wiſe

IV.

Wiſe Thou art, know'ſt all Receſſes
Of the Earth and ſpreading Skies:
Ev'ry Sand the Shore poſſeſſes,
Thy omniſcient Mind deſcries.
Lord, thou knoweſt, that I am
Quite corrupted, blind and lame.
Give me ſuch a wiſe Behaviour
As may pleaſe my God and Saviour.

V.

Holy Lord! who lov'ſt to viſit
Souls, of pure and chaſt Deſire,
But abhor'ſt an Heart that's buſied
With what Fleſh and Blood admire:
Waſh my Soul, O Spring of Grace,
Clean from all Unrighteouſneſs;
Make me fly what thou refuſeſt,
And delight in what thou chuſeſt.

VI.

Like a Lamb thou art in Nature,
Of a meek and tender Mind,
Doing Good to ev'ry Creature,
Though they're ſtill to Sin inclin'd;
O forgive, and grant I may
Follow thy forgiving Way,
Love my Foes as my own Lineage,
And hate none that bear thy Image.

VII.

Deareſt Lord, I live contented
In th' Aſſurance of thy Love,
Which, if not by Sin prevented,
Does my higheſt Comfort prove.

Make my Soul thy Property;
All I have ſhall be to Thee
And thy Glory dedicated
Here, and when I am tranſlated.

VIII.

I renounce what's prejudicial
To the Glory of thy Name;
Counting only beneficial
What's from Thee, and from the Lamb:
At what Satan can contrive,
I will never once connive;
But with earneſt Oppoſition,
Croſs that Author of Perdition.

IX.

Oh! ſupport my weak Endeavour;
Second me on ev'ry Side,
Thine Aſſiſtance, great Reliever!
Grant me ſtill; and be my Guide.
Mortify my Selfiſhneſs,
Turn th' old Will from ſinful Ways,
And conform it to thy Nature,
That my God may love his Creature.

X.

Be my Guard on each Occaſion;
When I'm ſinking be my Staff;
When I die be my Salvation;
When I'm buried, be my Grave.
And when from the Grave I riſe,
Take me up above the Skies.
Seat me with thy Saints in Glory;
There for ever to adore Thee.

Zeuch ein zu deinen Thoren.

I.

IN me reſume thy Dwelling,
Thou glorious Gueſt of Hearts;
And, from me Sin repelling,
Renew my inward Parts,
O Spirit all Divine;
Whoſe Goodneſs never varies;
In whom the Grace and Glories
Of all the Godhead ſhine.

II.

Come, Flow'r of all that's holy,
And fill my inward Part
With Grace, which drives all Folly
And Error from the Heart:
Thy Mind reſtore in me;
While I the wond'rous Story
Rehearſe, without Vain-Glory,
Of all my Debt to Thee.

III.

I was a with'ring Scyon;
Thou ſaw'ſt; and, griev'd to ſee,
From Death, that grimmeſt Lion,
In Pity ſet me free,
By grafting me in *Chriſt*,
While into his Oblation,
Which purchas'd my Salvation,
By Thee I was baptiz'd.

IV.

By Thee, whoſe bleſſed Function
Can ne'er enough be priz'd:

By

Whitsunday Hymn.




AUG
60

By Thee, whoſe holy Unction
Anoints me into *Chriſt*,
And makes me all his own;
All his, on whom, together
With all his Pow'r, the Father
Has all his Glory thrown.

V.

Thou guid'ſt the guilty Creature
To the bleſt Mercy-Chair;
And giv'ſt his Lips to utter
A Mercy-winning Pray'r.
Thy Eloquence prevails
To ſave from Satan's Fingers
The moſt abandon'd Sinners;
And never, never fails.

VI.

Thou art the Source of Pleaſure,
Which never fades nor cloys:
Of dark'ning Grief no Meaſure
Withſtands thy bright'ning Joys.
How often haſt Thou giv'n,
Thou 'Lightner of all Nations,
In thy ſweet Viſitations,
Extatic Taſtes of Heav'n!

VII.

Thou art th' eternal Center
Of Love and Unity.
Where foul Contentions enter
In vain we look for Thee,
Thou God of Truth and Peace.
O! may thy Truth delight us;
And thy ſweet Peace unite us;
And all our Diſcords ceaſe.

The Earth, the whole Creation
Is pendent on thy Hand.
What Thing, what Heart, what Paſſion
Obeys not thy Command!
Thou Pow'r above all Powers!
O, may thy Truth and Graces,
Thy Peace upon all Places
Deſcend in plenteous Show'rs.

IX.

O! heal our ſore Diſtractions:
Our growing Rage remove:
And drown our reſtleſs Factions
In Goſpel-Truth and Love.
Thy mighty Arm make bare
For injur'd ſinking Nations;
And ſtop the Devaſtations
And Bloody Hands of War.

X.

Be Angels ever buſy
To guard the King and Queen.
Make their bright Crowns ſit eaſy,
And, thro' a laſting Reign,
With riſing Glories ſhine.
Pour forth thy Grace upon 'em
And let thy Bleſſings on 'em
No Bounds on Earth confine.

XI.

The Minds of all the Nation
Endue with Faith and Love;
And pour on ev'ry Station
Thy Bleſſings from above.

All Ranks with Wiſdom bleſs
To ſhun all Wrath and Riot,
And ſeek the common Quiet,
And common Happineſs.

XII.

Give Strength and Reſolution,
To fight like Chriſtian Men,
'Gainſt Satan's fierce Intruſion,
And all his helliſh Clan;
That gaining always Ground,
We rout all Oppoſition,
And in no Sin's Commiſſion
One Chriſtan may be found.

XIII.

Direct our Converſation
According to thy Mind;
And when this mortal Station
At laſt ſhall be reſign'd:
Then grant, thou God of Love!
That our whole Life's Profeſſion
May end in the Poſſeſſion
Of laſting Bliſs above.

Allein Gott in der Höh ſey Ehr.

I.

TO our Almighty gracious God,
New Honours be addreſſed,
Whoſe great Salvation ſhines abroad,
To make all Nations bleſſed;
He looks upon us in his Son,
Who brought from Heav'n Salvation down,
And Peace to Men proclaim'd:

II.

To Thee we come and humbly bow,
Great Lord of the Creation!
Whoſe boundleſs Empire ne'er will know
Or End or Variation.
Thy Pow'r is endleſs as thy Praiſe:
Thou ſpeak'ſt; the Univerſe obeys.
On Thee depend all Creatures.

III.

Bleſt *Jeſus*, only Son of God
On Earth of Tragic Story;
Our Ranſom is thy precious Blood;
Thy ſhameful Croſs our Glory.
Sweet ſuff'ring Lamb, now King of Kings,
And Lord of all created Things,
Extend to us thy Mercy.

IV.

O Holy Ghoſt! our Sov'reign Good,
And higheſt Conſolation!
What *Jeſus* ranſom'd with his Blood,
Preſerve Thou to Salvation.
'Tis Thou who bring'ſt us unto *Chriſt*;
'Tis Thou his precious Blood applieſt.
In Thee we have Affiance.

Trinity Hymn




60
AUG


60
AUG

Trinity Hymn




60
AUG


51
That Under thy Direction our Faith may
Thy Grace be thus Improved that we may
Scape In--fec-tion
ne'er be mo--ved
Amen Amen be y word ſo
Shall we truly Praiſe the LORD

Gott der Vater wohn ns bey.

I.

GOD the Father, our Defence!
O ſave us from Damnation;
All Tranſgreſſions take from hence,
And grant us thy Salvation;
Guard us from the Tempter's Snare,
Within thy own Protection,
That under thy Direction
Our Faith may 'ſcape Infection.
We rely upon thy Care.
With all thy Well-beloved,
Thy Grace be thus improved,
That we may ne'er be moved.
Amen, *Amen*, be the Word!
So ſhall we truly praiſe the Lord.

II.

Lord *Chriſt Jeſus!* our Defence!
O ſave us, *&c.*

III.

Bleſſed Spirit, our Defence,
O ſave us, *&c.*

Of the Holy Angels.

Herr Gott dich loben alle wir!

I.

TO God let all the Human Race
Bring humble Worſhip mixt with Grace;
Who makes his Love and Wiſdom known,
By Angels, that ſurround his Throne.

II.

Theſe Angels, whom thy Breath inſpires,
Thy Miniſters are flaming Fires!
And ſwift as Thought their Armies move,
To bear thy Vengeance, or thy Love.

III.

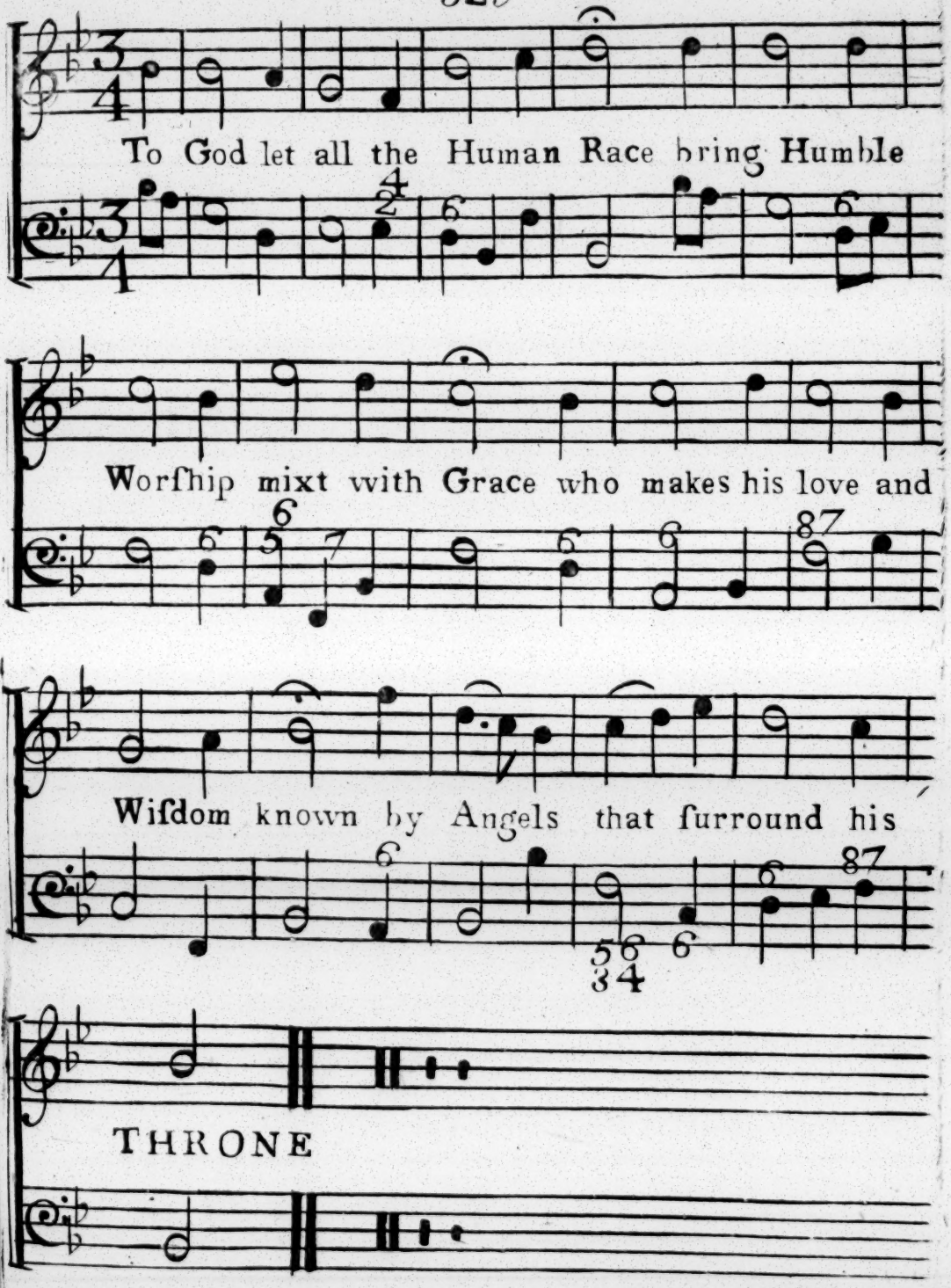
They joy t'obey thy bleſſed Will;
They love t'increaſe their Knowledge ſtill;
They always ſerve the Lord their Rock,
In keeping Guard around thy Flock.

IV.

The Good, where'er thy Children dwell,
They do, no mortal Tongue can tell;
Nor what their Heav'nly Care prevents,
Where they are bid to pitch their Tents.

Michaelmass Hymn

52




AUG
60

V.

Good *Daniel* found their Benefit,
When mid'ſt the Lions forc'd to ſit.
The ſame enjoy'd the pious *Lot*;
What great Deliv'rance had he not?

VI.

What did the three Men in the Flame,
As ſoon their Guardian-Angel came?
Did not the Oven's devouring Fire,
Reſound the Notes of Heav'nly Quire?

VII.

Thus God defends us Day by Day,
From many Miſchiefs in our Way,
By Angels, which do always keep
A watchful Eye when we're aſleep.

VIII.

O Lord! we'll bleſs Thee all our Days;
Our Soul ſhall glory in thy Grace;
Thy Praiſe ſhall dwell upon our Tongues;
All Saints and Angels join our Songs.

IX.

We pray to let their Heav'nly Hoſt
Be Guardians of our Land and Coaſt,
To keep thy little Flock in Peace,
That we may lead a Life of Grace.

On the PHILANTHROPY of GOD and CHRIST.

Nun freut euch lieben Chriſten-Gemein.

To the *Tune: Raiſe your Devotion.*

I.

NOW come, ye Chriſtians all, and bring,
With chearful Hearts and Voices,
Due Praiſes to our God and King,
Whoſe Holy Court rejoices
To ſee the Wonders of his Love,
Which brought Redemption from above,
Beyond our Expectation.

II.

As Satan's Slave in Sin I lay,
Deſpairing of Salvation,
Satan had got a mighty Sway
God was my Deteſtation;
And ſinking deeper by Degrees
Into this deſperate Diſeaſe,
Was nearly loſt for ever.

III. Good

III.

Good Works wou'd here not ſerve my Turn,
They cou'd produce no Merit;
Rebellion made my Free-Will burn
Againſt the Holy Spirit.
My Anguiſh drove me to Deſpair;
Death was my Mirrour every where,
The Preſage of Hell-Torment.

IV.

But, O unutterable Grace!
That pity'd my Condition!
Th' eternal *Jeſus* took my Place
To ſave me from Perdition;
Down to this World the Saviour flies,
Stretches his ſacred Arms and dies,
For me a wretched Sinner.

V.

Juſtice was pleas'd to bruiſe the God
And Author of Salvation,
To pay its Wrongs with Heav'nly Blood,
And quench Hell and Damnation:
Infinite Racks and Pangs he bore,
And 'roſe; the Law could aſk no more
Of this my Mediator.

VI.

Thus the Redeemer ſpake to me
In ſmiling Condeſcenſion:
I wholly give myſelf for Thee
T' unvail this my Intention,
That I am thine with all I have,
And purchas'd by the Croſs and Grave:
No Foe ſhall diſunite us.

VII.

I'll riſe again, retake the Crown
And Glory of my Father,
From thence I'll ſend my Spirit down
To bring my Saints together;
His Comforts ſhall abide with Thee,
To ſtrengthen thy Belief in me,
And ſeal thy ſure Salvation.

VIII.

What I have ſuffer'd, done and taught,
Shall be thy Rule of Action,
That all thy Neighbours may be brought
To follow my Direction.
Beware of other Guides of Faith;
Stick to my Self-denying Path,
The ſafeſt Way to Glory.

Of the Love of GOD in CHRIST.

Liebe die du mich zum Bilde.

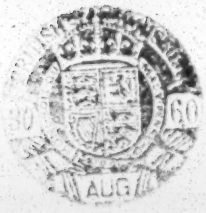
I.

LORD, thine Image Thou haſt lent me,
In thy never-fading Love;
I was fall'n; but thou haſt ſent me
Full Redemption from above.
Sacred Love! I long to be
Thine to all Eternity.

II. Love!

Upon the love of God





II.

Love, to Bliſs thou haſt ordained
Me, e'er I began to be;
God of Love! thou'ſt not diſdained
To become a Man like me:
Love Almighty and Divine!
I would be for ever thine.

III.

Love! Thou haſt for me endured
All the Pains of Death and Hell;
Nay, thy Suff'rings have procured
Grace above what Man can tell.
Sacred Love! I long to be
Thine to all Eternity.

IV.

Love! my Life, and my Salvation,
Light, and Truth, eternal Word!
Thou alone doſt Conſolation
To my ſinking Soul afford:
Love Almighty and Divine!
I wou'd be for ever thine.

V.

To thy bleſſed Yoke thou'rt tying
Me with Cords of Grace and Love;
While my Heart is ever crying
(Looking to the Realms above)
Sacred Love! I long to be
Thine to all Eternity.

VI. Love!

VI.

Love! Thou wilſt for ever love me;
And thy Truth to me reveal.
Love! Thou wilſt at Length remove me
From the Reach of Death and Hell.
Love Almighty and Divine!
I would be for ever thine.

VII.

Love! in Mercy thou wilt raiſe me
From the Grave of Sin and Duſt;
Love! I ſhall for ever praiſe thee,
When in Heav'n among the Juſt:
Sacred Love! I long to be
Thine to all Eternity.

Repeat:

Love Almighty and Divine!
I would be for ever thine.

Jeſus Chriſtus Gottes Lamm.

To the Tune; *Deareſt Jeſu, we are here.*

I.

CHRIST, th' eternal Lamb of God,
Died for Man, his Rebel-Creature,
Paid the Ranſom with his Blood,
To reſtore fall'n human Nature:
Thoſe that mourn their deep Corruption
Share their Saviour's bleſt Adoption.

II. This

II.

This was loving like a God,
Who in wondrous Condeſcenſion
Sent his only Son abroad,
To reveal his bleſt Intention:
That the Children of Perdition
Should be Heirs of Gods Fruition.

III.

Now that we are reconcil'd
By the Son's Humiliation;
Will not that triumphant Child
Save us by his Exaltation?
We, for whom he bore ſuch Labour,
Are the Darlings of his Favour.

IV.

Now we live by Faith in *Chriſt*,
Eyeing ſtill his bright Example,
Who for us was ſacrific'd,
And declares our Hearts his Temple.
Thus we Sinners boaſt with Pleaſure
The Poſſeſſion of this Treaſure.

V.

Father, to thy Mercy-Seat
Be our beſt of Thanks directed;
Lord, the Rage of Sin defeat,
Still aſſaulting thine Elected:
And for ever, by thy Spirit,
Fit us to proclaim *Chriſt*'s Merit.

Upon Divine Providence.

Wo Gott zum Hauſs nicht gibt ſein Gunſt.

I.

IS God withdrawing? all the Coſt
And Pains that built the Houſe are loſt.
If God the City doth not keep,
The watchful Guards as well may ſleep,

II.

What if you riſe before the Sun,
And work and toil when Day is done,
Careful and ſparing eat your Bread,
To ſhun that Poverty you dread.

III.

'Tis all in vain, till God has bleſt;
He can make rich, yet give us Reſt;
Children and Friends are Bleſſings too,
If God our Sov'reign makes them ſo.

IV.

Happy the Man to whom he ſends
Obedient Children, faithful Friends.
How ſweet our daily Comforts prove,
When they are ſeaſon'd with his Love!

V.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God, whom Heav'n's triumphant Hoſt,
And ſuff'ring Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory now and evermore.

Upon divine Providence




AUG


AUG

Upon Providence



Wer nur den lieben Gott läſt walten.

I.

HE that confides in his Creator,
Depending on him all his Days,
Shall be preſerv'd in Fire and Water,
And ſav'd in Grief a Thouſand Ways.
He that makes God his Stand and Stay,
Builds not on Sand that glides away.

II.

What gain'ſt Thou by thy Cark and Caring?
What is it for thou pin'ſt away?
Thy Reſt and Health thou art impairing,
By Sighs and Groans from Day to Day.
Thou art but adding Grief to Grief,
Inſtead of getting ſure Relief.

III.

Wou'd we but be a little quiet,
And reſt in God's good Providence,
Who thus preſcribes us wholſome Diet
By Methods croſs to Fleſh and Senſe;
We might obtain. For ſurely he
Knows beſt what's good for thee and me.

IV.

He knows the Hours of Joy and Gladneſs,
As well as proper Time and Place;
Are we but faithful in our Sadneſs,
Seek not ourſelves, but ſeek his Praiſe:
He'll come before we are aware,
And diſſipate our greateſt Care.

V. Don't

V.

Don't hearken to thy giddy Reaſon,
As if God had forſaken Thee,
And think him happy who, this Seaſon,
Is glitt'ring in Proſperity.
To Morrow, Spite of all his Brags,
May ſee Thee rich, and Him in Rags.

VI.

God can, this Hour, with ev'ry Dainty
The poor Man's Table nobly ſpread;
And ſtrip the Rich of all his Plenty,
And ſend him out to beg his Bread.
He, when he pleaſes, turns the Scale.
By Him alone we riſe or fall

VII.

Do Thou, with Faith, obſerve thy Station;
Keep God's Commands, and ſing his Praiſe,
Rely on Him for Preſervation,
On whom the whole Creation ſtays.
The Man that's truly wiſe and juſt,
Makes God and God alone his Truſt.

Repeat:

The Man that's *&c.*



Upon Providence



Befiehl du deine Wege.

Commit thy Ways unto the Lord, truſt alſo in him, and he ſhall bring it to paſs.

I.

COMMIT thy Ways and Goings
And All that grieves thy Soul,
To Him, whoſe wiſeſt Doings
Rule all without Controul:
He makes the Times and Seaſons
Revolve from Year to Year,
And knows Ways, Means, and Reaſons,
When Help ſhall beſt appear.

II.

Uuto the Lord turn wholly,
For he will never fail
To reſcue thee from Folly,
If thou doſt but bewail
Thy Stiff-neck'd Self-Reliance;
Shake off that Yoke of Hell,
Which ever bids Defiance
To Him that governs well.

III.

Truſt alſo in him ever,
Without reluctant Will:
His Promiſes will never
Once come behind thy Zeal.
His Goodneſs knows no Meaſure,
His Love and Care no End,
For ſuch as wait with Pleaſure
Till he Salvation ſend.

IV. And

IV.

And he ſhall ſurely lighten
The Sorrows on thy Heart,
And with his Glory brighten
Thy darken'd inward Part.
When Thou his great Salvation
With wond'ring Eyes ſhalt ſee,
Thou'lt ſay, without Ceſſation,
He loves and cares for Thee.

V.

Bring it to paſs, O Bleſſed
Above what Words can tell:
And ſee us all releaſed
From Sin and Death and Hell.
Direct us, O moſt Holy,
In the bleſt heav'nly Way,
That leads through this dark Valley
To everlaſting Day.

Meine Hoffnung ſtehet feſte.

I.

ALL my Hope is firmly grounded
In the Lord of Earth and Seas:
He's my Help when I'm ſurrounded
With all Sorts of Enemies. *&c.*
Him alone,
God or none,
I acknowledge for my own.

II. Vain's

Upon Providence





II.

Vain's the Boaſt of Human Wonders :
Vain's the Truſt in Man's Device :
Caſtles, Armies, Martial Thunders
Fail, and vaniſh in a Trice.
Built on Sands
Nothing ſtands.
Vain's the Work of Human Hands.

III.

But the Love of our great Maker
Never, never will impair.
Ev'ry Creature is Partaker
Of his Bleſſings and his Care.
Stores of Grace,
All he has
Waits for thoſe that ſeek his Face.

IV.

Does he not ſupply with Plenty
Ev'ry Thing we truly want?
Were his Bleſſings ever ſcanty?
Did his Children ever want?
Oh! his Love
Is above
All that Human Wit can prove.

V.

Let us, then, for his Salvation,
Come before him all our Days,
With the humbleſt Adoration,
And the ſweeteſt Songs of Praiſe,
Through his Son,
Who alone
Brought this great Salvation down.

Warum betrübſtu dich mein Hertz.

I.

WHY thus with Grief oppreſt, my Heart,
Doſt thou, with Infidels, the Smart
Indulge of worldly Care?
Truſt thou in God, who cares for Thee.
And ſhortens thy Neceſſity.

II.

He will not leave thee comfortleſs:
He knows the Depth of thy Diſtreſs:
The Heav'ns and Earth are his:
'Tis the Creator of us all,
Supplies thy Wants and hears thee call.

III.

My God, the Dealer of my Lot,
I truſt in Thee, forſake me not,
Thy Creature, and thy Child:
To me, a Heap of filthy Duſt,
Without thy Smiles all Comfort's loſt.

IV.

The Miſer's Boaſt is in his Hoard,
But mine is in the living Lord,
Tho' here I bear Contempt:
This Truth I never will recant;
Who truſts in God ſhall never want.

V.

Elijah ſpeak! who gave thee Bread,
When Dearth and Drought had overſpread
Thy Land for ſev'ral Years?

Did

Upon devine Providence





Did not the Widow's Cruiſe ſupply
Her own and thy Neceſſity?

VI.

When near the Juniper thou lay,
God ſent his Meſſenger away
To furniſh thee with Food,
Which that uncommon Vigour gave,
That thou couldſt reach Mount *Horeb*'s Cave.

VII.

Good *Daniel*, in the Lion's Den,
God ne'er forgot, tho' left by Men,
But ſent his Angel down
To ſeize the Prophet's Harveſt-Meſs,
For his Beloved in Diſtreſs.

VIII.

Tho *Joſeph*, into *Egypt* ſold,
By *Potiphar* was laid in Hold,
For keeping God's Command:
God rais'd him up to great Renown,
To ſave that Nation and his own.

IX.

Did not the Furnace loſe its Pow'r,
When ſev'n Times heated to devour
The Three Men in the Flame?
God ſent his Angel to their Aid,
And made the Tyrant ſore afraid.

X.

Thy Plenty, Lord! is ſtill as great,
As 'twas in Time of ancient Date:
In Thee is all my Truſt:
Enrich my Soul with Faith and Love;
Then have I ev'ry where enough.

XI.

Vain worldly Pomp I glad forbear:
Lord! grant me but the meaneſt Share
Of Bliſs Thou haſt procur'd,
By thy moſt bitter Death and Tomb;
This antedates the Joys to come.

XII.

Whate'er this preſent World adores;
Its Silver and its golden Stores,
With all its glitt'ring Shew:
Theſe all to Worldlings I reſign,
And live content, if God be mine.

XIII.

I'll magnify Thee, *Chriſt*, my Lord,
Who haſt convinc'd me by thy Word
Of thine eternal Truth:
Lord, make me conſtant in my Race
To everlaſting Bleſſedneſs.

XIV.

All Honour, Praiſe and Glory be
To Thee, moſt awful Trinity!
For this thy Grace beſtow'd:
Encreaſe in us thy bleſſed Love,
Till Faith gives Way to Sight above.



Before hearing or reading ye Word of God

69



Of the WORD of GOD.

Herr Jeſu Chriſt dich zu uns wend.

I.

LORD CHRIST, reveal thy holy Face,
And ſend the Spirit of thy Grace,
To fill our Hearts with fervent Zeal
To learn thy Truth, and do thy Will.

II.

Lord, lead us in thy holy Ways,
And teach our Lips to tell thy Praiſe.
Increaſe our Faith, and raiſe the ſame
To taſte the Sweetneſs of thy Name.

III.

Till we with Angels join to ſing
Th' eternal Praiſe of Thee, our King;
Till we ſhall ſee Thee Face to Face,
And all the Glories of thy Grace.

IV.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praiſe, and Glory giv'n,
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

PSALM

PSALM I.

Wohl dem Menſchen der nicht wandelt.

To the Tune: *Rouſe thy Self, my Soul, and gather.*

I.

BLeſt's the Man, whoſe upright Walking
Contradicts ill Counſellors;
Nor gives Ear to Sinners Talking,
But their wicked Ways abhors;
Who removes with Care his Feet
From the Place where Scoffers meet;
And whoſe Heart is wholly given
To obey the Laws of Heaven.

II.

Bleſſed, who with conſtant Pleaſure
Studies God's revealed Will;
Seeking there for heav'nly Treaſure,
Day and Night, his Soul to fill.
He is like a living Tree,
Which by gentle Streams we ſee,
Stretching forth its fruitful Branches
'Till the gath'ring Time advances.

Thus

III.

Thus ſhall he put forth and flouriſh,
Who reveres the ſacred Word;
All the Seaſons him ſhall nouriſh
With ſweet Bleſſings from the Lord:
Tho' through Age he may be grey,
Yet his Leaf ſhall ne'er decay:
All his Actions God ſo bleſſes,
That they 're crowned with Succeſſes.

IV.

Not ſo fares th' ungodly Faction,
Who the Law of Life diſown:
They, like Chaff, in Wild Diſtraction,
Shall be driv'n up and down.
Where God tries his pious Race,
Sinners can't abide the Place.
All the Righteous God doth cheriſh;
But the Wicked all ſhall periſh.

Liebſter Jeſu wir ſind hier.

I.

DEareſt *Jeſu*, we are here,
To be in thy Word inſtructed;
Guide our Hearts, O Thou, who'rt near;
Let our Minds hence be conducted,
And from Earth be elevated;
Where we wiſh to be tranſlated.

II.

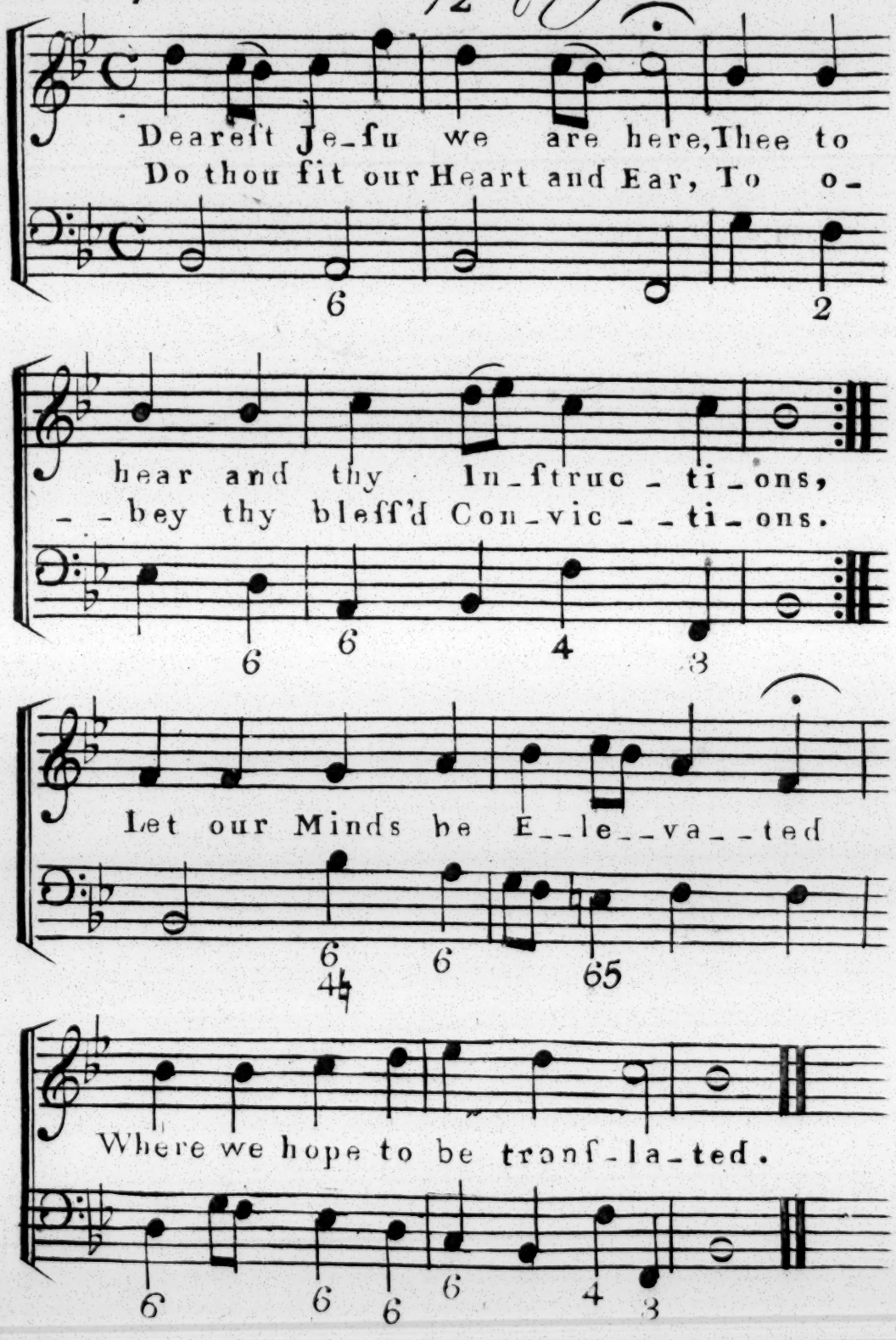
All our Knowledge brings no Light,
But is vain and dark by Nature,
'Till thy holy Spirit bright
Forms within us the New Creature.
Pious Thoughts and true Devotion
Have their Source from thy bleſt Motion.

III.

O Thou Glory all Divine,
Light of Light, from God proceeding,
All our Hearts and Minds refine,
When thy Word our Souls is feeding.
Let our Pray'r, and Meditation,
Be a ſweet and bleſt Oblation.

Of the Word of God

72




60
AUG

Of the Lord's Supper.

O Jeſu du mein Bräutigam.

To the Tune: *O Lord, how many Miſeries.*

I.

O *Jeſu!* Bridegroom of my Soul,
Make me, a broken Veſſel, whole,
By that ſweet Blood which on the Tree
Thou poureſt out for Sin and me.

II.

Full of Reproach, and full of Fear,
To thy bleſt Table I draw near.
Oh, tho' I'm naked, ſick and blind,
In Mercy, caſt me not behind.

III.

O Thou great Maſter of the Feaſt,
My King and Spouſe, my Rock and Reſt,
Who haſt o'er Sin the Vict'ry won,
Put me the Wedding Garment on.

IV.

O Great Phyſician, ope my Eyes;
And heal my great Infirmities.
Waſh ev'ry ſinful Stain away;
And let me taſte thy Grace To-day.

V.

Drive from me Darkneſs, Sin and Wrath
Endow me with a living Faith;
And mortify my proud Self-Love:
And let thy Grace my Glory prove.

VI.

Thy Body is of Life the Bread,
To Man in Sin and Sorrows dead. Thy

Thy Blood's the ſparkling Wine of Love;
The richeſt in the Stores above.

VII.

Hung'ring and thirſting, lo! I come,
Oh, find me at thy Table, Room.
To me of this bleſt Banquet give:
And let me eat and drink, and live.

VIII.

Tear from my Heart the Root of Sin:
And there let Grace and Goodneſs ſhine;
Grace to fear God, and Sin eſchew;
And Goodneſs to give all their Due.

IX.

What Soul or Body want, ſupply;
Remove what's irkſome to thine Eye;
Dwell in my Heart; and let me be
In ſtricteſt Union with Thee.

X.

Againſt my Soul when Earth and Hell
Shall band; or my own Heart rebel;
Subdue the Foes: My Heart ſubdue;
And keep me to thy Service true.

XI.

Adorn my Converſation, Lord,
With all the Graces of thy Word;
And, Oh, prepare me all my Days,
To keep thy Law, and ſing thy Praiſe.

XII.

That when, O Gracious Prince of Life,
Thou call'ſt me from this World of Strife,
I may to thy bleſt Preſence riſe
And ſup with Thee above the Skies.

Of

Of True and False CHRISTIANITY.

Kommt laſt euch den Herren lehren.

To the Tune: *Faithful God, I lay,* &c.

I.

COME and hear the ſacred Story,
All who have a Mind to learn,
What's their Life, Reward and Glory,
Who the Chriſtian Title earn;
Who, in ev'ry Word and Deed,
Shew forth CHRIST, who for 'em bled;
Honour God, and freely labour
For the Service of their Neighbour.

II.

Bleſſed are the Poor in Spirit,
Who Humility poſſeſs;
And diſclaim their own Self-Merit,
Conſcious of their Nothingneſs;
Who to God aſcribe all Praiſe,
Reſting on him all their Days.
To ſuch humble Souls, in Heaven
Crowns eternal ſhall be given.

III. Bleſ-

III.

Bleſſed are the ſecret Mourners
For Corruption yet within,
And for all the Mocks that Scorners
Make at the Deſerts of Sin.
God who numbers all their Tears,
All their Sighs and all their Pray'rs,
Will remove thoſe ſweet Lamenters,
Where no Sin nor Sorrow enters.

IV.

Bleſt, who in a ſcorn'd Condition,
Bowing to the ſacred Rod,
Meekly bears the Fool's Deriſion,
And the Inſults of the Proud;
Leaving Vengeance to the Lord;
And obeying ſtill his Word.
To the Meek the Earth is given,
And the brighteſt Crowns in Heaven.

V.

Bleſt are thoſe who thirſt and hunger
For the Sweets of Righteouſneſs;
And in Grace grow daily ſtronger;
And in all their Ways confeſs
Truth and Love that well agree
With the Dove's Simplicity;
Hating Fraud and all Extortion,
Sweeteſt Plenty is their Portion.

VI.

Bleſt are Thoſe, who with Compaſſion,
See their Fellow-Creatures Grief;
And with Joy embrace th' Occaſion
To adminiſter Relief.

For God's ſaving Love and Care
Putting up a fervent Pray'r.
Such in Heav'n firm Root have taken,
And ſhall never be forſaken.

VII.

Bleſt are thoſe, who from Subjection
To the Tyrant Luſt are free;
And with chaſt and pure Affection
Follow Truth and Purity:
Who renounce the Sway of Senſe
For the Bands of Continence.
Such ſhall have an endleſs Treaſure
Of the pureſt Love and Pleaſure.

VIII.

Bleſt are Thoſe, whoſe pious Labours
Truth and Unity and Peace
To eſtabliſh with their Neighbours
Never vary, never ceaſe.
Whoſe Behaviour ſtill is ſeen
Calm and ſteady and ſerene.
Theſe bleſt Mortals ſhall inherit
Richeſt Unctions of the Spirit.

IX.

Bleſt are thoſe who in Affliction
Yield to Heav'n and kiſs the Rod,
Without Pride or Contradiction;
Fearing ſtill and praiſing God.
Such ſhall in the ſharpeſt Wrath
Taſte God's Goodneſs; and when Death
Has from ev'ry Grief unbound 'em,
Joys eternal ſhall ſurround 'em.

X. Lord,

X.

Lord, with all thoſe ſplendid Graces
O! this Day, my Wiſhes crown,
Cover me with thy Embraces;
And O! make me all thy own.
Grant me true Humility,
And an ardent Love for Thee.
Bring my Foes to equal Meaſures;
And bleſs them too with theſe Treaſures.

XI.

Give me Grace, in all Conditions
Firmly to adhere to Thee;
And in all the Exhibitions
Of thy bounteous Hand to me,
To let my poor Neighbour ſhare
In my Plenty and my Pray'r.
O my God, let me inherit
All the Graces of thy Spirit.

Treuer Vater deine Liebe.

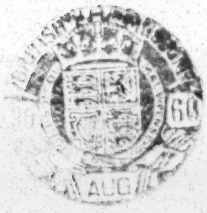
PART the Firſt.

I.

FATHER, thine eternal Kindneſs
Shelters me from final Blindneſs.
I in CHRIST behold thy Face.
And before the World's Foundation,
Thou didſt chuſe me to Salvation;
Bleſt for ever be thy Grace.

II. Whilſt


78
Father thine eternal kindneſs, Has not left me
in my blindneſs, But in Chriſt reveal'd thy face,
Nay before the Worlds foundation, Thou haſt
made me thy Relation, And fore-choſe me by thy Grace.


60
AUG

II.

Whilſt I did, with wildeſt Fury,
Wound thy Truth, and mock thy Glory
Oh! who can thy Patience tell?
Who deſcribe that vaſt Compaſſion,
Which weigh'd down thy Indignation,
And deliver'd me from Hell?

III.

Once I thought, Outſide Profeſſion
Put me firmly in Poſſeſſion
Of Religion pure and true;
While, alas! all my Devotion
Was but empty airy Notion,
Mere Hypocriſy and Shew.

IV.

Moral Duties and Dead Letters
Are what vain, ſufficient Creatures
Build their Hopes of Heav'n upon.
Works, Outſide and Ceremony
Make the Merit of a Many;
Loſing theſe, their Hope is gone.

V.

This was long my own lov'd Merit
Till, O Lord, thy Holy Spirit
All its Falſhood let me ſee:
Shew'd me all my Soul's Diſeaſes:
That all Merit is in *Jeſus*;
Not a ſingle Grain in me.

VI.

Oh, may I be daily dying
To a wretched World, and flying
All that's ſinful, falſe and vain:

Making

Making CHRIST my higheſt Treaſure,
Firmeſt Truſt and ſweeteſt Pleaſure,
All my Glory, all my Gain.

VII.

Mortify the *Old Man* in me.
To my Saviour's Likeneſs bring me.
Let me like a *Phœnix* riſe
From its Predeceſſor's Aſhes;
And with Beauty that ſurpaſſes
Mount at length above the Skies.

PART the Second.

VIII.

Some make Shadows all their Treaſure,
Halt between baſe Fear and Pleaſure,
Or run headlong down to Hell;
Let my Faith take Wings and haſten
To that Croſs, where *Chriſt* did faſten
All my Sins, for there I'll dwell.

IX.

While on Works, (true Faith declining)
Or on Talents gayly ſhining,
Some their own proud Trophies raiſe;
Be that glorious Gift of Heaven,
Faith that's to Salvation given,
All my Hope, and all my Praiſe.

X.

If for *Egypt*'s wretched Diet,
Or for *Sodom*'s helliſh Riot,
Satan ſhall enflame my Heart;

O!

O! My God, do Thou reſtrain me:
O! beſtow in Plenty on me
Grace to quench his fiery Dart.

XI.

When Temptation near has won me,
Preſſing hard, and turning on me
All her Pow'rs and Arts and Charms;
In that Hour, my God, ſupport me:
In that Hour let Nothing hurt me:
Save, Oh ſave me in thy Arms.

XII.

When in Seas of Trouble toſſing,
Friends deſerting, Terrors croſſing,
All my Strength and Skill are vain;
From the threat'ning Dangers hide me:
Be my Pilot too, and guide me
Safe to Shore and Peace again.

PART the Third.

XIII.

He that will not be deſerted
Muſt in JESUS be inſerted,
And become a fruitful Tree,
Hate all worldly Care and Pleaſure,
Strive for CHRIST's moſt holy Treaſure,
And avoid Hypocriſy.

XIV.

Who in Chriſt ſeeks his Salvation,
Builds upon the beſt Foundation,
And of gaining Heav'n is ſure.

And this Truſt in his Salvation
Ev'ry Evil and Temptation
Makes him firmly to endure.

XV.

God of Mercy, bleſs thy Creature.
Form me to thy Holy Nature.
Child-like Innocence be mine.
Grant me Joy in thy Salvation:
Grant me this ſweet Confirmation,
That I'm deſtin'd to be thine.

XVI.

Reſignation to all Trial,
Faith and Hope and Self-denial,
Be the Rulers of my Days.
Take me out of mere Profeſſion
To a full and firm Poſſeſſion
Of the Truth which CHRIST diſplays.

XVII.

Mocks and Scorns at my Condition,
Babel's Curſing and Deriſion,
Will be Nothing in my Ear,
If my Saviour does not fly me,
If my Saviour ſtands but by me,
Where's the Rage I cannot bear?

XVIII.

O Lord, heal my corrupt Nature.
Make, O make me a new Creature.
And confirm me with the Seal
Of thy Holy gracious Spirit,
And aboliſh my Self-Merit,
And whate'er withſtands thy Will.

XIX.

Make me fond of ſtill Receſſes;
Where thy Love and thy Careſſes
May enflame and fix my Heart,
To love, pleaſure and adore Thee,
To walk faithfully before Thee,
And no more from Thee depart.

XX.

Add my Friends and my Relations,
To thy Holy Happy Nations,
To the Empire of thy Grace.
Guide 'em by thy bleſſed Spirit:
Let 'em all at Length inherit
Everlaſting Joy and Peace.

XXI.

Bring both Jews and Gentiles to Thee:
Bring thy ſtraying Sheep to know Thee:
From their Blindneſs ſet them free.
Call, Thou loving faithful Shepherd,
Call 'em from the barren Deſart,
To confeſs and follow Thee.

XXII.

Then ſhall all thy Flock, united,
With their Lamps full trimm'd and lighted,
Keep the Marriage of the Lamb;
Their Redeemer ever praiſing,
Endleſs *Hallelujahs* raiſing
And *Hoſannas* to his Name.

Pſalm XIV.

Es ſpricht der Unweiſen Mund wohl.

I.

VAIN fooliſh Men profanely boaſt
Of God and true Religion:
Their faithleſs Hearts are full of Luſt,
Their Life's a Contradiction:
Corrupted is their very Frame;
God's Holineſs abhors the ſame;
There's None doth Good, but Evil.

II.

The Lord, from his celeſtial Throne,
Look'd down on ev'ry Creature,
To find one Man who had begun
To love God's holy Nature;
But all the Race was gone aſtray,
All had forſook the ſaving Way
Of CHRIST's bright Revelation.

III.

How long will they be ignorant
Of their Abomination,
Who thus deſpiſe my Covenant,
Nor ſpare my Holy Nation;

They never call upon the LORD,
But truſt unto their golden Hoard,
And turn their own Defenders.

IV.

Yet are their Hearts in conſtant Pain,
And ſecret Fear and Trembling.
God with his SION will remain,
Where Saints are ſtill aſſembling;
But you deride the Poor's Advice,
Their greateſt Comfort you deſpiſe,
That God's their only Refuge.

V.

O, that the joyful Day wou'd come,
To change our mournful Station,
When God will bring his Children home,
And finiſh our Salvation!
Then ſhall the Tribes of JACOB ſing,
And JUDAH praiſe their Lord and King,
With laſting *Hallelujahs*.

Of the FALL of MAN.

Durch Adams Fall iſt gantz verderbt.

I.

WHEN *Adam* fell, the Frame entire
Of Nature was infected,
The Source, whence came the Poiſon dire,
Was not to be corrected,
But by God's Grace, which ſaves our Race
From its entire Deſtruction.
The fatal Luſt, indulg'd at firſt,
Of Death was the Production.

II.

Since EVE by Satan was entic'd
T' indulge her Deviation
From God's Command, (which ſhe deſpis'd)
And ruin the Creation;
What ſhould be done? but GOD the SON
Muſt in our very Nature
Retrieve our Loſs by's Blood and Croſs,
And ſave the Rebel-Creature.

III.

By one Man's Guilt we are enſlav'd
To Sin, Death, Hell and Devil;
But by another's Grace was ſav'd
Mankind from all this Evil:
And as we all, by *Adam*'s Fall
Were ſentenc'd to Damnation;

Of the Fall of Man





So the Man-God has by his Blood
Regain'd our loſt Salvation.

IV.

Has God beſtow'd his only Son
On us rebellious Creatures,
To ſave our Souls, which were undone,
And waſh our ſinful Natures
From all their Guilt by th' Blood he ſpilt;
By's Death and Reſurrection?
Then no Delay; this is the Day
T' inſure thy own Election.

V.

CHRIST is the Way, the Light, the Door,
The Hope and Life eternal,
The Father's Word and Counſellor
To conquer Pow'rs infernal;
Our ſtrongeſt Shield, t'obtain the Field;
The Helmet of Salvation.
Have we a Share, in him who dare
Aſſign us to Damnation?

VI.

That Man is impious and unjuſt,
His Hope's Abomination,
Who does in God not put his Truſt,
For Help and for Salvation:
He that will frame another Name
Than CHRIST's to juſtify him,
Will ſoon renounce his Confidence,
When *Satan* comes to try him.

VII.

But who makes God his Hope and Truſt,
Shall never be confounded.
No Cleaver to this Rock is loſt,
Tho' ev'ry where ſurrounded
With daring Foes and trying Woes;
His Faith yet ſtands unſhaken.
Who loves the Lord, ſhall by no Sword
Nor Woe be overtaken.

VIII.

I ſend my Cries unto the Lord,
My Heart implores his Favour,
To grant me of his living Word
A never failing Savour;
That Sin and Shame may loſe the Claim
To hinder my Salvation;
In CHRIST, the Scope of all my Hope,
I 'ſcape Death and Damnation.

IX.

Thy Word's a Lanthorn to my Feet;
My Soul's beſt Information;
My ſureſt Guide and Path to meet
The Morning of Salvation:
This leading Star, where't doth appear,
Reveals thoſe heav'nly Graces,
Which are laid up for all that hope
To taſte the Lord's Embraces.



Penitential Hymn

89



Of Repentance.

Ach Gott und Herr!

I.

O God, my Lord!
How great's my Hoard
Of Sin to Condemnation!
And where's the Means
In theſe ſad Scenes
To make Propitiation?

II.

Shall I, to cleanſe
Me from my Sins,
Traverſe all Lands and Oceans?
Run to and fro
To loſe my Woe?
Oh! fruitleſs empty Notions!

III.

No, I will fly
To God, and cry,
O, ſave me from Damnation;
For what thy Son
Has freely done
Is full Propitiation.

IV. But

IV.

But if thou wilt
Chaſtiſe my Guilt,
And make me feel thine Arrows;
Chaſtiſe me here;
But keep me clear
Of everlaſting Sorrows.

V.

And while, Moſt High,
Thy Arrows fly,
O, grant me Reſignation
To thy bleſt Will,
That ne'er did ill,
And bring me to Salvation.

VI.

And deal with me
As ſeems to Thee
Moſt good, O, Thou moſt Holy!
Do but avert
Th' eternal Smart
That's due unto my Folly.

VII.

As a poor Worm
Before a Storm
(Clouds gath'ring, Thunder growling)
In the Earth hides,
And there abides,
While ſmoaking Show'rs are falling;

VIII.

So I, when Sin
And Hell begin
To threaten my Undoing,

Run


60
AUG


In thee Lord Christ is fixd my hope and only
I know thy Comfort bears me up whilst in this
conso--la----tion
None of the holiest round thy
mortal sta----tion
Nor a--ny saint on Earth I
Throne
own.
Who can Relieve me in distress to
thee I Press the Center of my Happiness

Run to the Side
Of CHRIST, and hide
Me from the threaten'd Ruin.

IX.

His wounded Side
My Soul ſhall hide,
When Death ſhall draw his Arrow.
In CHRIST true Faith
Redeems from Death
And Hell, and Sin and Sorrow.

X.

O! Bleſſed be
Th' Eternal Three,
The Father, Son and Spirit;
Bleſt Three in One,
To whom the Son
Reſtores us by his Merit.

Allein zu dir Herr Jeſu Chriſt.

I.

IN Thee, Lord CHRIST, is fix'd my Hope
And only Conſolation;
I know, thy Mercy bears me up,
Whilſt in this mortal Station:
None of the Holieſt round thy Throne,
Nor any Saint on Earth, I own,
Can here relieve me in Diſtreſs.
To Thee I preſs,
The Center of my Happineſs.

II.

I feel the Load of Sin, and grieve
My Guilt beyond Expreſſion;
But for thy Blood's ſake, Lord, forgive
My numberleſs Tranſgreſſion;
And, cloathed with thy Righteouſneſs,
Reſtore me to thy Father's Grace,
To taſte his condeſcending Love:
Lord, ſtill improve
Thy Promiſe made me from above.

III.

A living Faith, O Lord, beſtow
On me thy feeble Creature,
That I may taſte and ſee and know
The Sweetneſs of thy Nature,
And love my God in Word and Thought,
And all my Neighbours as I ought;
And when I leave this mortal Clay,
Oh, chace away
The Pow'rs of *Satan* in that Day.

IV.

To our Almighty God above,
The Father everlaſting,
To God made Man, his Son and Love,
Whoſe Merit's never waſting,
And to the HOLY GHOST be giv'n
Immortal Praiſe in Earth and Heav'n:
To Thee, the Holy God alone,
Great Three in One,
All Honour be for ever done.

So

So wahr ich lebe, ſpricht dein Gott.

To the Tune of; *Our Father, who from Heav'n above.*

I.

SURE as I live, thy Maker ſaith,
I ne'er deſire the Sinner's Death,
But rather that he turn betimes
From all his former Ways and Crimes,
With true Repentance come to me,
And live to all Eternity.

II.

O Man! let this Word comfort thee:
Sink not, great as thy Sins may be:
Lay hold on this free-offer'd Grace,
That's here confirm'd by Promiſes,
Nay, ſeal'd with God's moſt ſolemn Oath,
They're bleſt who their Tranſgreſſions loath.

III.

But hate preſuming Careleſſneſs;
Think not, there's Time enough for Grace;
I'll firſt partake of youthful Mirth,
'Till I'm convinc'd how vain's the Earth;
Then ſhall my ſerious Thoughts begin
To ſeek Forgiveneſs for my Sin.

IV. True

IV.

True, God is ready with his Grace
Repenting Sinners to embrace;
Yet, who runs up his Sinful Score
On Grace, till he can ſin no more,
May find, to his amazing Coſt,
Long ſuff'ring Mercy wholly loſt.

V.

Mercy thy God has promis'd thee,
For CHRIST his Blood and Agony;
Yet in his Word did never ſay,
That thou ſhould'ſt live another Day:
That thou muſt die he has reveal'd;
But th' Hour of Death lies ſtill conceal'd.

VI.

To Day thou liv'ſt; To Day repent,
Leſt all thy Life ſhou'd be miſpent:
Who's briſk to Day; looks fair and red:
May lie to morrow ſick and dead:
Who dies in his Impenitence,
Will ever curſe his Negligence.

VII.

O bleſſed JESU! grant I may
Return to Thee this very Day,
And live in conſtant Penitence,
Till Death repairs to call me hence,
That I, in ev'ry Time and Place,
Be well prepar'd to end my Race.

Erbarm

Erbarm dich mein, O Herre Gott.

On the Fifty-Firſt Pſalm.

I.

SHEW Pity, LORD! O LORD, forgive!
Is not thy Mercy ſtill the ſame?
Let a repenting Sinner live:
Pardon his Guilt who owns his Shame.
If Thou thy Judgments ſhould'ſt diſplay;
I die; and Righteous is thy Name.
But, O my God, thy Judgments ſtay;
For I confeſs my Sin and Shame.

II.

I from the Stock of ADAM came;
And my Conception was unclean;
My whole Original is Shame;
My Nature nothing elſe but Sin.
No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beaſt,
Nor running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea,
Nor Hyſſop-Branch, nor ſprinkling Prieſt,
Can waſh my native Stain away.

III.

O, Cleanſe my Heart, and chear my Soul;
O, chear me with Forgiving Love;
And make my broken Spirit whole;
And all my Sin and Shame remove.

Let

Let not thy Spirit quite depart;
  Hide not thy Love; hide not thy Face.
O, cleanſe again my vicious Heart,
  And fill it with thy ſaving Grace.

IV.

The Wicked will I teach thy Ways;
  And to confeſs their Saviour bring;
And ſhew the Wonders of thy Grace;
  And teach 'em all thy Praiſe to ſing.
O, Gracious God! my Heart inſpire
  With ev'ry Movement of thy Grace;
And touch my Tongue with hallow'd Fire,
  To praiſe the Lord my Righteouſneſs.

V.

No Sacrifice doſt Thou require,
  Beſides a Heart that's broke for Sin;
I bring it then, at thy Deſire;
  And it is All that I can bring.
Thy own JERUSALEM rebuild;
  And raiſe her broken Walls again;
And be ſhe with thy Glory fill'd,
  To joy all thoſe that love thy Name.

Penitential Hymn







Upon Penitence.

97



Aus tieffer Noth ſchrey ich zu dir.

On the CXXXth Pſalm.

I.

OUT of the Deeps of dark Diſtreſs,
The Deeps of Deſperation,
I cry to Thee, my God, for Grace,
For Love and for Salvation.
Father Almighty, ſhould thine Eye
Be ſtrict to mark Iniquity,
Oh! who could ſtand before Thee.

II.

But (Praiſe eternal to thy Name)
Thou haſt a Throne erected,
A Glorious Throne of Grace, where Man
Was never yet rejected.
For Mercy is with Thee, our God
Thy Son has ſealed with his Blood
Our Pardon and Salvation.

III.

In Thee alone I put my Truſt,
Diſclaiming all Self-Merit.
O, Mighty, Merciful and Juſt,
Thee I adore in Spirit.
To thy bleſt Word full Truſt I give:
'Tis my Support while yet I live;
And will ſupport me dying.

IV.

With more Impatience far than Thoſe
That languiſh for the Morning,
I languiſh till Thou ſhalt diſcloſe
Thy Love to me returning.
Ye Sons of ISRAEL, wait the Day;
Wait till th' Almighty ſhall diſplay
His Mercy and his Bleſſing.

V.

On's Mercy-Seat he iſſues out,
For Sins, on Sins, Remiſſion:
There All's forgiven and forgot;
For CHRIST makes Interceſſion.
He turns our Feet from ſinful Ways.
Oh, endleſs is his Love and Praiſe.
By Him is ISRAEL ſaved.

Straff mich nicht in deinem Zorn.

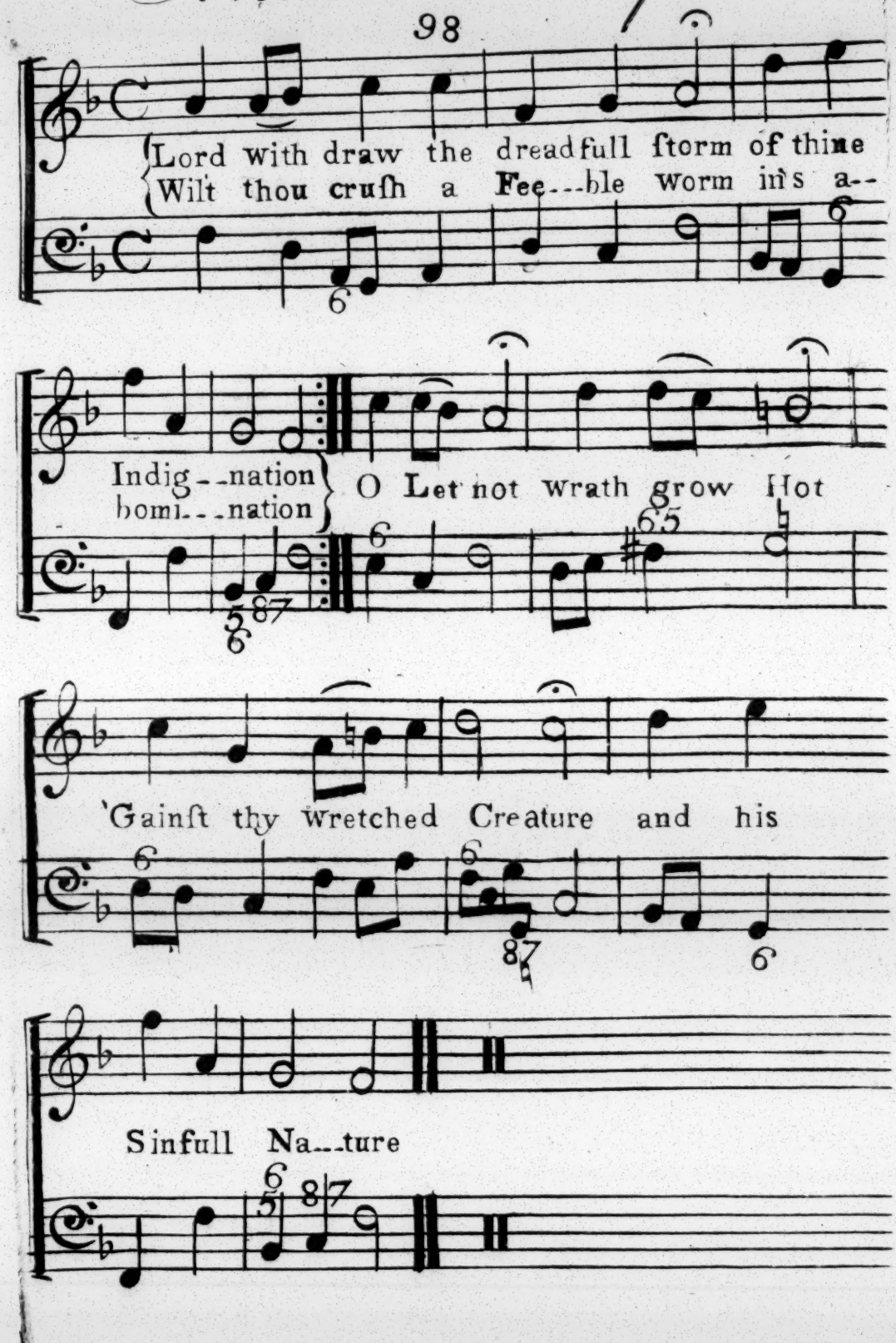
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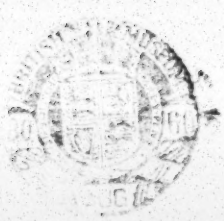
O My God, avert the Storm
Of thine Indignation:
Spare a ſinful feeble Worm,
Tho' Abomination.
O my God,
Turn the Rod
From thy wretched Creature.
Heal his ſinful Nature.

II. Un-

Penitential Hymn

98





II.

Under thine afflicting Touch
Day and Night I languiſh;
Streaming Sorrows waſh my Couch;
I'm pierc'd through with Anguiſh;
And am hoarſe
Thro' the Courſe
Of a long Complaining,
All my Powers ſtraining.

III.

Sorrow darkens all my Days.
Night ſtill hears me wailing,
And the Minutes, as they paſs,
Mournful o'er me telling.
Oh, my Blame!
Oh, my Shame!
That I've been audacious
'Gainſt a God ſo gracious,

IV.

Lord, mine Eye's conſum'd with Grief,
And my Heart with ſighing:
Yet that thou wouldſt grant Relief,
I cannot ceaſe crying.
Lord! how long
Shall my Song
Dwell on Lamentation,
Void of Conſolation,

V.

Hear poor Duſt and Aſhes ſpeak:
Favour my Petition:
Save me for thy Mercy's Sake;
Save me from Perdition

Hear my Groans;
Heal my Bones,
Which (Oh! angry Token)
Thou, my God, haſt broken.

VI.

Lord, my fainting Spirit ſave
From the wrathful Sentence.
Save from Death; for in the Grave
There is no Repentance.
Hear my Moan
Thou alone
From my Sins canſt free me,
And from Death redeem me.

VII.

Fly, ye Tempters; Heav'n is mov'd.
Mercy is deſcending.
God has all my Pray'r approv'd;
All my Griefs are ending.
Satan fly:
Mercy's nigh.
Him Thou'ſt long tormented
Now ſhall live contented.



Of Faith and Justification

101



Of FAITH *and* JUSTIFICATION.

Es iſt das Heyl uns kommen her.

I.

OUR whole Salvation doth depend
On God's free Grace and Spirit;
All our good Works can ne'er defend
A Boaſt upon our Merit
Derived is our Righteouſneſs
From *Chriſt* and his attoning Grace;
He is our Mediator.

II.

What God commanded in the *Law*
Was far beyond our Doing:
There ſinful Nature Nothing ſaw
But hopeleſs Death and Ruin.
The fiery Mount ſpreads black Deſpair:
There's no Reprieve nor Pardon there
For us Apoſtate-Wretches.

III.

Who can maintain the bold Conceit,
That poor Mankind was able
T' obſerve by Means of nat'ral Light,
The firſt and ſecond Table?
The LAW reveals the Root of Sin,
Which lay before conceal'd within,
With all its helliſh Branches.

IV.

No! t'was beyond all human Art
To purge that deep Pollution;
All Means to move the poiſon'd Dart
Confirm'd the foul Difuſion.
The Lord a feigned Work abhors;
Mere Fleſh increaſes but the Curſe
Of our intail'd Corruption.

V.

The LAW cried, Juſtice muſt be done,
Or Men doom'd to Damnation:
But Mercy ſent th'eternal Son,
Who purchas'd our Salvation,
Fulfill'd the LAW in its Extent,
And gave its Wrath a thorough Vent,
To paſs the Sons of ADAM.

VI.

Thus having all the LAW fulfill'd
Through CHRIST's bleſt Croſs and Paſſion,
He's now the Rock, whereon we build
Our Faith and whole Salvation.
We call him Lord, our Righteouſneſs,
Whoſe Death has purchas'd Life and Grace,
And ranſom'd us for ever.

VII.

My Faith avoids all Doubt and Fear;
Thy Word can ne'er deceive me;
Thou ſay'ſt no Sinner ſhall deſpair,
None periſh who believes Thee.
Who reſts on God, and is baptiz'd,
Is ſurely the Redeem'd by CHRIST,
And 'ſcapes eternal Torment.

VIII. The

VIII.

The Man that bears the Faith that ſhines
In Works of Chriſtian Merit,
Is juſtified, and bears the Signs
Of a confeſſing Spirit.
A living Faith's what God regards,
His Love doth Good without Rewards.
Art thou new born in Spirit?

IX.

The LAW reveals ſins Sinfulneſs,
Inhancing th' Accuſation,
The Goſpel tenders ſaving Grace
For Sinners Conſolation;
Bids all lay hold on JESU's Croſs;
The LAW could ne'er retrieve our Loſs,
With all its beſt Performance.

X.

True genuine Goſpel-Works denote
A Faith of God's inſpiring.
That Faith is vain, which is remote
And from Good Works retiring.
Yet Faith alone's what juſtifies,
The Love t'our Neighbour well implies,
We are ſincere Believers.

XI.

The living Hope with Patience waits
God's promis'd Conſolation,
Takes all the Turns of Eaſe and Streights
With Chriſtian Reſignation.
God knows the Time for our Relief,
T'aſſwage our greateſt Pain and Grief,
In him we have Affiance.

XII.

Be not caſt down, when he delays
To crown thine Expectation;
He then is neareſt, when thy Ways
Seem full of Deſolation;
On his eternal Word rely,
E'en tho' thy wav'ring Heart deny,
And truſt in thy Redeemer.

XIII.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt
Immortal Praiſe be given;
Whoſe Paſſion to reſtore Men loſt
Is all the Song of Heaven.
May JEWS and all the Gentile-Race
Soon call Thee Lord their Righteouſneſs:
Thy Name be ever hallow'd.

XIV.

Thy Kingdom come, thy Will be done
As 'tis by Saints in Glory;
With daily Bread our Tables crown;
Forgive our Sins before Thee,
As we forgive our Debtors here:
Let no Temptation breed Deſpair:
From Ill redeem us, *Amen.*




Lord raiſe in me a conſtant Flame of un-de-
To ſeek the merits of thy name when y hear
...fil'd de...votion.
in fright full motion
Vouchſafe that I with joy eſſy thy
Preſence in affliction give me that ſenſe t' avoid from
hence all ſinfull Contra...diction.

Of a CHRISTIAN Life and CONVERSATION.

Hilff mir mein Gott! hilff, daſs nach dir.

I.

LORD, raiſe in me a conſtant Flame
Of undefil'd Devotion,
To ſeek to thy Almighty Name
When Sin in me's in Motion.
Vouchſafe, that I with Joy eſpy
Thy Preſence in Affliction;
And grant me Care to ſhun the Snare
Of ſinful Contradiction.

II.

Draw me by penitential Smart
To holy Reſignation;
Create anew my vicious Heart,
And make it thine Oblation.
Let me ſhed Tears for all the Years
Miſpent in ſinful Pleaſure.
Give gen'rous Hands to make Amends
For waſted Time and Treaſure.

III.

Quench all my Luſt and carnal Fire;
The Fuel of Damnation,

And

And turn the Stream of my Deſire
To ſtrive for my Salvation;
Lord, grant, that I may ne'er deny
Thy Truth in Perſecution,
Thy Grace ſuppreſs all Selfiſhneſs,
To keep me from Pollution.

IV.

All angry Motions turn in me
Into a meek Behaviour;
Endow me with Humility,
The Garment of my Saviour:
Whate'er of Sin remains within,
Deſtroy in its firſt Movement:
Let Love and Peace, the Fruits of Grace,
Make daily new Improvement.

V.

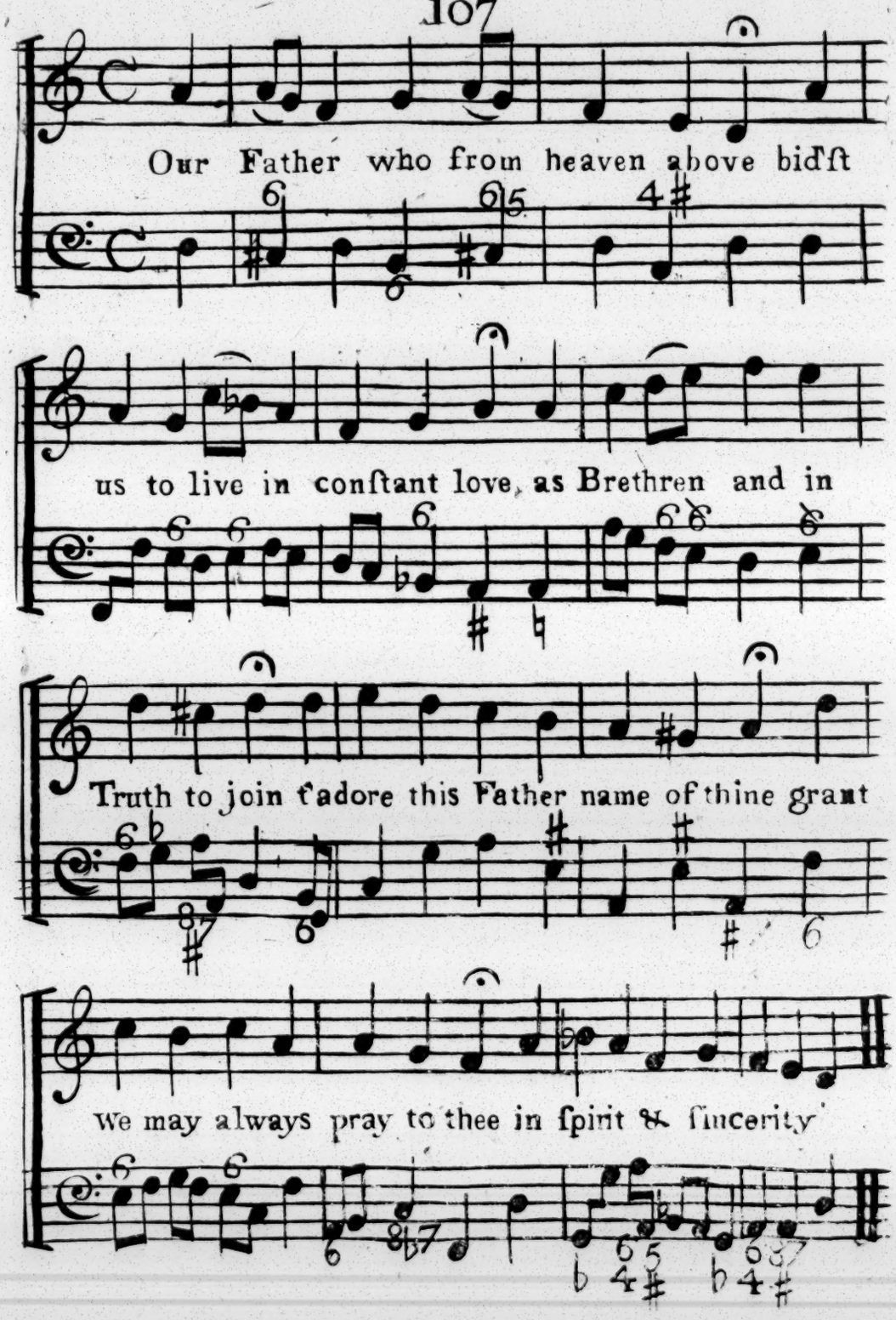
Encreaſe Faith, Hope, and Charity,
By holy Meditation,
And make me tread with Conſtancy
The Paths of thy Salvation.
To guard my Tongue from ſpeaking wrong,
Or giving bad Example,
The Body feed, yet take great Heed
Not to defile thy Temple.

VI.

Grant, that by faithful Diligence
I may adorn my Station,
Nor by proud impious Pretence
Loſe thy Communication.
Indecency and Cruelty
Remove from Thought and Action;
Hard-heartedneſs and ev'ry Vice
Root out, with their Infection.



The Lords Prayer



VII.

Make me, by following good Advice,
Forſake diſcover'd Error,
The Needy help without Diſguiſe;
And Friends and Foes to pray for;
Serve ev'ry Mortal as I can;
Hate Sin, and ſhun its Pleaſure.
Thy ſaving Word conduct me, Lord,
'Till I obtain thy Treaſure.

Upon the Lord's Prayer.

Vater unſer im Himmelreich.

I.

OUR Father! who from Heav'n above
Bidſt us to live in conſtant Love,
As Brethren, and in Truth to join,
T' adore this Father-Name of thine,
Grant we may always pray to Thee
In Spirit and Sincerity.

II.

Thy Name be hallow'd ev'ry where;
Make us to read thy Word with Care,
That we may live accordingly,
And praiſe thy ſacred Name on high;
From All that's falſe, and all that's vain
Thy poor, thy wand'ring Flock reſtrain.

III. Thy

III.

Thy Kingdom come; thy Grace be nigh,
O'er all the Earth, o'er all the Sky;
The Holy Spirit of thy Grace,
Beſtow his Gifts on Human Race.
From Satan's woful Tyranny,
Keep all thy Churches ſafe and free.

IV.

Thy Will be done on Earth, as well
As 'tis in Heav'n, where Angels dwell;
In Joy and Sorrow make our Mind
Be chearfully to Thee reſign'd;
And all our carnal Motions ſtill,
That do withſtand thy holy Will.

V.

Give us this Day our daily Bread,
And what we want for preſent Need:
From foul Contention, Strife, and War,
From Dearth and Peſt remove us far.
Preſerve our Peace and Liberty;
From filthy Lucre ſet us free.

VI.

Forgive us all our Treſpaſſes,
That are ſo great and numberleſs;
And make us willing to forgive
Our Foes, and with them kindly live.
Let mutual Love and Charity
Unite thy Chriſtian Family.

VII. Into

VII.

Into Temptation lead us not.
When Satan lays his ſecret Plot,
O, lend us thine Almighty Hand
To fight with Courage, and withſtand;
That, arm'd with Faith, as with a Shield,
We may at laſt obtain the Field.

VIII.

At length enlarge and ſet us free
From Sin, and all its Miſery:
Redeem us from eternal Death;
Thy Grace ſupport our dying Breath;
And be our Death an Entrance bleſt
Into a ſweet eternal Reſt.

IX.

For thine's the Pow'r, the Glory thine,
And thine for ever will remain.
Increaſe our Faith, and guide our Ways;
And give us Grace thy Name to praiſe.
According to thy ſacred Word,
A bleſſed *Amen* us afford.

The Golden Alphabet.

Allein auf Gott ſetz dein Vertraun.

To the Tune : *O Lord, how many Miſeries.*

I.

ALone in God put thou thy Truſt :
Who truſts in Man depends on Duſt.
There's none but God to's Promiſe juſt.
The Old Simplicity is loſt.

II.

BEware of loſing thy good Name,
For Credit's of a tender Frame :
By Pain and Labour 'tis atchiev'd.
Once loſt, can ſeldom be retriev'd.

III.

CHatting avoid, but rather hear,
Wilt thou with any Grace appear.
Grave Silence meets with ſure Reſpect ;
But Prating always with Neglect.

IV.

DEſpiſe thyſelf ; reſpect the Great,
T' avoid their Wrath and thy Defeat ;
Wilt thou find Comfort in Diſtreſs ?
The meaneſt treat with Gentleneſs.

V.

EXpel all haughty Thoughts, and flee
Thoſe Scandals of Proſperity,
The Lord thy Plenty doth beſtow
To make thee great and humble too.

VI. Fear

VI.

FEar thou the Lord, and prize him more
Than radiant Gold and richeſt Oar:
Gold may be ſpent, but Godly Fear
Is a rich Store will ne'er impair.

VII.

GIve to the Lord with chearful Heart,
When God his Bleſſings doth impart;
Leſt thou ſhou'dſt meet the woful Fate,
Which CHRIST of DIVES did relate.

VIII.

HAſt thou receiv'd a Benefit?
With Gratefulneſs thy ſelf acquit.
Pity ſincere do thou expreſs
When thou ſe'eſt others in Diſtreſs.

IX.

IN Labour ſpend thy youthful Age;
That brings a goodly Heritage:
Hard Work's unfit for Silver-Hair,
When Weakneſs multiplies thy Care.

X.

KInd be to All, yet truſt but Few;
Pretended Friendſhip bid Adieu;
Think on the Word, found true of Old,
What gliſters is not always Gold.

XI.

LET no Diſturbance ſeize thy Heart,
When frowning Fortune ſeems to thwart:
A hard Beginning, when it ends,
Will make thee more than full Amends.

XII.

MAſter thy chol'ric Thoughts within;
Be angry, but commit no Sin; For

For Wrath beſpeaks thee Satan's Slave,
Who can't diſcern what's true or ſafe.

XIII.

NE'er be aſham'd to live and learn,
If thou wilt mind thy main Concern:
Wiſe Man make ev'ry Place their Home
But Sluggards ſtarve, where e'er they come.

XIV.

ONE Party hear, but thine Applauſe
Defer, till thou know'ſt th'other's Cauſe:
Be juſt, for Prejudice miſguides;
There's often Faults on both the Sides.

XV.

PRide dates its firſt Original
From *Lucifer*'s and *Adam*'s Fall:
Are Many loſt by Wind and Tide?
More ſuffer Shipwreck by their Pride.

XVI.

QUote Nothing, but what edifices;
A falſe Report ſoon grows and dies.
A Gentleman well bred and born,
Gives all he hears a loving Turn.

XII.

RELy in all thine Exigence
On thy Creator's Providence:
None is forſaken by the Lord,
Whoſe Life is guided by Word.

XVIII.

SHort is thy Time; Tide ſtays for None;
The World's a Flaſh, that ſoon is gone.
Be not beguild with ſenſual Charms;
Thy Life's at Stake in *Dinah*'s Arms.

XIX. Thou

XIX

THou muſt continue doing Good;
But ſtill expect to be withſtood:
What Action know'ſt thou ever done,
Which was approv'd by Ev'ry one.

XX.

UPon no Riches ſet thy Heart,
Leſt it ſhou'd break, if they depart:
That Man is wiſe, whoſe Heart is there,
Where never fading Treaſures are.

XXI.

WILL any one contend with thee?
Be rather mute than diſagree.
One Contradiction raiſes Ten,
And they will end, you know not when.

XXII.

XErxes, relying on his Hoſt,
Was baffled in his haughty Boaſt.
Art thou at War? rely on God,
Who bringeth Peace, and brings the Rod.

XXIII.

YOung thy Creator learn to fear,
Wilt thou thy Courſe moſt wiſely ſteer.
Thy future Harveſt will be ſeen,
Such as thy Life and Seed have been.

XXIV.

ZEal for thy God prolongs thy Days.
Be circumſpect in all thy Ways
Things done without a wiſe Forecaſt
Have ruin'd Multitudes at laſt.

Of SPIRITUAL COMBAT.

Ich ruff zu dir Herr Jeſu Chriſt.

I.

TO Thee, O Lord, I ſend my Cries:
O! let them riſe to Heaven.
And let to all my Pray'rs and Sighs
A gracious Ear be given.
O! make thy Word my firm Support:
And grant me Faith ſo ſaving,
That I, having
A cleans'd and humble Heart,
May all thy Statutes live in.

II.

And Oh, I pray Thee, O my God,
Oh! give me no Denial,
Deſtroy not with thy wrathful Rod
Me in the fiery Tryal.
Give living Hope when I go hence,
And, with all Reſignation,
Deteſtation
Of all Self-Confidence
Concerning my Salvation.

III. Grant


To thee Lord Christ I humbly press vouchsafe my
For-sake me not in my dis-tress preserve me
Sighs a hearing
from de-spairing
A Living Faith I crave O Lord of
Thee my God my saviour that my Neighbour to
Love thy holy word be gain'd by my Be--haviour



III.

Grant me a good forgiving Mind
To All that Evil bring me:
Caſt all my num'rous Sins behind;
Renew thy Life within me.
Thy Word be my continual Food
To keep my Soul from ſtarving,
And from ſtarting
From Thee when SATAN's Brood
My Ruin is concerting.

IV.

Let neither Luſt nor Fear prevail
To draw me from my Duty:
By aiding Grace I ſhall not fail
To walk in Faith and Beauty.
For who has ought but what thou giv'ſt?
Thy Favour none can merit;
But thy Spirit,
By whom thou all reliev'ſt,
Can graciouſly confer it.

V.

I fight, Lord JESUS! and withſtand,
But, oh, in ſlipry Places;
Support me with thy mighty Hand,
And thine abundant Graces.
When Sin and SATAN raiſe their Force,
Let me not be affrighted,
But delighted
To run my Chriſtian Courſe,
'Till I'm with Thee united.

In dich hab ich gehoffet, Herr.

I.

GReat God! in Thee I put my Truſt,
Preſerve my Soul from being loſt
In Shame and Deſolation;
Thy Grace, O Lord, I will record
To ev'ry Generation.

II.

Vouchſafe to lend a gracious Ear,
When I to Thee direct my Pray'r;
Relieve thy helpleſs Creature;
From outward Woes and ſecret Foes
Redeem my fallen Nature.

III.

Thy ſaving Name is my Defence;
I ſeek and draw Salvation thence;
Thy Grace is my Pavillion;
Thou art the God, whoſe very Nod
Can cruſh an hoſtile Million.

IV.

My Rock, my Refuge, and my Tow'r!
I reſt upon thy mighty Pow'r,
And truſt thy Revelation:
In thy Relief I drown my Grie
'Gainſt Satan's Machination.

V.

Whate'er my Fears and Foes ſuggeſt,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Reſt.
My Boaſt and ſure Protection.
Within thy Care I boldly dare
Th' whole World and Hell's Infection.

VI. My


Great God in thee I put my truſt preſerve my
ſoul from being Loſt in ſhame and diſolation thy
Grace O Lord I will Record T'an after Gener-
---ation






Faithfull God I lay be-fore thee all the
Though thou knowst how grief has tore me better
Anguish of my heart
Then I can Im-part
Lord my weakness makes me
Cry in Tempta--tion when I vie with the Fiend that
would bereave me of that faith thou givst to save me

VI.

My Spirit I commit to Thee.
My Saviour, ne'er depart from me,
But grant me thy Salvation.
In th' Hour of Death retake my Breath
Into thy Habitation.

VII.

All Honour Might and Majesty
To Father, Son and Spirit be,
The Three for ever glorious;
In whose rich Grace we'll run our Race,
Till we come off victorious.

Upon SPIRITUAL DISTRESS.

Treuer Gott ich muss dir klagen.

PART the first.

I.

FAithful God! I lay before Thee
All the Anguish of my Heart:
Tho' thou know'st how Grief has tore me,
Better than I can impart:
Lord! my Weakness makes me cry,
In Temptation when I vye
With the Friend, that would bereave me
Of the Faith design'd to save me.

II.

Thou from whom Nought is concealed,
Know'st how vain's my Care and Strife;

In thy Word thou haſt revealed,
That free Grace reſtores my Life:
All the Good I find in me,
Doth proceed alone from Thee;
Thou thy ſaving Health beſtoweſt
On thoſe thou in Mercy knoweſt.

III.

Unto thee, my God! I'm crying
In this great Neceſſity;
Hear my deep and frequent Sighing,
Caſt me not away from thee,
Satan's Malice overthrow,
Strengthen me againſt the Foe;
Ever keep my Faith from failing,
JESUS! make thy Grace prevailing.

IV.

JESU! Source of our Adoption,
Thou, who never didſt reject
Thoſe that mourn their ſad Corruption,
But doſt all thy Sons direct,
Tho' our Faith as ſmall, through Fear
As a Muſtard Seed appear,
Thou canſt make it, O Faith's Fountain,
Mighty to remove a Mountain.

V.

Let me find, O my Redeemer!
Mercy in mine Agony;
Make me conquer the Blaſphemer,
And break from his Slavery:
Strengh of Faith add by thy Word;
Grant to me thy Spirit's Sword;
Thus ſhall Satan be deceived,
And his Darts of Points bereaved.

VI.

Holy Ghoſt, of equal Honour,
With the Father and the Son,
Of all Gifts the only Donor,
Hear me from thy Holy Throne;
Through thy Mercy I believe;
Let me not my ſelf deceive,
But depend in my Unfitneſs
On thy all-ſufficient Greatneſs.

VII.

Rouze me up from preſent Dullneſs;
Thy good Work in me advance,
And relieve me, from the Fullneſs
Of thy gracious Countenance:
In me keep the Spark of Grace,
That with Joy I run the Race,
And obtain the Prize of SION,
Which I ever keep my Eye on.

PART the Second.

VIII.

Greateſt GOD! beyond Relation,
Ever bleſſed ONE in THREE!
Thou alone art my Salvation,
Strengthen mine Infirmity:
Quench thou Satan's fiery Dart,
E'er it reach my trembling Heart,
Leſt the Want of Conſolation
Drive me into Deſperation.

IX.

Guard me from his vile Devices,
Which thou know'ſt are numberleſs;

Keep me free, when he intices,
From a fatal Careleſneſs:
Grant me ſuch a Strength that I
May withſtand him valiantly,
And avoid his ſecret Paces,
Thro' thine all-ſufficient Graces.

X.

Reach thy Hand to thy frail Creature,
That is now in Terror faſt,
Shrinking under feeble Nature,
Till the mighty Storm is paſt.
Lead me by the Holy Ghoſt,
So that Satan may not boaſt
Of his having diſappointed
Me, thy Child, thou haſt anointed.

XI.

Come, O Mighty, whom I wait on;
Be my Rock and Confidence;
I've not Strength to combat Satan.
Raiſe me to ſome Eminence;
And relieve me with thy Shield,
That I may obtain the Field,
Overcome that great Deſtroyer,
That has ever been a Lyar.

XII.

All my Life ſhall be employed
In thy Praiſe, with all my Might,
That the Fiend has been deſtroyed,
And with Shame has loſt the Fight:
Glorious ſhall thy Mercy be,
Here, and in Eternity;
Heav'n and Earth, O great *Jehovah!*
Shall reſound with *Hallelujah.*

Of



The Mystery of the Cross

121



Of the MYSTERY of the CROSS.

Kommt her zu mir, ſpricht Gottes Sohn.

I.

COME hither! ſaith our bleſſed Lord:
Come all to me with one Accord,
Ye heavy laden Creatures!
Come hither, all ye weary Souls;
I'll give you Reſt from all your Toils,
And mould anew your Natures.

II.

My Yoke is ſweet, my Burthen light;
Who'll take it up ſhall 'ſcape the Weight
Of laſting Condemnation;
I will aſſiſt him with my Strength,
To conquer Sin, and gain at Length
The Prize of his Salvation.

III.

My active and my paſſive Zeal
Was to perform my Father's Will,
And ſet a bright Example,
To guide your Thoughts and Actions by;
If this is fix'd before your Eye,
Your Heart ſhall be my Temple.

IV. The

IV.

The World would chuſe the Bliſs I ſhew,
Was it not charg'd to bid Adieu
To its own Will and Pleaſure:
Alas! there is no other Path
But a true meek and humble Faith
That leads to endleſs Treaſure:

V.

What Creature on this Earthly Ball
Was ever found, ſince *Adam*'s Fall,
Without its rueful Story.
Who'll here not bear for JESUS' ſake,
Hereafter endleſs Shame ſhall take,
And ſtrip of all his Glory.

VI.

To Day the Man looks bright and gay;
Anon falls ſick and faints away;
Or Death cuts ſhort his Flower.
Juſt as a Lilly blooms and dies,
So quick away the World ſtill flies
With all its Fame and Power.

VII.

The Worldling dreads the Name of Death;
And ſtartled by a dying Breath
He makes a quick Submiſſion.
He tires himſelf with Trifles here,
Th' immortal Soul's his meaneſt Care,
Whilſt in a hail Condition.

VIII.

But when he feels he cannot live,
He fancies, that a *Lord forgive*
Will purchaſe his Salvation:

But,

But ah! the long rejected Grace
May no more ſhine upon his Face,
  May no more have Compaſſion.

IX.

What doth the Miſer's Store avail?
Or what the young Man's Strength? Both fail,
  When Death's to give the Trial:
Haſt Thou at Hand the richeſt Store,
All Earthly Wit, all Earthly Pow'r,
  Death would take no Denial.

X.

No Reſpite Learning can obtain;
All worldly Grandeur is in vain,
  To thwart the fatal Sentence:
Who will not ſeek his Saviour's Face
In the bright Days of offer'd Grace,
  Muſt die without Repentance.

XI.

But ye, dear Foll'wers of the Lamb,
That ſuffer here in Jesu's Name,
  Your Croſs ſhall end in Glory:
Keep cloſe to God's revealed Will,
And ſtill keep up a Chriſtian Zeal,
  To ſlight what's tranſitory.

XII.

Return ye Good for evil Deeds;
Your Innocence at laſt ſucceeds,
  In ſpite of worldly Croſſes:
Give God the Vengeance of your Cauſe;
Obſerve your Saviour's Goſpel-Laws,
  He will retrieve your Loſſes.

XIII. Were

XIII.

Were you to live in conſtant Eaſe,
And live as long as you ſhould pleaſe,
Your Faith would ſoon be waſting ;
But Croſſes keep, like wholeſome Salt,
The Fleſh from Falling and Revolt,
And Ruin everlaſting.

XIV.

Think not the Croſs a bitter Pill ;
Reflect what Reprobates muſt feel
In their deſpairing Station,
Where Soul and Body muſt endure
Pains paſt Expreſſion and paſt Cure,
Without the leaſt Ceſſation.

XV.

But you, that make a better Choice,
Shall ſhare your great Redeemer's Joys
When this your Warfare's over ;
No Mortal Tongue can e'er expreſs,
With what Rewards the God of Grace
Will crown his faithful Lover.

XVI.

And what our great and gracious Lord
Has promis'd in his holy Word,
And ſeal'd with his own Spirit,
He will perform and ſafely bring
Our Souls where Saints and Angels ſing
Of his eternal Merit.


AUG


O Lord how many Miseries assault and
Discompose my Peace the Path that Leads to
Sions Gate full of Thorns and very Streight

Ach Gott, wie manches Hertzeleyd.

I.

O Lord, how many Miſeries
Aſſault and diſcompoſe my Peace;
The Path that leads to SION's Gate
Is full of Thorns and very ſtreight.

II.

How hard it is for Fleſh and Blood
To ſeek the everlaſting Good;
I know not where to turn my Face,
But CHRIST! to thy redeeming Grace.

III.

My Heart has never been diſmay'd,
Whene'er to Thee it look'd for Aid;
No Mortal yet was ever loſt,
Who put in *Chriſt* alone his Truſt.

IV.

That Thou art God, as well as Man,
Lord, thy redeeming Pow'r makes plain;
No greater Wonder has been heard,
Than this, that God in Fleſh appear'd.

V.

He ſav'd us by his Death and Tomb,
From Sin, and from the Wrath to come:
My JESU, Lord and God alone!
What Name is ſweeter than thy own?

VI.

No Grief can ever be ſo ſore,
But thy Salvation chears us more;
No Pain ſo raging but thy Name
Can ſtill aſſwage and heal the ſame.

VII. Nay,

VII.

Nay, though my Fleſh and Heart ſhould fail,
Thy Preſence, Lord! will yet prevail;
Enjoying Thee, and thy free Love,
I ſhare the Bliſs of Saints above.

VIII.

Thine would I be in Soul and Mind,
And leave Sin, Death, and Hell behind;
Nor can I better fix my Truſt,
Than in the God of whom I boaſt.

IX.

Thou never canſt forſake thy Child,
That by thy Grace is reconcil'd;
Thou art the Shepherd of my Soul,
That ever keeps me ſound and whole.

PART the Second.

X.

Thou art my Comfort and Renown,
My Treaſure and eternal Crown;
No Tongue can tell, no Voice can ſing
What Joy the Name of *Chriſt* doth bring.

XI.

He that has Faith and Charity,
Can by Experience join with me;
I'd make this bold Aſſertion good,
And dare to ſeal it with my Blood.

XII.

Were there no Joy in God for me,
'Twere better I ſhould never be;
For he that has not *Chriſt* within,
Is dead in Treſpaſſes and Sin.

XIII. My

XIII.

My Soul's fond Bridegroom and Delight;
Thou Pearl, above all others bright,
In thee I juſtly more rejoice,
Than in the World's moſt glitt'ring Toys.

XIV.

As often as I think on thee,
My Heart for Joy doth leap in me;
When e'er I fix in thee my Hope,
I find a Comfort bears me up.

XV.

When in my Pain I pray and ſing,
My Heart is quite another Thing;
Thy Spirit witneſſes, that this
Is but the Fore-taſte of my Bliſs.

XVI.

Therefore while Life remains with me,
I'll bear the Croſs, and follow thee:
To Thee direct this Heart of mine;
Let it to Nothing elſe incline,

XVII.

And aid me by thy mighty Grace,
With Joy to run my Chriſtian Race;
Help me to conquer Fleſh and Blood,
And make my Chriſtian Warfare good.

XVIII.

Preſerve my Faith from Error free,
That I may live and die in Thee;
My Saviour, grant me my Deſire,
Let me be Thine when I expire.

Of SELF-DENIAL.

Jeſu meine Freude.

I.

JESU! Source of Gladneſs,
Comfort in my Sadneſs,
Thou canſt end my Grief;
Lord, thy Sight I'm wanting,
While my Heart is panting,
After thy Relief.
Saviour Chriſt! my Lamb and Prieſt!
Heav'n and Earth, without thy Treaſure,
Can afford no Pleaſure.

II.

Under thy Protection,
Hell and Sin's Infection
Cannot hurt my Heart.
Winds may roar and thunder;
Satan ſeek to plunder;
Vain is all his Art.
Lightnings Glare may ſadly ſcare,
And diſturb the whole Creation,
CHRIST is my Salvation.

III.

I defy all Evil,
Sword, Death, Hell, and Devil,
With their Slaviſh Fear.
Tho' the World's me ſtinging,
Yet I will be ſinging,
For my God is near.

Satan's

Satan's Clan may curſe and ban;
Earth and Hell muſt ſoon be quiet,
Tho' they ſtorm and riot.

IV.

All ye worldly Treaſures!
With your Sinful Pleaſures,
To your Slaves remove!
Honour and Ambition,
Ceaſe your Oppoſition
To my ſacred Love;
Death and Pain, with all their Train,
Shall do Nothing but diſcover
How I love my Lover.

V.

I would leave for JESUS
All the Gold of CROESUS,
And its dazzling Show.
Siſters of Ambition!
Your admir'd Condition
Muſt expire in Woe.
Get ye, hence, ye Joys of Senſe,
To the Men of Wit and Pleaſure;
JESUS is my Treaſure.

VI.

Fly, ye gloomy Spirits;
JESUS with his Merits
Is my Guard and Prop.
Thoſe that love TH' ANOINTED,
Shan't be diſappointed
Of their living Hope.
While I here with Patience bear,
CHRIST is turning all my Sadneſs
Into Joy and Gladneſs.

Of giving up the HEART *to* GOD.

Höchſter Prieſter, der du dich.

I.

GReateſt High-Prieſt, Saviour CHRIST,
Who for me waſt ſacrific'd,
Make my Heart, thro' thy bleſt Paſſion,
To thy ſelf a pure Oblation.

II.

Thy pure Love accepts of nought
But what by thy Love is wrought.
What's not of thy own Formation
Ne'er attaineth to Salvation.

III.

Kill in me what is unclean;
Kill in me the Root of Sin;
Snatch my Heart from its Pollution,
To th' old Man's entire Confuſion.

IV.

To the Altar lay the Wood,
And conſume old ADAM's Brood.
Source of all celeſtial Graces,
Let me die in thine Embraces.

V.

Lo, at Length it ſhall appear,
That the Lord has heard my Pray'r,
Lo, e'en in my preſent Station
He'll be pleas'd with my Oblation.

of giving up the heart to God

130





Was gibſt du denn, O meine Seele.

To the Tune: *He that confides in his Creator.*

I.

SOUL, what Return has thy Creator
For all he gives, and all thou haſt?
What is in all thy needy Nature,
That can delight his holy Breaſt?
The beſt of Off'rings he requires,
Is thy whole Heart with its Deſires:

II.

Give God his own, if thou'lt be giving:
Say, Lord, who beſt deſerves my Heart?
Can Belzebub, who hates the living,
Or any Creature claim a Part?
No, God, to Thee I all aſſign,
My Body, Soul, and all that's mine.

III.

Accept, O Lord, what thou requireſt,
The firſt Fruits of my Heart; that Store
That Off'ring thou ſo much admireſt,
And paidſt, oh! paidſt ſo dearly for.
To Thee, my God, I now reſign
My Heart, to be for ever thine.

IV.

Where can my Heart be beſt improved,
But with Thee, Lord, who gav'ſt me Breath?
Thee can I call my beſt Beloved,
For Thou haſt lov'd me unto Death;
My Heart with Thine from hence ſhall be
One Heart to all Eternity.

Of PATIENCE *and* CONSTANCY.

Meinen Jeſum laſs ich nicht.

I.

NEver will I part with CHRIST,
Since he dy'd for my Salvation;
Nay, I would be ſacrific'd
To obtain this Conſolation,
That I might enjoy the Sight
Of his good and gracious Light.

II.

JESUS will I never leave,
Whilſt I breath and have my Senſes;
From his Merits I receive
Pardon for my paſt Offences;
All the Powers of my Mind
To my Saviour are reſign'd.

III.

Shou'd I loſe my very Sight
Touch and Hearing, Smell and Taſting,
Lord thy Love ſhall give me Light
When my nat'ral Oil is waſting;
When from Earth my Life is rent,
CHRIST ſhall be my Element.

IV. Leſs,

Love to Jesus





IV.

Leſs, far leſs, I then ſhall part
With my Lord, when in his Glory
I ſhall ſee my loving Heart
Rais'd above what's tranſitory;
Then with all its faithful Race
I'll rejoice before his Face.

V.

Earth nor Heav'n can ſatisfy
One Deſire of God's inſpiring;
Only JESUS can ſupply
All I'm piouſly deſiring.
He's the Object of my Love
Here, and when from hence I move.

VI.

With my JESUS I will ſtay,
For he is my new Creator,
And my Life, my Truth, my Way,
Leading me to living Water.
Bleſſed, who can ſay with me,
CHRIST! I'll never part with Thee.

Of CHEARFULNESS *of* FAITH.

Von Gott will ich nicht laſſen.

To the Tune: *Ye Chriſtians in this Nation.*

I.

FRom God, the Lord my Saviour,
I'll never ſwerve nor ſtray;
Whoſe Love, and kind Behaviour,
Doth never die away.
He always is the ſame:
He ſhortens all my Sorrow,
And will relieve To-morrow,
Bleſt be his holy Name.

II.

When I am diſappointed
Of all Mankind's Relief,
I fly to the Anointed
Who ſoftens all my Grief;
He ne'er denies his Love
To his diſtreſſed Creature,
Tho' my depraved Nature
He ſharply doth reprove.

III. On

III.

On him I am relying
E'en in the greateſt Streſs;
He's daily verifying
The many Promiſes
He in his Word has made:
My Life, my Breath and Motion
Shall be at his Devotion,
Whoſe Love can never fade.

IV.

His gracious Inclination
Tends to my greateſt Good,
Seeks all Mankind's Salvation
By his own precious Blood,
In whom we are reſtor'd,
To his Paternal Kindneſs,
And ſav'd from ſinful Blindneſs.
His Name be e'er ador'd.

V.

Praiſe him with Hearts and Voices;
Which to that End were giv'n;
For CHRIST himſelf rejoices
To find our Thoughts in Heav'n:
All other Time is loſt,
We ſpend in trifling Pleaſures
Regardleſs of thoſe Treaſures,
Bought at our SAVIOUR's Coſt.

VI.

And when the preſent Faſhion
Of this deceitful World,
With all its Oſtentation,
Down to its Doom is hurl'd;

Then thoſe redeem'd by CHRIST
Shall from the Grave's Corruption
Be rais'd to ſing th' Adoption:
Hoſanna in the High'ſt!

VII.

Thus, whilſt I bear with Patience
The preſent Miſery,
Due to my Diſobedience;
Yet bleſt Eternity
I have within my View;
Where my Redeemer's Glory
Will change my mournful Story,
And form me quite anew.

VIII.

This is the Father's Pleaſure,
Who rais'd us from the Duſt;
His Son has endleſs Treaſure
Laid up for all the Juſt;
And God the Holy Ghoſt
Will ſhew the new Creation,
And bring us to that Station,
Where we ſhall love him moſt.

Auf meinen lieben Gott.

I.

IN God, the Lord moſt juſt,
I place my only Truſt,
For he is my Redeemer
From Sin and the Blaſphemer,
He can and will relieve me
From what may hurt and grieve me.

II. Tho'

Trust in God

136





II.

Tho' Sin doth rage and tear,
Yet I will not deſpair,
For CHRIST is my Salvation,
In Spite of all Damnation:
On him I am relying
While living or when dying.

III.

Shou'd my laſt Minute come;
That will convey me home,
Where I ſhall ſee th' Intention
Of CHRIST and his Redemption.
I die now or To-morrow
Then ceaſe all Sin and Sorrow.

IV.

O Lord God, JESUS CHRIST,
Our Saviour and High Prieſt,
Thy bloody Wounds and Paſſion
Surpaſs our Declaration.
No praiſe of Men or Spirits
Can riſe up to thy Merits.

V.

Amen, with one Accord
Let us intreat the Lord
To guide us with his Spirit
Till we at laſt inherit
Our great Redeemer's Glory.
Farewell what's Tranſitory.

Ein' feſte Burg iſt unſer Gott.

I.

GOD is our Refuge in Diſtreſs,
Our ſtrong Defence and Armour,
He's preſent when we're comfortleſs,
In Storms he is our Harbour;
Th' infernal Enemy
Look! how enrag'd is he!
He now exerts his Force
To ſtop the Goſpel-Courſe;
Who can withſtand this Tyrant?

II.

All human Power is but Duſt;
Our Strength an idle Story:
The *Valiant Man*, in whom we truſt,
Is CHRIST, the Son of Glory.
He is the Conqueror,
Veſted with ſov'reign Pow'r.
The Lord both Great and Good,
The only living God,
Gains us the Field of Battle.

III.

If all the Devils ſhou'd wage the War,
In order to deſtroy us,
They ſhould not once put us in Fear;
The Vict'ry wou'd be joyous.
We dare the Prince of Hell;
With Fury let him ſwell;
He cannot hurt one Hair;
We ſhall eſcape his Snare;
CHRIST's ſingle Word can rout him. His

Faith our Victory

138





IV.

His Word puts all our Foes to Flight;
With Shame they are confounded;
For CHRIST inſtructs our Hands to fight;
His Spirit is unbounded:
Tho' we ſhou'd loſe our Lives,
Fame, Children, Goods and Wives,
Deſtroy Hell what it can,
'Twill find but little Gain,
God's Kingdom is our Portion.

Iſt Gott für mich, ſo trete.

To the *Tune: Commit thy Ways and Goings.*

I.

IS God for me? what is it
That Men can do to me?
As oft my God I viſit,
All Woes give Way and flee:
If God, my Head and Maſter,
Defend me from above,
What Pain or what Diſaſter
Can drive me from his Love.

II.

Of this I am perſuaded,
And boaſt now openly,
That he, whoſe Love ne'er faded,
Is wholly turn'd to me:

And

And that in Change and Chances
He ſtands at my right Hand,
And, when the Storm advances,
'Tis calm at his Command.

III.

The Ground of my Profeſſion
Is JESUS and his Blood,
Which gives me the Poſſeſſion
Of th' everlaſting Good
What is my Breath, while living,
But Smoak and Vanity?
Does not then what CHRIST's giving,
Deſerve all Love from me?

IV.

My JESUS and his Merit
Is all I ſeek and care;
Were he not with my Spirit,
Ah! I ſhou'd ſoon deſpair.
God's juſt and holy Nature
Cou'd never bear in Sight;
So foul and vile a Creature
As I am in his Light.

V.

'Tis CHRIST, who has aboliſh'd
The Claim of Hell and Sin;
His Grace has cleans'd and poliſh'd
My humbled Soul within:
In him I raiſe with Gladneſs
My Voice and Courage up,
And dare indulge no Sadneſs,
As one that has no Hope

VI.

I know no Condemnation,
No Law, that ſpeaks Deſpair;
And Satan's Imprecation,
I treat with ſcornful Air:
No Judgment nor ſad Tiding
Creates Uneaſineſs;
'Tis JESUS I confide in,
Who ſkreens me with his Grace.

VII.

His Spirit is the Sov'reign
Poſſeſſor of my Heart,
No Grief there dares to govern;
He checks the deepeſt Smart.
He gives his Benediction;
And, as he dwells in me;
Cries ABBA in Affliction
With holy Fervency.

VIII.

When ſeiz'd with Fear and Anguiſh
I feel my Wretchedneſs,
He ſighs and ſpeaks a Language,
My Tongue ne'er can expreſs;
But God, who knows the Motion,
His Spirit works in me,
Is pleas'd with the Devotion
Rais'd from Humility.

IX.

His Spirit chears my Spirit
With many a ſav'ry Word,
That thoſe may Grace inherit,
Whoſe Reſt is in the Lord;

Who know he doth a Building
In Heav'n anew contrive,
Both Heart and Senſes yielding
To All that they believe.

X.

There is my ſure Adoption
Secur'd and ſeal'd withal:
My Fleſh may ſee Corruption,
But Heav'n can never fall.
And though with Tears I'm ſowing
This Vale of Miſery,
The Light of CHRIST's beſtowing
Chears all Adverſity.

XI.

Who enters his Alliance,
'Gainſt Satan, World and Sin,
Will find their fierce Annoyance
Without, and from within;
Reproach, Shame, Contradiction,
Will fall upon his Head;
All Manner of Affliction
Will be his daily Bread.

XII.

This all I have digeſted,
Yet keep my Chearfulneſs.
On God my Care is reſted;
In him I acquieſce:
To him I give my Treaſure,
And all I am and have;
His Love tranſcends all Pleaſure
Here and beyond the Grave.

XIII. Shou'd

XIII.

Shou'd Earth loſe its Foundation,
Thou ſtand'ſt my laſting Rock;
No temp'ral Deſolation
Shall give my Love a Shock:
No Sword nor Perſecution,
No Want nor Nakedneſs,
Shall cauſe a Diminution
Of Love I now profeſs.

XIV.

No Angel, Pow'r, nor Gladneſs,
No ſhining Diadem,
No Paſſion, Love, nor Sadneſs
No Cruelty, nor Flame,
Of what Denomination,
Be't ſtrong, weak, great or ſmall,
Can breed a Separation
'Twixt me and God my All.

XV.

My Heart o'erflows with Pleaſure,
And knows not how to grieve;
My Song beſpeaks the Treaſure
Of Joy, I now conceive:
The Sun, whoſe bright Enjoyment
I feel, is CHRIST, my Love,
Who gives me ſweet Employment,
And lives and reigns above.

Praiſe of GOD.

Nun dancket alle Gott.

I.

NOW let us raiſe the Lord with Body,
Soul and Spirit;
Who doth ſuch Wondrous Things beyond our
Senſe and Merit,
Who from our Mother's Womb and
tender Infancy
Preſerves our tender Lives in Health and
Liberty.

II.

O gracious God, beſtow on us, whilſt Life's
remaining,
An ever chearful Mind, and Peace that's ever
reigning.
Keep us in Innocence and Chriſtian
Conſtancy:
Thy Grace convey us Home to bleſt
Eternity.

III.

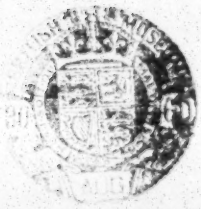
All Praiſe and Glory be to God our Heav'nly
Father,
And to his only Son, who all his Saints does
gather,
And to the Holy Ghoſt, O bleſſed Three
in one!
Thy Might and Majeſty to all the World
be known.

Nun

Praise of God

144

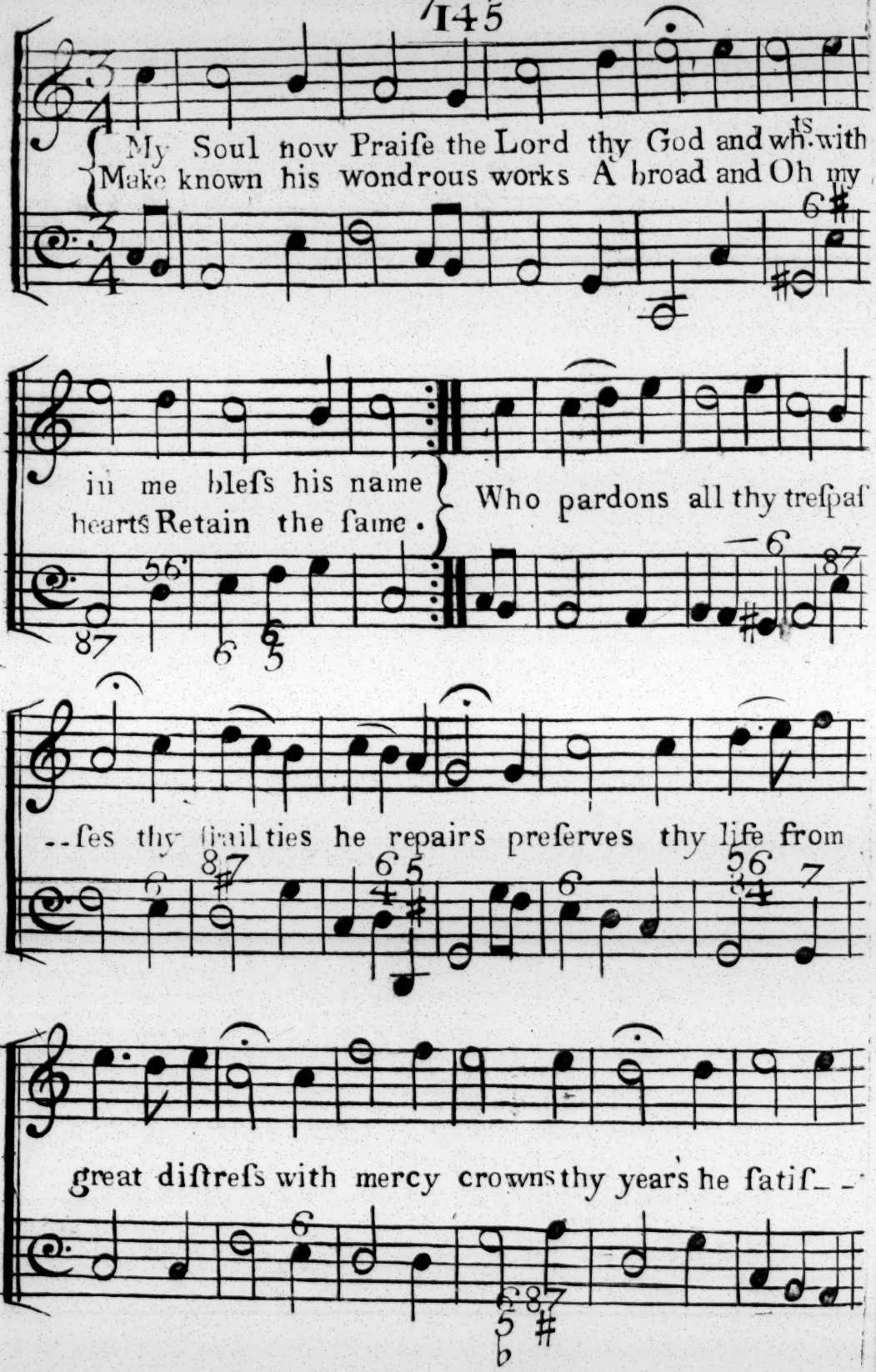






Praise of God.

145




--fies thy mouth with good renews thine agewith
ſtrength the Lord has Judgment for the
Proud and ſaves the Oppreſt at Length.



Nun lob mein' Seel den Herren.

I.

MY Soul! exalt the Lord thy God,
And all that's in me bleſs his Name,
Make known his wondrous Works abroad,
And oh, my Heart, retain the ſame;
He pardons all thy Treſpaſſes;
Thy Frailties he repairs;
Preſerves thy Life from great Diſtreſs,
With Mercy crowns thy Years;
He ſatisfies thy Youth with Good;
Renews thine Age with Strength;
The Lord hath Judgments for the Proud,
And ſaves th' Oppreſs'd at Length.

II.

He has reveal'd his wondrous Ways;
By MOSES was his Juſtice known;
He ſent the World his Truth and Grace,
By th' Incarnation of his Son.
His Anger doth abate betimes;
And when his Rod is felt,
His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
And lighter than our Guilt;
His Grace ſhall be for ever bleſt
With thoſe that love his Name;
Far as the Eaſt is from the Weſt,
He caſts our Sin and Shame.

III.

As Fathers, mov'd with Tenderneſs,
Correct their growing Children's Faults;
So chaſtens God, yet loves no leſs
Thoſe who revere him in their Thoughts;

He knows our ſhort and feeble Breath;
He knows we are but Duſt;
His riſing Wrath is big with Death;
He ſummons, die we muſt:
Our tranſient Days paſs quick away;
They're like the tender Flower,
One blaſting Gale, one ſcorching Ray
Deſtroys it in an Hour.

IV.

But thy Compaſſions, Lord, endure,
Now and to all Eternity,
And All ſhall find thy Promiſe ſure,
That keep thy Statutes faithfully.
The Lord, our great and glorious King,
Has fix'd his Throne on high;
Ye Angels, to his Glory ſing,
And Men beneath the Sky.
Join Hearts, and Lips with one Accord,
And praiſe his holy Name,
My Soul, according to his Word,
Do thou repeat the ſame.

V.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt
Be Glory, Might and Majeſty;
He is the God, of whom we boaſt;
On whoſe kind Promiſe we rely;
Let our united Zeal be ſhewn
His glorious Fame to raiſe;
For he's the God, whoſe Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.
Thus we with humble Confidence
Sum up our beſt Deſire,
And ſaying AMEN, in this Senſe,
Our Faith ſhall ne'er expire.

Was

Was kan ich doch für Danck.

To the Tune: *Now let us praiſe the Lord.*

I.

WHAT Thanks can I repay to Thee, my God, my Saviour,
For thy long-ſuff'ring Grace, and Father-like Behaviour?
When I was but a Lump of Sin and Treſpaſſes,
Did Nothing but provoke thy Wrath, O God of Grace,

II.

Great Love haſt thou beſtow'd on me, thy wretched Creature;
Malice I multiplied, but thou thy loving Nature;
I contradicted Thee; Repentance I deferr'd;
But Thou delay'dſt the Pain I had ſo long deſerv'd.

III.

That now I'm turn'd to Thee, is wholly thy Production;
Thou haſt ſubdu'd in me the Tyrant of Corruption.
Lord, 'tis thy ſov'reign Love, that's ev'ry Morn renew'd,
Has broke my flinty Heart, and with thy Grace endu'd.

IV.

What cou'd I of my ſelf but grieve thy holy Spirit,
Finding thy Grace was paſt my own Deſire and Merit.
I'd Pow'r enough to fall from Thee, the God of Grace,
But cou'd not raiſe my ſelf, to ſeek thy Righteouſneſs.

V.

'Tis Thou haſt lift me up, and ſet my Feet a running
The Ways of thy Commands, which I before was ſhunning.
Amazing Work of Grace, to change a Rebel ſo,
That now I love the Truth, and ſhun of Sin the Woe.

VI.

That I may not relapſe into my old Condition,
Grant me thy conſtant Aid, and grant me ſtill Contrition;
Exert thy mighty Strength in mine Infirmity;
Renew my Mind to love and ſerve Thee conſtantly.

VII.

Lord, guide me by thy Hand while my frail Life is moving;
Leave me not to my ſelf, nor to my Nature's Roving;

Ex-



Praise of God

149



Except I'm led by Thee, my Feet miſtake thy Ways;
Supported by thy Hand, I run the Paths of Grace.

VIII.

O Father, glorious God, hear this my Supplication;
Lord JESU, Source of Grace, reveal thy great Salvation;
God, Holy Ghoſt, be Thou my Guide and Governor,
Then ſhall I praiſe Thee right both now and evermore.

Wunderbarer König.

I.

WOnderful Creator,
Sov'reign Arbitrator!
Look upon us in thy Mercy.
Chriſt, our bleſſed Saviour,
Slight not our Behaviour,
Though we have rebell'd againſt Thee
Lord, our King!
Make us ſing,
With a due Contrition,
And profound Submiſſion.

II.

Heav'n! proclaim the Honour
Of thy mighty Donor,
Far beyond the whole Creation.
Sun! let this Day's Duty
Shew thy Author's Beauty,

In thy Courſe without Ceſſation.
Ev'ry Star
In the Air
Pay him due Allegiance
In your fix'd Obedience.

III.

O my Soul and Spirit!
Praiſe the glorious Merit
Of the Lord, without diſſembling;
All, who've Breath and Motion,
Pay him your Devotion,
And rejoice with Fear and Trembling.
Great and Good
Is our God,
Of eternal Story,
And the King of Glory.

IV.

Raiſe your Hymns of Praiſes
To the Name of JESUS,
All that taſte the Heav'nly MANNA!
He, that thus rejoices,
Join with all our Voices,
And repeat devout HOSANNA.
Bleſt are all,
That can call
CHRIST their Joy and Treaſure;
They'll be fill'd with Pleaſure.

The MALABARIAN HYMN.

Sey Lob und Ehr dem höchſten Gut.

To the Tune: *Raiſe your Devotion.*

I.

ALL Glory to the Sov'reign Good
And Father of Compaſſion,
The God our Help and ſure Abode,
Whoſe gracious Viſitation
Renews his Bleſſings ev'ry Day,
And takes our greateſt Grief away:
Give to our God the Glory.

II.

The Heav'nly Hoſts with Awe proclaim
The Praiſe of their Creator;
All living on this earthly Frame,
All that's produc'd in Nature
Speak their Divine Original,
Impreſt moſt wiſely on them all:
Give to our God the Glory.

III.

What is created by our God,
Enjoys his Preſervation;
'Tis he extends o'er all abroad
His Father-like Compaſſion.
Throughout the Kingdom of his Grace
Prevail his Truth and Righteouſneſs:
Give to our God the Glory.

IV.

In my Diſtreſs I rais'd with Faith
To God my Supplication;
My Saviour reſcu'd me from Death,
And gave me Conſolation.
This makes my Heart with Thankful
Rejoice before the Lord of Grace:
Give to our God the Glory.

V.

The Lord in Truth has ne'er forſook
His faithful Generation;
He's ſtill their Refuge, Strength and Rock,
Their Buckler of Salvation;
He leads them with a Mother's Care;
Through diſmal Dangers, guards from Fear:
Give to our God the Glory.

VI.

When all the Creatures here deny
Their Help and Conſolation,
Our great Creator then is nigh,
With Succour and Compaſſion,
And ſets the humble Souls at Reſt
That live abandon'd and oppreſt:
Give to our God the Glory.

VII.

Thy Praiſe, O Lord! ſhall be my Song
As long as Breath I'm drawing;
Thy Name ſhall dwell on every Tongue
Where'er thy Love is growing.
My Heart! with all thy Strength adore
This God of Grace, this God of Pow'r;
And give him all the Glory.

VIII. All


AUG

A Hymn of Praise



VIII.

All ye that name the Name of CHRIST,
Give to our God the Glory;
All who confeſs his Pow'r the high'ſt
Deſpiſe what's tranſitory;
Renounce the Idols of your own.
The Lord is God, whoſe Name alone
Deſerves all Praiſe and Glory.

IX.

Then come before his holy Face
With joyful Acclamation;
Extol the Wonders of his Grace,
In your ſubmiſſive Station;
The Lord has order'd all Things beſt,
Ye convert Souls in Eaſt and Weſt,
Give to our God the Glory.

Solt ich meinem Gott nicht ſingen?

I.

SHa'nt I ſing to my Creator?
Sha'nt I give him Thanks and Praiſe?
Who by ev'ry Thing in Nature
Magnifies his tender Grace.
What but loving Condeſcenſion
Still inclines his faithful Heart,
To ſupport and take their Part,
Who purſue his bleſt Intention:
All Things to their Period tend,
But his Mercy knows no End.

II.

As a Hen is us'd to gather
Her young Brood beneath her Wings,
So has God my Heav'nly Father,
Kept me ſafe from diſmal Things,
From the Hour of my Formation,
When he breathed Life in me,
Rearing it by each Degree,
Till he brought me to this Station.
All Things &c.

III.

Nay, his darling Son eternal
He delivers up for me,
To redeem me from infernal
Death and endleſs Miſery.
Depth of Love beyond Dimenſion!
Whence can my weak Spirit fetch
Thoughts profound enough to reach
This unfathom'd Condeſcenſion?
All Things &c.

IV.

His good Spirit's beſt Direction
He vouchſafes me in his Word;
And his Wings their kind Protection
In my Pilgrimage afford;
He endows my Soul and Spirit
With the Light of living Faith
T' overcome the Pow'r of Death
And eſcape the Hell I merit.
All Things &c.

V.

My Soul's Welfare and Advances
Are the Object of his Care,
Nay, the Body's Change and Chances
In his Goodneſs have a Share.
When my nat'ral Strength is ſhrinking,
In the Time of utmoſt Need,
He my God ſteps in with Speed,
And recovers me from ſinking.
All Things &c.

VI.

Heav'n and Earth, with ev'ry Creature,
For my Service are deſign'd;
Where I make my Search in Nature,
Food and Raiment there I find.
Cattle, Corn, Fruit, Fowl and Fiſhes,
Vales below, and Hills on high,
Woods and Waters, Earth and Sky
Furniſh me with various Diſhes.
All Things &c.

VII.

When I ſleep, his Love is taking
Care to rouſe my drowſy Soul,
That I find each Morn at waking
Light renew'd from Pole to Pole.
Had my God withdrawn the Numbers
Of his Angels from my Head,
And forſook me in my Bed,
I had periſh'd in my Slumbers.
All Things &c.

VIII.

Oh! how many ſore Afflictions
Have been rais'd by Satan's Crew? Which

Which, by God's Divine Reſtrictions,
Never came within my View.
Guardian Angels of his ſending
Stopt the Malice which the Fiend
To my Ruin did intend,
Far beyond my comprehending.
All Things &c.

IX.

As a Father's kind Affection
Still endures towards his Child,
Tho' he merit ſore Correction,
When by World and Sin beguil'd;
Thus, upon my true Repentance,
Sins are by my pard'ning God
Puniſh'd with a Father's Rod,
Not a Judge's damning Sentence.
All Things &c.

X.

His Chaſtiſements and Corrections,
Tho' they bitter ſeem to be,
Yet, upon mature Reflections,
Are but Monitors to me:
His bleſt Purpoſe they diſcover,
To reduce my captive Senſe
From the World's Impertinence
To my God, my heav'nly Lover.
All Things &c.

XI.

This I know with full Conviction,
As a Maxim ever ſure:
Chriſtian Croſſes and Affliction
Do but for a Time endure:
After Winter's Froſt and Snowing, Smiling

Smiling Summer then appears;
After Sadneſs, Pains and Tears,
Joyful Comforts will be flowing.
All Things &c.

XII.

Since nor End, nor Bound, nor Meaſure
Can in God's great Love be found,
Heart and Hands I lift with Pleaſure,
As a Child in Duty bound;
Lord, I humbly aſk this Favour
To embrace with all my Might
Thee, my Father, Day and Night,
Till I change this infant Savour
For the Taſte of Bliſs above,
Manly Praiſe and endleſs Love.

Womit ſoll ich dich wohl loben.

I.

WITH what Fervour of Devotion
Shall I praiſe the Lord of Hoſts?
Put my Heart and Tongue in Motion,
Acted by the Holy Ghoſt:
For my Thoughts in full Extenſion
Cannot reach thy Love's Dimenſion.
Thouſand Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Greateſt King, for ever be.

II. Lord

II.

Lord, inflame my Soul and Spirit
To revere thy wond'rous Might:
JESUS, let thy boundleſs Merit
Be exalted Day and Night.
Bleſſings now in my Poſſeſſion
Prove thy Grace beyond Expreſſion.
Thouſand Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Greateſt King, for ever be.

III.

When I make a deep Reflection
On my former Courſe of Sin,
Shame might run me to Diſtraction,
So ungrateful I have been!
Great thy Patience, my Redeemer,
To ſo wretched a Blaſphemer.
Thouſand Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Greateſt King, for ever be.

IV.

When my ſerious Thoughts conſider
With what Love and Tenderneſs
Thou haſt ſtill purſu'd me hither
All this precious Time of Grace,
I proclaim with full Confeſſion
Thy Long-ſuff'ring and Compaſſion.
Thouſand Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Greateſt King, for ever be.

V.

All my Steps Thou haſt been watching,
Still to ſave me from the Fire;
When, at worldly Lucre catching,
I was ſinking in the Mire,

Thou

Thou didſt bid me ſeek the Treaſure,
Which affords eternal Pleaſure.
Thouſand Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Greateſt King for ever be.

VI.

O, with what unwearied Patienee
Haſt Thou drawn my Soul to Thee,
That I from the ſinful Legions
To thoſe healing Wounds might flee,
Which recover'd me thy Creature
From the Curſe of fallen Nature.
Thouſand Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Greateſt King, for ever be.

VII.

Yea, my God, but Truth and Kindneſs
Ever dwell before thy Face;
Thou revealeſt to our Blindneſs
Both thy Judgments and thy Grace,
That we by thine Operations
May diſcern thy Pow'r and Patienee.
Thouſand Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Greateſt King, for ever be.

VIII.

As in Number, Weight and Meaſure
All Things in the Univerſe
Are diſpos'd at thy good Pleaſure,
None but muſt thy Pow'r rehearſe:
So have I the greateſt Reaſon
To admire Thee ev'ry Seaſon.
Thouſand Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Greateſt King, for ever be.

IX. Now

IX.

Now with Comfort, then with ſuff'ring
Didſt Thou, Father, come to me,
To prepare a Free-will Off'ring
Of what's wholly due to Thee,
That my Heart's Deſire and Treaſure
Might depend upon thy Pleaſure.
Thouſand Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Greateſt King, for ever be.

X.

Parents grant, or give Denial,
As their Children's Good requires:
So my heav'nly Father's Tryal
Has prov'd beſt to my Deſires;
For thy Goodneſs has reliev'd me
When the fierceſt Pains have griev'd me.
Thouſand Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Greateſt King, for ever be.

XI.

Thou on Eagle's Wings haſt carried
Me through many diſmal Ways,
When on Shore, or when I ferried
Over Rivers, or the Seas:
When Diſtreſs and Fear ran higheſt,
Thy ſupporting Hand was nigheſt.
Thouſand Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Greateſt King, for ever be.

XII.

Thouſands on my Left were falling;
On my Right Hand Ten Times more;
Guardian-Angels of thy Calling
Stood behind me and before.

To defend me from the Danger
Of the Plague and th' helliſh Ranger.
Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Greateſt King, for ever be.

XIII.

Lord, thy Father-like Behaviour
Is beyond my deepeſt Thought:
With what Price, oh glorious Saviour!
My Salvation haſt thou bought?
And thy Grace, O ſacred Spirit,
Is above my Thanks and Merit.
Thouſand, Thouſand Thanks to Thee,
Greateſt King, for ever be.

XIV.

Thouſand Hymns of Adoration
Be return'd to Thee, good Lord,
For thy gracious Preſervation
And thy ſaving Love reſtor'd:
Grant me Grace, whilſt Time is waſting,
To ſecure Life everlaſting,
Where thy holy Praiſe ſhall ſound
In a never-ceaſing Round.

Of SPIRITUAL MARRIAGE.

Wie ſchön leucht uns der Morgen-Stern.

I.

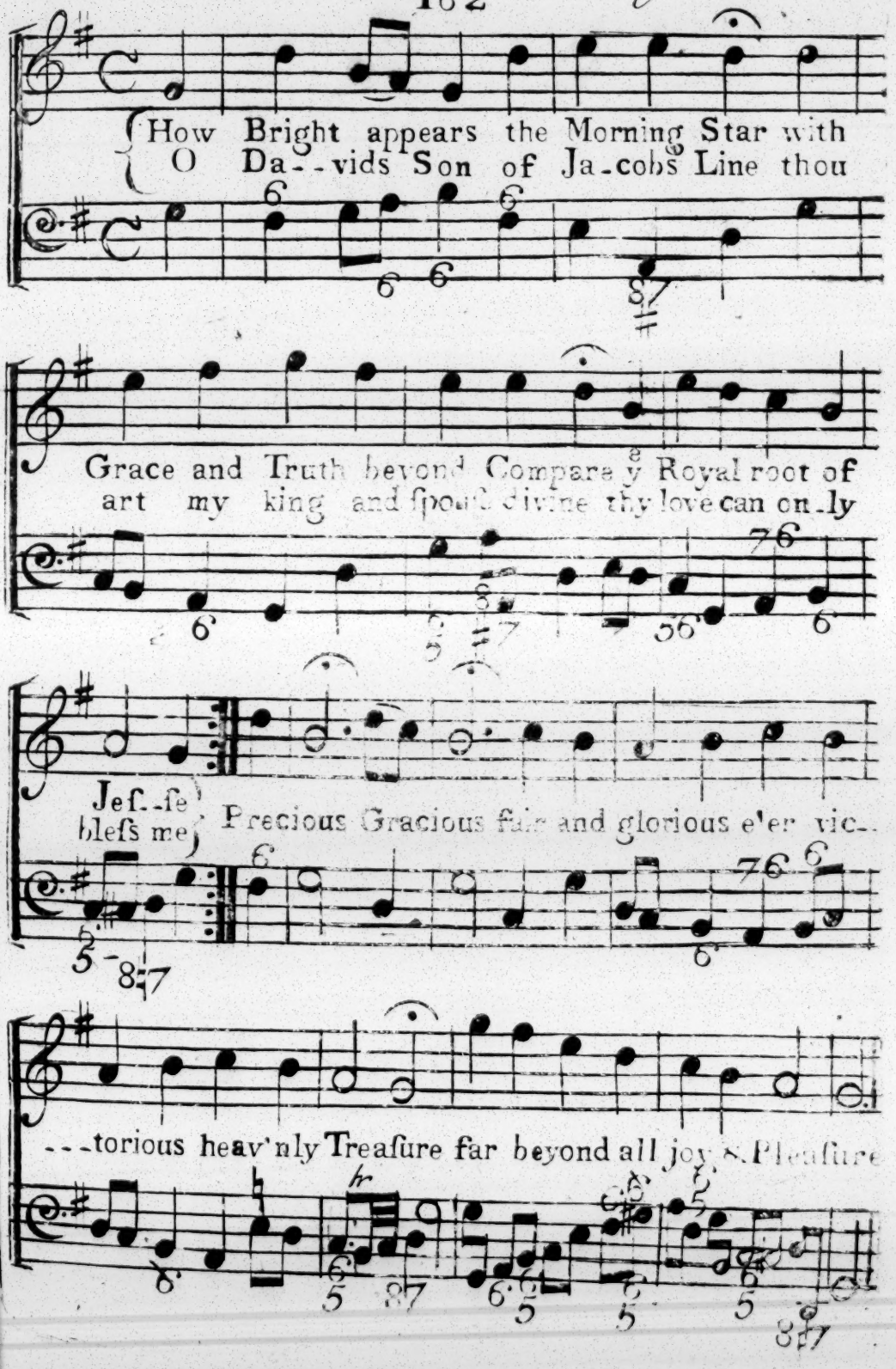
HOW bright appears the Morning Star
With Grace and Truth beyond Compare,
The Royal Root of JESSE;
O *David*'s Son, of *Jacob*'s Line!
My Soul's Delight, and Spouſe Divine,
Thy Love can only bleſs me.
Precious, Gracious,
Fair and Glorious, e'er Victorious,
Thou my Treaſure,
Far beyond all earthly Pleaſure.

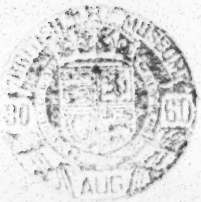
II.

My choiceſt Pearl, and precious Crown,
God and the Virgin *Mary*'s Son,
Thou King of endleſs Glory!
Thou art compar'd to *Sharon*'s Flow'r;
Thy Goſpel and its ſaving Pow'r
Excells what's Tranſitory.
Lovely Lilly,
O Hoſanna, Heav'nly Manna,
Thy ſweet Flavour
Be mine everlaſting Savour.

Spiritual Marriage

162





III.

Thy Love, ſo pow'rful and divine,
Dart deep into this Heart of mine,
Thou brilliant Stone and Jewel!
Confirm me more and more to be
A Branch of Thee, the living Tree,
That Self may loſe its Fewel.
Sighing, Dying
Is thy Creature; for in Nature
Is no Pleaſure
Without Thee, my King and Treaſure.

IV.

From God deſcends a Glance of Joy.
When thou, with thy moſt gracious Eye,
Beholdſt thy loving Creature:
Immanuel! my ſov'reign Good,
Thy Word, thy Spirit, Fleſh and Blood
Renew my very Nature:
Grant me ſweetly
Thine Embraces, that the Graces
Of Salvation
May root out all Depravation.

V.

Thou Father, from Eternity,
In Mercy waſt inclin'd to me,
Through CHRIST, thy well-beloved;
Thy Son has choſe me for his Bride;
In this my Spouſe I can confide;
My Love ſhall ne'er be moved.

O! this Bliſs is
Of his giving, who's the Living
Bread and Manna;
Ever will I ſing HOSANNA.

VI.

Tune all your Strings of Lute and Harp,
Reſolve the Notes of Flat and Sharp
Into Celeſtial Concords,
That Nothing may diſturb my Frame,
Which is wrapt up in JESUS' Name,
The ſweeteſt of all Comforts.
Ringing, Singing,
In your Praiſes, let the Phraſes
Of your Duty
Pleaſe the Lord of Bliſs and Beauty.

VII.

My Joy to all the World be known,
That my Beloved keeps his Throne,
On Hills of Light and Glory.
He'll kindly bring me to that Place,
Where all the Wonders of his Grace
Shall lie diſclos'd before me.
Amen! Amen!
Lord my Sov'reign! come and govern
All the Nations;
Come! I wait with great Impatience.

SION's


AUG

Sions Complaint

165



SION's COMPLAINTS.

Ach Gott vom Himmel ſieh darein.

I.

O Lord, in Mercy caſt an Eye
On thy diſtreſſed SION;
How few of Chriſtians canſt thou ſpy
That 'ſcape th'infernal Lion?
Thy Truth was never more deſpis'd;
Faith, Charity is but diſguis'd
Amongſt its mere Profeſſors.

II.

They teach but Lies and Flattery,
What is their own Invention;
Their Doctrine is but Mockery
Of God and his Intention:
One chuſes this, another that,
Pretending to they know not what,
Though Saint-like in Appearance.

III.

Root out all mere Formality,
O Lord! and its Infection,
Confound refin'd Hypocriſy,
Which is beyond Correction.
Yet ſhall our Words be free, they cry:
Where is the Lord will aſk us why?
Who dares controul our Sayings?

IV.

The Lord, who ſees the Poor oppreſt,
And hears the proud Profeſſors,
Will riſe to give his Children Reſt,
And curb their ſore Oppreſſors;
Nor will he ſend his Word in vain,
But wilful Mockers ſhall be ſlain,
To ſave his poor Beloved.

V.

As Silver ſev'n Times purify'd
Shines in its greateſt Beauty;
So, Lord, thy Word, the oftner try'd,
Exerts the greater Duty;
Affliction ſhall refine it more,
And ſhew its Energy and Pow'r
According to thy Promiſe.

VI.

O Lord, we pray, preſerve it pure
In this our Generation,
And let us dwell in thee ſecure
From all Abomination.
For Sin increaſes ev'ry Day,
In ev'ry Place where bear the Sway
The Church of Chriſt Blaſphemers.


AUG

Morning Hymn

167



MORNING HYMN.

Wach auf mein Hertz und ſinge.

I.

MY Soul, awake, and tender
To God, thy great Defender,
Thy Prayer and Thanksgiving,
Becauſe thou art ſtill living.

II.

Laſt Night, when lying ſenſeleſs,
And utterly defenceleſs,
I was in greateſt Danger,
From Darkneſs and its Ranger.

III.

Nay, when that Lion's Fury
Was ready to devour me;
Thy gracious Condeſcention
Has croſs'd his foul Intention.

IV.

Thou ſaid'ſt: My Child, be eaſy;
My Preſence ſhall releaſe Thee
From frightful Pain and Evil,
In Spite of Hell and Devil.

V.

Thou, Lord, haſt kept thy Promiſe;
In vain was Satan's Malice;
With Joy I now diſcover
Thy Light, O Lord, my Lover.

VI.

My Thanks ſhall be the Spices
Of Morning Sacrifices;
My deep Humiliation
Sues for thine Acceptation.

VII.

In gracious Condeſcenſion
Deſpiſe not my Intention;
Nor Body, Soul, nor Spirit
Can boaſt of any Merit.

VIII.

Fulfil in me thy Pleaſure;
Thy Mercy be my Treaſure;
Thy Angel guard my Goings
From Satan's guileful Doings.

IX.

Bleſs ev'ry Thought and Action;
Thy Will be my Direction:
Beginning, Middle, Ending
To Thee alone be tending.

X.

Thy Bliſs be my Salvation;
My Heart thy Habitation:
Thy Word my Food and Reliſh,
Till thou deſtroy'ſt what's Helliſh.

Gott



Morning Hymn.

169



Gott des Himmels und der Erden.

I.

GOD, the Lord of the Creation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!
Night and Day, in Separation,
Sun and Moon thy Glory boaſt.
All Things in the Univerſe
Thy preſerving Grace rehearſe.

II.

Lord! to thee my Praiſe and Prayer
Are directed from my Heart;
'Tis thou foil'ſt my Soul's Betrayer,
And preſerv'ſt me from his Art;
So that his enſnaring Train,
By thy Grace, is laid in vain.

III.

Let the Night of my Tranſgreſſion
With the Darkneſs paſs away.
JESU! into thy Poſſeſſion
I reſign my ſelf to Day.
In thy Wounds I find Relief
For my greateſt Sin and Grief.

IV.

Grant, that free I riſe this Morning
From the Lethargy of Sin;
That my Soul, through thy adorning,
Be all glorious within;
And that at the Judgment-Day
I be not a Caſt-away.

V. Let

V.

Let my Life and Converſation
Be directed by thy Word;
Lord! thy conſtant Preſervation
To thy erring Child afford.
No where but alone in thee
From all Harm I can be free.

VI.

Lord! my Body, Soul and Spirit,
Keep in thine Almighty Hand:
By thy All-ſufficient Merit,
Make me follow thy Command.
Oh! my Glory and Renown,
Fit me for th' eternal Crown.

VII.

To thy Angels' keeping give me,
To direct my erring Feet;
And, when Satan would deceive me,
Diſappoint the helliſh Cheat.
Bring at laſt my Soul to Reſt,
Where thou reign'ſt among the Bleſt.

VIII.

Hear my humble Supplication,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!
With ſincereſt Adoration
Thee I love, of Thee I boaſt.
O, I'll praiſe thy Grace to me
Here, and in Eternity.



Evening Hymn

171.



Evening Hymn.

Für deinen Thron tret ich hiemit.

I.

Before thy Throne I now appear,
O Lord, bow down thy gracious Ear
To me; and caſt not from thy Face
A ſinful Wretch who ſues for Grace.

II.

Thou Father of Eternity,
Thine Image haſt impreſs'd on me:
In thee I am, and live, and move;
Nor can I breath without thy Love.

III.

Oft haſt thou ſnatch'd me from Diſtreſs,
And rais'd me oft when comfortleſs;
When but a Step, nay, one Hair's Breadth
Was 'twixt my tott'ring Life and Death.

IV.

My Senſe and Reaſon come from thee;
And Suſtenance thou giv'ſt to me;
A Chriſtian Friend beſtow'ſt withal,
To aid me when I'm like to fall.

V. Thou,

V.

Thou, SON! by thy moſt precious Blood
Haſt purchas'd everlaſting Good:
The curſing LAW thou doſt repeal,
And ſav'ſt me from the Rage of Hell.

VI.

When Sin and Satan me impeach,
And Conſcience is within their Reach,
As Mediator thou ſtep'ſt in,
And ſav'ſt me from the Curſe of Sin.

VII.

My Interceſſor and High Prieſt,
My Joy, Truth, Comfort, and my Reſt!
Thy All-ſufficient Merit is
The Source of my eternal Bliſs.

VIII.

Thou, HOLY GHOST! Supremeſt Good,
Diſpoſer of the Heav'nly Food,
What can be counted good in me,
But what proceeds alone from Thee?

IX.

Through thee, I now my God adore,
And call him Father evermore;
Through thee, thy Word and Sacrament
I ſee and hold with great Content.

X.

Through thee, I'm in Temptation free
From Fear and ſad Deſpondency;
Through thee, I'm quicken'd oft to taſte
The Sweets of thine eternal Reſt.

XI. This

XI.

This makes my Heart and Tongue rehearſe
Thy glorious Praiſe in faithful Verſe,
For all the Grace and Mercy free
Thou, to this Hour, haſt ſhed on me.

XII.

Beſeeching thine Almighty Grace
To aid me till I've run my Race:
Whilſt All thou haſt conferr'd on me,
Intirely is aſcrib'd to Thee.

XIII.

Give me a Heart that is ſincere,
To love thy Truth, and perſevere
In real Chriſtianity,
And ſhun all foul Hypocriſy.

XIV.

Forgive the Sins of early Days;
Forgive the Sins of Careleſneſs:
Give me true Faith and Charity,
That all my Hope may reſt in Thee.

XV.

A bleſſed EXIT grant I make;
And when, at laſt, I ſhall awake,
O, let me ſee thy glorious Face,
And reap the endleſs Joys of Grace.

Nun ſich der Tag geendet hat.

I.

AND now another Day is gone;
The Sun has left the Shore;
All ſeek for Reſt, whoſe Work is done,
And leave the lab'rous Oar.

II.

But thou, my God, want'ſt no ſuch Reſt;
Thy Glory knows no Night;
With Thee the Darkneſs can't conteſt,
For Thou thy ſelf art Light.

III.

In Mercy, Lord, remember me,
This inſtant paſſing Night;
And grant to me moſt graciouſly
The Safeguard of thy Might.

IV.

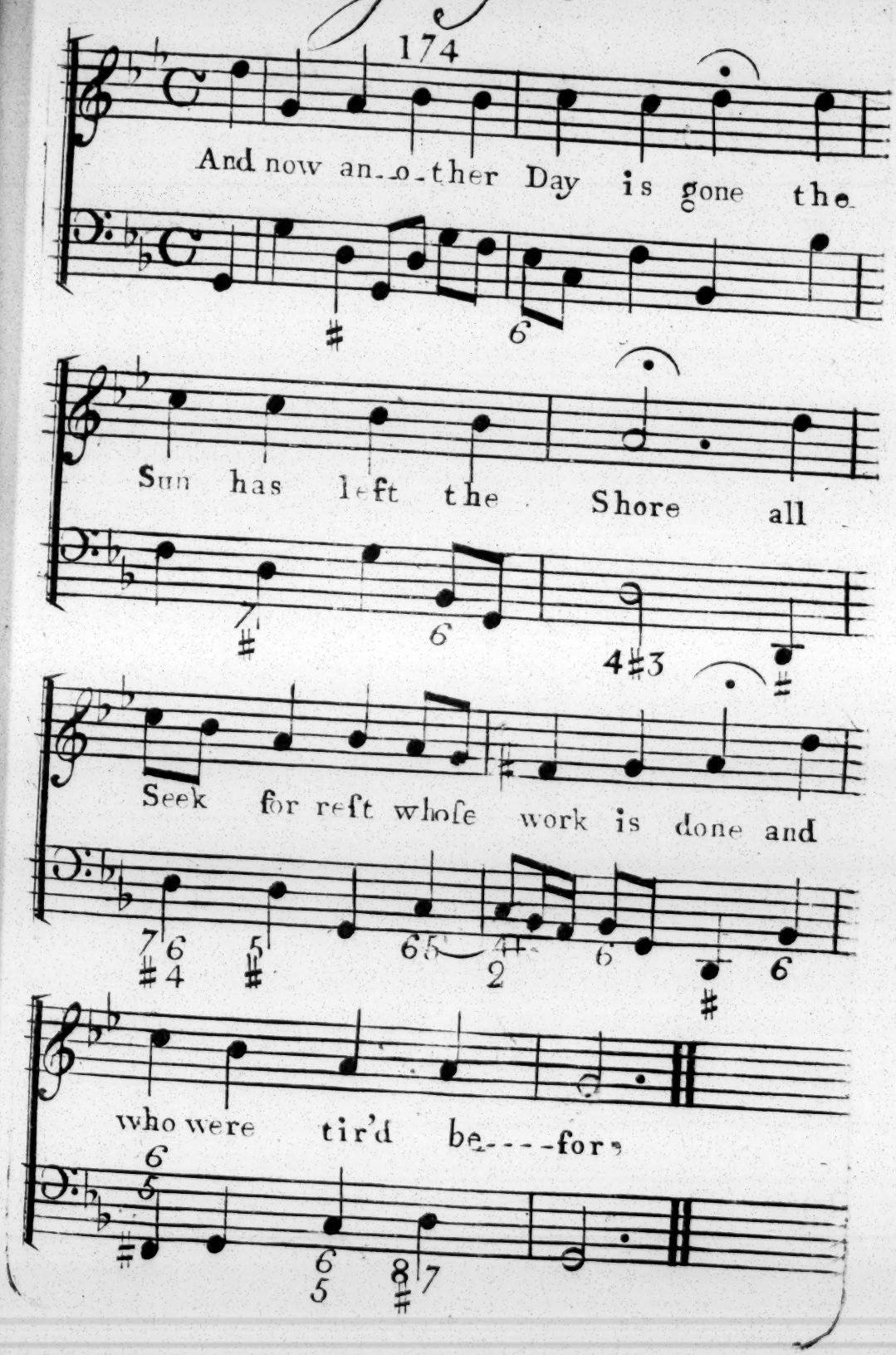
Deſtroy old Satan's Tyranny,
By th' Holy Angels' Hoſt;
So ſhall I be from Danger free;
And Sorrow will be loſt.

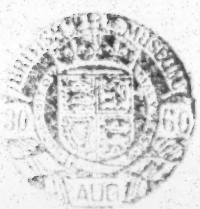
V.

And though I feel the Load of Sin,
Which ſtill oppreſſes me,
Yet th' Anguiſh thy dear Son was in,
Has greater Weight with Thee.

VI. 'Tis

Evening Hymn





VI.

'Tis he alone that pleads for me;
His Merits hide my Crime:
A Reprobate I ne'er can be
While I've a Share in him.

VII.

With chearful Heart I close my Eyes,
Since thou'lt not from me move.
O, in the Morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy Love.

VIII.

Away from me, ye vain Desires:
A new Design I start;
A Temple in me God requires;
And it shall be my Heart.

IX.

O, if this Night shall prove my last,
And end my transient Days,
Convey me to thy promis'd Rest,
Where I may sing thy Praise.

V.

Thus I desire to live and die
To Thee the God of Love;
In Life and Death I do rely
On Thee who reign'st above.

Werde munter mein Gemüthe.

I.

ROuſe thy ſelf, my Soul, and gather
All thy Senſes from abroad,
To adore thy Heav'nly Father,
And the Goodneſs of thy God,
For preſerving Thee this Day,
Chaſing Satan's Hoſt away,
That their Malice and Deluſion
Cou'd not put Thee to Confuſion.

II.

Bleſſed be thy gracious Favour,
Father of Eternity!
That thou'ſt helpt me in my Labour,
And in my great Neceſſity;
That in all my Care and Grief
Thou haſt ſent me ſure Relief,
And remov'd, on all Occaſion,
What might fruſtrate my Salvation.

III.

None of all the ſkill'd in Numbers,
Nor the Sons of Eloquence
Can expreſs or count the Wonders
Of thy gracious Providence.
O, thy Mercies are too great
For us Mortals to repeat.
Let us then adore in Spirit
What's above our Senſe and Merit.

IV. Now

Evening Hymn

176





IV.

Now this tireſome Day is finiſh'd,
Gloomy Night draws on apace;
Chearful Day Light is diminiſh'd,
And the Sun has hid his Face.
Lord, endow me with thy Love,
That the Inſtances I prove
Of thy Care and thy Protection
Work in me a pure Subjection.

V.

Pardon, Lord, each ſad Tranſgreſſion,
Whether open or unknown,
With the Weight of whoſe Oppreſſion
I all Night in ſecret moan;
So that Satan's fiery Dart
Often pierces through my Heart,
And diſturbs the bleſt Intention
Of thy Grace and thy Redemption.

VI.

Tho' I've ſtray'd and thee denied;
As I willingly return,
For his Sake who for me died,
Let thy Wrath no longer burn;
I confeſs the Guilt of Sin;
But thy Grace can make me clean,
Which exceeds, beyond Expreſſion,
All the Poiſon of Tranſgreſſion.

VII.

Author of Illumination,
Light of Light, eternal Word,
Soul and Body's Preſervation
I commit to thee, O Lord:

My Redeemer, dwell in me,
That I ſleep and wake with Thee,
And enjoy thy Conſolation
In the Night of Perturbation.

VIII.

Guard me from the Snares of Satan,
And the Pow'r of Sin and Hell;
Which raiſe Dreams I never thought on,
And abominate to tell.
Let me never loſe the Sight
Of thy good and gracious Light.
Having thee, I can be quiet
'Midſt the Furies Storm and Riot.

IX.

When I cloſe mine Eyes to ſlumber,
And my Senſes fall aſleep,
Let my Heart, awake, the Number
Of thy Mercies tell and keep.
Fill me with thy ſacred Love,
That I dream of what's above,
And keep cloſe to Thee my Saviour
Even in my Nights Behaviour.

X.

Grant that under thy Protection,
I enjoy a quiet Reſt
Guard me from Night-Sin's Infection;
Number me among the Bleſt;
Soul and Body, Heart and Mind
Keep from Harm of ev'ry Kind:
Friends and Foes and each Relation
Viſit with thy new Creation.



Evening Hymn

179



XI.

Let no frightful Rumour wake me
From within or from abroad;
Let no Sickneſs overtake me;
Lord, be thou my ſure Abode.
Fire and Water, Peſtilence,
Death that's ſudden off me fence,
Leſt I dye in my Tranſgreſſion,
And fall ſhort of thy Poſſeſſion.

XII.

Father, hear the Supplication
Of thy poor unworthy Child.
JESU! through thy Mediation,
Make me truly reconcil'd.
Holy Ghoſt, of equal Praiſe,
I depend upon thy Grace.
Sacred Three! be pleas'd to ſay then:
Even ſo it ſhall be, AMEN!

*

Chriſte, der du biſt Tag und Licht.

I.

CHRIST, everlaſting Source of Light,
All Things lie naked in thy Sight;
Thou Splendor of thy Father's Face,
Teach us to tread the Paths of Grace.

II.

We come t'implore thy ſov'rein Might,
To keep thy Flock this inſtant Night
From all the Wiles of th' Enemy,
O Father of Eternity.

III.

Remove our ſinful Drowſineſs;
Shield us, when Satan would oppreſs;
The feeble Fleſh keep chaſte and pure,
And let us reſt in Thee ſecure.

IV.

And when our Eyes are bound in Sleep,
The Lamp of Faith ſtill burning keep;
And, oh, ſuſtain us while we reſt;
And Sin remove, and we are bleſt.

V.

Great Guardian of thy Chriſtian Flock,
Thy Preſence be our ſaving Rock;
Thy Agony and bloody Sweat
Be our Support in ev'ry Strait.

VI.

Forget not, Lord, the Pain and Woe
That faſt purſue us here below:
The Soul, thou'ſt ranſom'd by thy Blood,
Unite with Thee th' eternal Good.

VII.

To God the Father and the Son,
Who wears his Father's brighteſt Crown,
And to the Spirit of his Grace,
Be higheſt Majeſty and Praiſe.


AUG

Praise after Meat

181



PRAISE after MEAT.

Singen wir aus Hertzens Grund.

I.

NOW give Thanks, ye Old and Young;
Praiſe the Lord with Heart and Tongue;
For his Mercy ſtill ſupplies
All Mankind's Neceſſities.
As he feeds the Birds and Beaſts,
So he makes us all his Gueſts;
Giving daily joyous Feaſts.

II.

Praiſe him, for it is but juſt;
He has rais'd us from the Duſt;
Gives us Being; gives us Breath,
Saves us from eternal Death:
From the Time that we remove
From the Womb, we taſte his Love,
And it daily doth improve.

III.

Soon as we from Duſt are rear'd,
Our Proviſions are prepar'd.
Mercy feeds us in the Womb,
Till we take the living Tomb:
Ev'ry Feature of our Frame
Speaks the Wiſdom of his Name
From whoſe Love our Being came.

IV.

God adorns this Earth below ;
Ev'ry where Proviſions grow ;
Hills and Dales, the Wood and Field
Our Creator's Bleſſings yield.
Wine and Bread, the Beſt of Food,
He beſtows on Bad and Good ;
Where his Love but underſtood !

V.

Seas and Rivers Fiſh afford
For us Boarders on the Lord :
Birds and Cattle multiply
In a vaſt Variety ;
Nay, where'er we turn our Sight,
God diſplays for our Delight
Endleſs Wonders of his Might.

VI.

Lord, enlarge our narrow Senſe,
So t'adore thy Providence,
That our Body, Soul and Mind,
May to thee be all reſign'd,
Keeping up a thankful Frame,
Till we praiſe thy glorious Name
At the Supper of the Lamb.

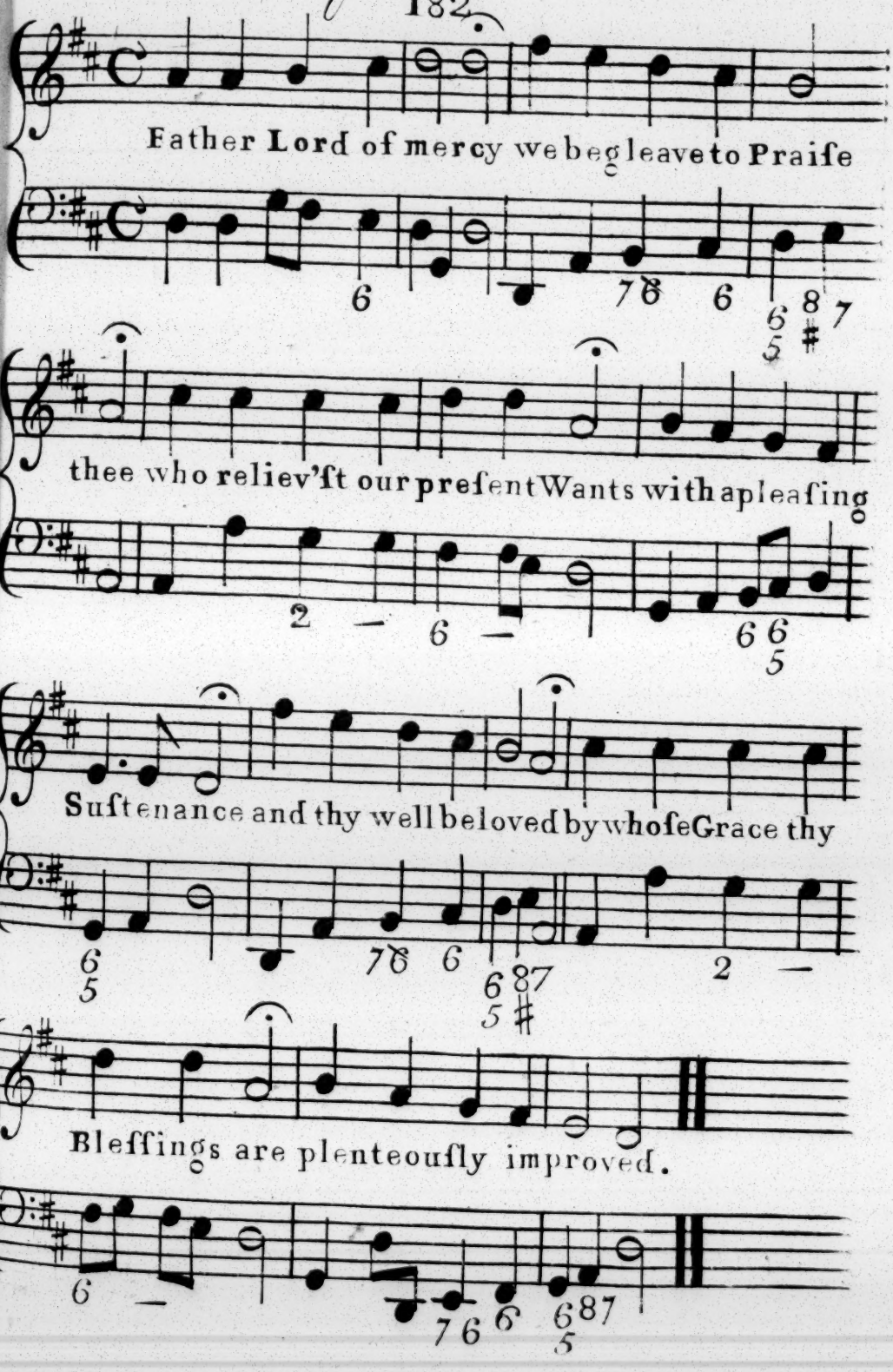
Den Vater dort oben.

I.

FAther, Lord of Mercy !
We beg Leave to praiſe Thee,
Who reliev'ſt our preſent Wants,
And giv'ſt us ſweet Suſtenance ;

Praise after Meat

182.





And thy Well-Beloved,
By whoſe Grace thy Bleſſings are
Plenteouſly improved.

II.

Thus in Truth and Spirit
We return all Merit
To the glorious One and Three,
Now and in Eternity;
Since thy gracious Providence
Has ſuſtain'd our Life with Food,
And ſupply'd our Indigence.

III.

Slight not this Oblation,
Lord of our Creation!
Which we bring in JESUS' Name
And the Merits of the Lamb,
Through whoſe Interceſſion
Thou art pleas'd to overlook
All our paſt Tranſgreſſion.

IV.

What have feeble Creatures
In their ſinful Natures,
To repay one ſingle Grace,
But Diſtreſs and Shame of Face?
Oh! who can repay Thee?
For 'tis thine whate'er we have
And enjoy yet daily.

V.

Lord, accept our Graces,
With this Song of Praiſes,
And forgive what is amiſs,
For his Sake who gain'd us Bliſs.

CHRIST, thy bleſt Example
Print upon us, that we may
Be thy living Temple.

In COMMON CALAMITY.

Wenn wir in höchſten Nöthen ſeyn.

I.

WHEN we are under great Diſtreſs,
And ev'ry Thing ſeems comfortleſs;
No Creature gives the leaſt Relief,
But all encreaſe our Weight of Grief.

II.

The only Refuge then we have
Is, that we meet, and humbly crave
Thy Helping Hand, O faithful God,
To ſave us from the wrathful Rod.

III.

And lifting up our Eyes and Heart
To thee, with true repenting Smart,
We ſeek from Sin a full Releaſe,
And ſeek to make thy Judgments ceaſe.

IV.

As thou haſt promis'd in thy Word,
To All that turn to Thee, O Lord!
And love the Name of JESUS CHRIST,
Our Mediator and High-Prieſt.

V.

We then addreſs our ſelves to Thee,
In this our great Calamity,

Beſeeching

In Common Calamity

184




30
60
AUG



In common Calamity

185



Beſeeching thine Almighty Hand
To take this Evil from our Land.

VI.

Remember not our num'rous Crimes,
But cleanſe us from all Guilt betimes;
Aſſiſt us with thy mighty Grace,
And turn on us thy ſhining Face.

VII.

That for our great Deliv'rance, we
May render Praiſe and Love to Thee;
Pay true Obedience to thy Word,
And ever live in Thee, O Lord!

Du Friedens Fürſt Herr Jeſu Chriſt.

I.

LORD Jesu, bleſſed Prince of Peace,
True God, and very Man,
By Thee our Troubles riſe and ceaſe,
Whoſe Life is but a Span.
Thy Saving Name is what we claim
Before thy heav'nly Father.

II.

We are beſet with great Diſtreſs
Of War and Peſtilence,
What can reſtore our Happineſs
But, Lord, thy Providence?
Be pleas'd to plead for us in Need;
Avert th' impending Judgment.

III.

Thy Name declares thy great Deſign,
Reſtorer of our Peace!

Thy

Thy Love, ſo pow'rful and divine,
Gives all the Wretched Eaſe.
Withdraw not, Lord, thy holy Word
From this our Generation.

IV.

The Danger's great, and Safety rare,
Where Peſtilence doth run;
But who is able to declare
The Miſchiefs War brings on?
When we're debarr'd the due Regard
Of Laws Divine and Moral.

V.

War tears the Root of Honeſty,
And Mercy leaves behind,
And gives new Life to Blaſphemy,
And Vice of ev'ry Kind.
O Lord our God, remove this Rod
From thy diſtreſſed People.

VI.

We own, our Guilt deſerves yet more
From thy moſt righteous Hands;
But thy bleſt Grace exceeds in Pow'r
The Sins of ev'ry Land.
O Lord, forgive; let Sinners live,
That we may praiſe thy Goodneſs.

VII

Enlighten with forgiving Grace
The Darkneſs of our Heart,
That we may hate the Scoffer's Ways,
Nor take the Atheiſt's Part.
Christ, Thee we own; Thou art alone
Our Strength and our Redeemer.

Nimm von uns Herr du treuer Gott.

To the Tune: *Our Father, who from Heav'n &c.*

I.

REmove from us, O faithful God,
Thy dreadful and avenging Rod,
Which by our num'rous crying Crimes
We have deſerv'd a Thouſand Times.
Sad Famine, War and Peſtilence
Prevent by thy good Providence.

II.

In Pity, Lord, look on our Race;
And grant us thy all-ſaving Grace;
Shou'd thy juſt Anger go ſo far
To call us to thy Judgment-Bar,
What Man could ſtand before thine Eye,
Or plead his Truth, and Guilt deny?

III.

In Thee we truſt; to Thee on high,
In Heavineſs of Soul we cry.
Give us a Token of thy Grace,
By ſhewing thy relieving Face.
By true Repentance bring us Home,
And ſave us from thy Wrath to come.

IV. Oh,

IV.

Oh, raiſe no more ſuch dreadful Storms
Againſt ſo vile and feeble Worms.
O, great Creator, thou well know'ſt,
That this our Frame's but tranſient Duſt;
Our beſt Endeavours Little gain;
And, ſearch'd by thee, we're all but vain.

V.

Sin ſtill beſets us ev'ry where;
Nor Satan fails to lay his Snare;
The wicked World, with Fleſh and Blood,
Conſpires to rob us of all Good.
O Lord, this is not hid from Thee;
Have Mercy on our Miſery.

VI.

Regard thy Son's moſt bitter Moans,
Wounds, Agonies, and dying Groans;
The Pains he felt, the Blood he ſpilt
T'attone for all our Sin and Guilt.
O, for his Sake our Guilt forgive,
And let the mourning Sinners live.

VII.

O Lord, conduct us by thy Hand;
And bleſs theſe Realms by Sea and Land;
Preſerve thy Word amongſt us pure;
Keep us from Satan's Wiles ſecure;
Grant us to dye in Peace and Love,
And ſee thy glorious Face above.

CRADLE HYMN.

Schlaff ſanfft und wohl, ſchlaff liebes Kind.

To the Tune: *With this new Year*, &c.

I.

SLeep well, my Dear; ſleep ſafe and free,
The holy Angels are with Thee,
Who always ſee thy Father's Face,
And never ſlumber, Nights nor Days.

II.

Thou ly'ſt in Down, ſoft ev'ry Way;
Thy Saviour lay in Straw and Hay;
Thy Cradle is far better dreſt,
Than the hard Crib where he did reſt.

III.

None dare diſturb thy preſent Eaſe;
He had a Thouſand Enemies:
Thou liv'ſt in great Security;
But he was puniſh'd, and for Thee.

IV.

God make thy Mother's Health increaſe,
To ſee thee grow in Strength and Grace,
In Wiſdom and Humility,
As Infant-JESUS did for Thee.

V. God

V.

God fill thee with his heav'nly Light,
To ſteer thy Chriſtian Courſe aright;
Make thee a Tree, of bleſſed Root,
That ever bends with godly Fruit.

PART the SECOND.

VI.

Thoſe Children are to God moſt dear,
That learn the Leſſon of his Fear.
Thus Infants are by JESUS CHRIST
Moſt kindly bleſt, embrac'd and kiſs'd.

VII.

Are not the Joys of God above,
Giv'n to the Children of his Love?
Who'd ſee above his holy Face,
Muſt here become a Child of Grace.

VIII.

Be thou like CHRIST, that bleſſed Child,
Moſt pious, innocent and mild;
Who ſoon did ev'ry Grace diſplay;
And, tho' a God, he learnt t'obey.

IX.

God glorify his Child in thee;
His Spirit guide thy Infancy.
To follow and to learn of CHRIST,
Of all Attainments is the high'ſt.

X. From

X.

From what he ſuffer'd, did, and ſaid,
Thou haſt more Profit than he had;
'Twas thine entailed Miſery
Made him become a Child like thee.

XI.

If thou conform'ſt thy Mind to His,
Thou art entitled to that Bliſs,
Which this incarnate God regain'd
For All whom ADAM's Sin had ſtain'd.

XII.

Sleep now, my Dear, and take thy Reſt;
And if with riper Years thou'rt bleſt,
Encreaſe in Wiſdom Day and Night,
Till thou attain'ſt th'eternal Light.

Of DEATH and RESURRECTION.

Ach lieben Chriſten ſeyd getroſt.

I.

YE Chriſtians, pluck your Courage up;
Shake off your Soul's Oppreſſion!
If you'd avoid the gen'ral Cup
Of God's own Viſitation.
Let us confeſs his Judgments juſt,
And ADAM's Sons but tranſient Duſt;
From Death none is exempted.

II. Lord,

II.

Lord, we reſign into thy Hands
  Our Body, Soul and Spirit:
We come and go at thy Commands;
  Death is our real Merit.
Whilſt dwelling in this ſinful Clay,
Pain will attend us ev'ry Way;
  But Joy we hope hereafter.

III.

No Corn can yield the proper Fruit,
  Except 'tis ſown and bury'd;
Our Fleſh muſt moulder to the Root,
  Before it can be carry'd
To that unutterable Bliſs,
Where Christ, our bleſt Redeemer, is
Prepar'd to meet his Lovers.

IV.

Why ſhou'd we dread the Thoughts of Death
  In daily Converſation,
Being convinc'd, by ev'ry Breath,
  Of our inconſtant Station?
Had we the good old Simeon's Senſe,
We'd joy with him to go from hence
  In th'Arms of our Redeemer.

V.

Our Breath infirm on God depends;
  From him's our Preſervation;
'Tis he that Guardian-Angels ſends
  To further our Salvation:
And, as a Hen protects her Brood,
From Birds of Prey, that ſeek their Blood,
  So doth the Lord his Children.

On Death & Resurection

192




BRITISH MUSEUM
30
AUG




Thee Lord I love with ſacred Awe thy
Th'whole world is Taſtleſs to my Soul I
Gracious Preſence ne'er withdraw from me thy feeble
Find no Reſt be-yond the Pole But in thy loving
Creature
Nature.
Nay if ey ſtrings of life where broke thou
art my Everlaſting Rock my Joy my Comfort


and my all whoſe Blood Redeem'd me
from the Fall Lord Jeſus Chriſt thy ſaving
Name thy ſaving Name Pre--ſerve me from Eter
----nal Shame


BRITISH MUSEUM
20
66
AUG

VI.

'Wake or aſleep, in Life or Death,
We are in God's Poſſeſſion:
Baptiz'd in Christ, we're brought by Faith,
T'approach God's Habitation:
What we have loſt in Adam's Fall,
Christ has recover'd for us all;
Prais'd be the Lord of Mercy.

Hertzlich lieb hab' ich dich, O Herr!

I.

THEE, Lord, I love with ſacred Awe:
Thy gracious Preſence ne'er withdraw
From me thy feeble Creature;
Th'whole World is taſtleſs to my Soul;
I find no Reſt within the Pole,
But in thy loving Nature;
Nay, if the Strings of Life were broke,
Thou art my never-failing Rock,
My Joy, my Comfort, and my All,
Whoſe Blood redeem'd me from the Fall.
Lord Jesus Christ, Thy ſaving Name
Preſerve me from eternal Shame.

II.

'Tis thy free Gift, what's counted mine,
My Body, Soul and Mind is thine,
With all this Life's Enjoyment.
Lord, grant me ſuch a grateful Senſe,
To make the Praiſe of Providence
My chief and beſt Employment.

Preſerve me from deluſion free:
Deſtroy old Satan's Tyranny;
In all Afflictions bear me up
With Chriſtian Courage, Faith and Hope:
Great Saviour Christ, my Sov'reign Lord,
In th' Hour of Death thy Help afford.

III.

Lord, let thy bleſt Angelick Bands
Convey my Soul into thy Hands,
When now my Heart is breaking.
The Body in its Tomb refine
From all th' inherent Droſs of Sin,
Till Thou command'ſt its waking;
Then raiſe me to that glorious Place,
Where I may ſee Thee Face to Face,
To ſing with all thy Saints above
The Wonders of Redeeming Love.
O Christ, my Lord, I'll here adore,
And praiſe Thee there for evermore.

Herr Jeſu Chriſt, meins Lebens Licht.

To the Tune: *O Lord, how many Miſeries.*

I.

LORD Jesu, Fountain of my Life,
Sole Comfort in this Stage of Strife,
I'm trav'lling by this worldly Inn,
Tir'd with the Load of Self and Sin.

II. The

II.

The Journey's hard; the Path is ſtreight,
Which leads to bleſſed Sion's Gate;
The Land I come from, and had loſt,
But am regaining at thy Coſt.

III.

My Heart oft trembles by the Way.
The Fleſh is frail, and runs aſtray:
The longing Spirit cries in me,
Lord, haſte and bring me home to Thee.

IV.

Support me by thy bitter Death,
When I'm to yield my dying Breath;
Thy Blood refreſh my Soul within;
Thy Bonds break all the Chains of Sin.

V.

The Blows and Stripes that fell on thee
Heal up the Wounds of Sin in me.
Thy great Reproach, thy ſhameful Crown
Rejoice my Heart before thy Throne.

VI.

Thy Thirſt and nauſeous Draught of Gall
Refreſh my Soul in ev'ry Thrall;
Thine Agony, thy dying Breath,
Redeem me from eternal Death.

VII.

Thy Wounds be to my Soul, while here,
A Refuge ſure, in ev'ry Fear;
In them I'll ſeek a ſheltring Place,
When Satan hath my Soul in Chace.

VIII.

Unto my Heart, when Speech I want,
The Utt'rance of thy Spirit grant:
And grant, my Soul to Heav'n may riſe,
When Death in Darkneſs ſeals my Eyes.

IX.

Thy dying Breathings be my Light,
When Death brings on its ſable Night:
Grant me a calm and decent End;
And ſave me when my Head I bend.

X.

Thy Croſs ſhall be my Staff in Life;
Thy Grave, my Place of Reſt from Strife:
Thy Napkin and thy winding Sheet
Shall bind my Head, Breaſt, Hands and Feet.

XI.

The Prints thy ſacred Limbs receiv'd
Aſſure my Heart, that I am ſav'd.
Through th'Op'ning of thy Side convey
My Soul to thine eternal Day.

XII.

Thy Farewell-Words I'll make my own:
Thy Death did for my Sins attone.
Ope' wide the Gates of Heav'nly Grace,
When I conclude my Chriſtian-Race.

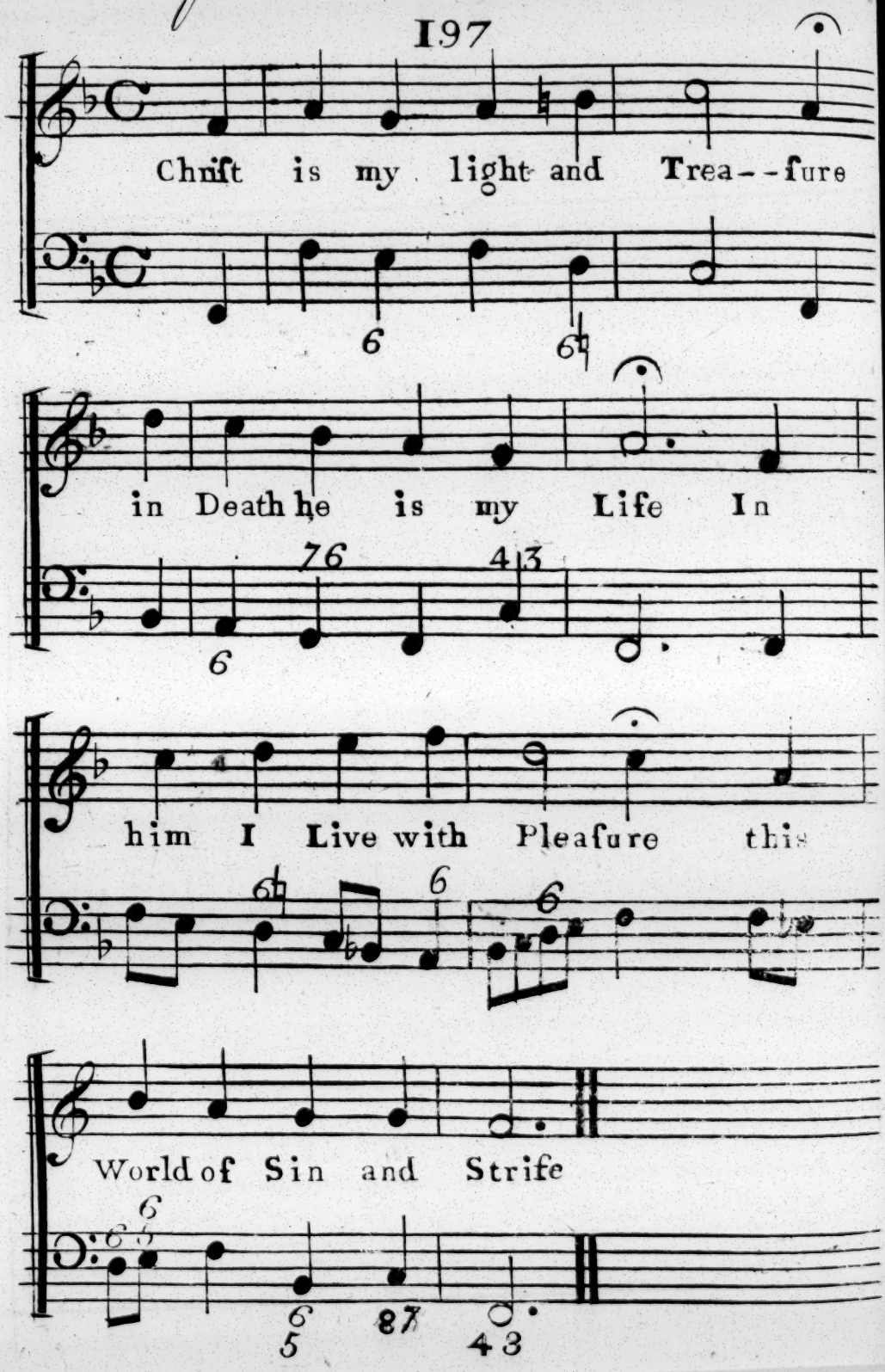
XIII.

When I revive, at thy Command,
O place me, Lord, at thy right Hand,
Beyond the Fate which dooms thy Foes
To languiſh in eternal Woes.

XIV. Then,



197


Chriſt is my light and Trea--ſure
in Death he is my Life In
him I Live with Pleaſure this
World of Sin and Strife

XIV.

Then, Lord, thine Image quite renew
Within my Soul and Body too;
And make it radiant as thy own,
More radiant than the brighteſt Sun.

XV.

O, what amazing Love and Joy
Shall mine and Angels' Tongues employ!
How ſhall we ſing, with all thy Race,
The bleſt enjoymens of thy Face.

Chriſtus der iſt mein Leben.

I.

CHRIST is my Light and Treaſure;
In Death he is my Life;
Through him I leave with Pleaſure
This World of Sin and Strife.

II.

With Joy my Soul is ready
To meet my Brother CHRIST:
Our Union ſhall be ſteady,
Our Love rais'd to the high'ſt.

III.

World, Sin and their Temptation
Are conquer'd by his Blood;
His Death ſeal'd my Salvation
With my forgiving God.

IV.

When all my Pow'rs are fainting,
And Speech is from me fled.
Accept, O Lord, my Panting,
Accept my Sighs in Stead.

V.

With humble Resignation
On Christ I lean my Head:
At th' Hour of Expiration
His Cross shall be my Bed.

VI.

Then, Lord, with Thee united,
Display to me thy Bliss;
And let my Soul be plighted
To endless Love and Peace.

Ich hab mein Sach Gott heim gestellt.

I.

MY Life I now to God resign:
At his Decree I'll not repine.
Will he prolong my mournful Days,
His promis'd Grace
Suffices me to run my Race.

II.

I die at his appointed Hour.
Who dares resist his sov'reign Pow'r?
My very Hairs he knows 'em all,
Both great and small,
Without his Will not one can fall.

III. What



Dying Thoughts

199



III.

What is our Life? A conſtant Scene
Of Sighs and Tears, of Care and Pain:
Moments of Sin, and Months of Woe,
Here ebb and flow,
Till we are ſummon'd hence to go.

IV.

What is a Man? a Clod of Earth,
A needy Mortal from his Birth;
Brought nothing with him when he came,
But Sin and Shame;
And naked leaves this worldly Frame.

V.

No Greatneſs, Wit, nor golden Store
Can here obtain a better Score:
'Gainſt Death no Phyſick can prevail:
No Fee nor Bail
Can cancel Adam's ſad Entail.

VI.

To Day we live, look fair and red;
To Morrow faint, are ſick or dead:
To Day we bloſſom like a Roſe;
Anon who knows
But Death preſents the Farewell-Doſe.

VII.

Lord, make us number thus our Days,
T'apply our Hearts to Wiſdom's Ways,
And learn, how ſwift our Moments fly,
That all muſt die,
Poor, Rich, Young, Old, the Low and High.

VIII.

This is the Fruit of Adam's Fall;
Death like a Conqu'ror ſeizeth all;
Sin gives him Pow'r o'er human Race;
There is no Place
Exempt from his continual Chace.

IX.

Evil and few, as Jacob ſays,
Alas, I count my Pilgrim-Days.
When God ſhall call his Servant home,
I'll meet my Tomb,
In Hopes of laſting Joys to come.

X.

And tho' I feel the Guilt of Sin
Aſſaulting me without, within,
I know, God gave his only Son,
Who can attone
For what I all my Life have done.

XI.

'Tis he my Lord and Saviour Christ,
Who for my Sins was ſacrific'd,
And roſe triumphant from the Grave,
That he might ſave
My Soul from being Satan's Slave.

XII.

To him I give my Life and Breath:
His Love ſhall guide my Soul through Death,
And bring me to that bleſſed Place,
Where Face to Face
I ſhall behold the God of Grace.

XIII. This

XIII.

This gives me Comfort and Relief
In all my greateſt Pain and Grief,
That I ſhall riſe, when Christ appears,
Without the Tears
I ſhed in my diſtreſſed Years.

XIV.

To Thee, Lord Christ, I humble preſs,
To cloath me with thy Righteouſneſs:
Within thy Wounds I crave a Place,
O Source of Grace!
For there's my only Happineſs.

XV.

Amen! Thou Sov'reign God of Love,
Grant us thy Bliſs when we remove,
That All redeemed by thy Blood
May find in God
Their everlaſting ſure Abode.

Of the laſt JUDGMENT.

Es iſt gewiſslich an der Zeit.

To the Tune: *Raiſe your Devotion.*

I.

'TIS ſure, that awful Time will come,
When Christ, the Lord of Glory,
Shall from his Throne give Men their Doom,
And change what's Tranſitory.

Who

Who then will venture to retire,
When all's to be conſum'd by Fire,
As PETER has declared?

II.

The waking Trumpets All ſhall hear
Throughout the whole Creation;
And all the Dead ſhall then appear,
Plac'd in their proper Station;
But all the Living at that Time
Shall, in a Manner more ſublime,
Endure a Tranſmutation.

III.

The great Account ſhall then be read
Of all Mens' Lives and Actions;
And Young and Old the Sentence dread
Of their Miſdeeds and Factions;
Here is no Shelter for Eſcape,
But All ſhall ſee the very Shape
Thy Soul has here contracted.

IV.

Woe then to him, that has deſpis'd
God's Word and Revelation,
And here done Nothing but devis'd
His Luſt's Gratification:
Then how confounded will he ſtand,
When he muſt go at CHRIST's Command
With Satan to Hell-Torment.

V. Grant,

V.

Grant, JESU, then my Name be found
Within thy Book unblotted,
When All with Awe ſhall ſtand around
To hear their Doom allotted;
Of which I doubt not in the leaſt,
For thou as Saviour and High-Prieſt,
Haſt purchas'd my Salvation.

VI.

I know, as Judge thou ſhalt appear,
As well as Interceſſor;
Yet hope, in humble Faith and Fear,
Thou'lt call me thy Confeſſor,
And bring me to that bleſſed Place,
Where I ſhall ſee, with open Face,
The Glory of thy Kingdom.

VII.

O JESU! ſhorten thy Delay,
And haſten thy Salvation,
That we may ſee that glorious Day
Produce a new Creation.
O come, O Lord, our Judge and King!
Come, change our mournful Notes, to ſing
Thy Praiſe for ever, AMEN.

Of Hell and Eternal Torment.

O Ewigkeit! du Donner Wort.

I.

ETERNITY! tremendous Word,
Home-ſtriking Point, Heart-piercing Sword,
Beginning without Ending!
Eternity! without a Shore,
Where ever-fiery Billows roar,
What is thy Sight portending?
One Glimpſe of thine unfathom'd Deep
Wou'd rouſe a Wretch from ſinful Sleep.

II.

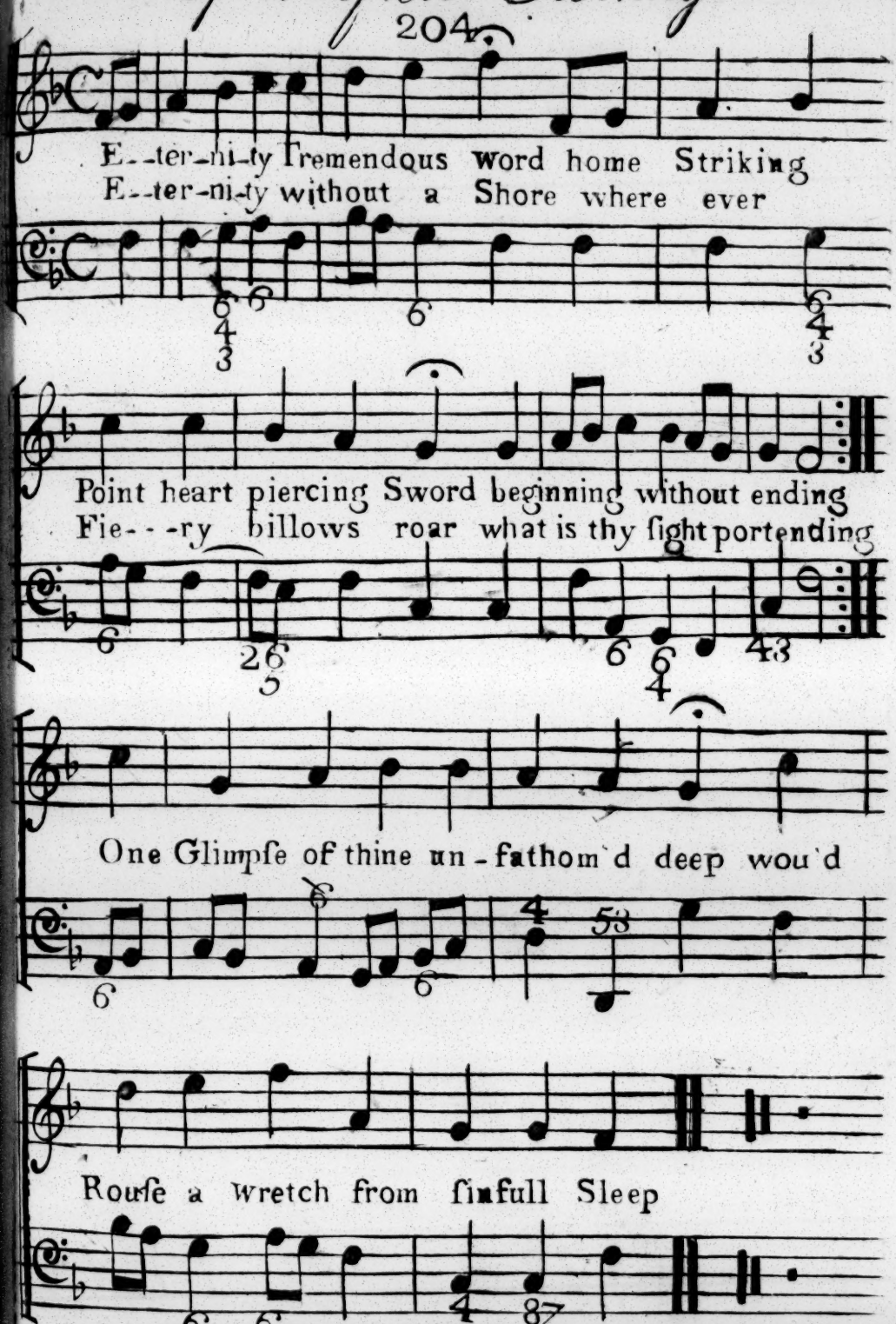
What Pain was ever thought ſo great,
That muſt not with the Time abate,
And loſe its utmoſt Rigour?
Eternity does never ceaſe,
Admits no Manner of Releaſe,
But keeps its conſtant Vigour:
Or, as our SAVIOUR's Words expreſs,
Eternity has no Redreſs.

III.

Eternity! how long, how long,
Thou ſeizeſt Senſes, Heart and Tongue
With pannick Fear and Terrour!

When

Of Woefull Eternity




30
60
AUG

When I revolve thy dreadful Chains
In that Abyſs of endleſs Pains,
I'm overwhelm'd with Horrour.
What's in this Life of Miſery
So frightful as Eternity?

IV.

Shou'd Hell endure as many Years,
As many Men this World of Tears
Has ſeen from the Creation;
As many Stars adorn the Sky,
As many Leaves the Woods ſupply,
You'd hope for its Ceſſation.
This Sum of Ages wou'd but be
One Moment to Eternity.

V.

But having ſpent in endleſs Fears
So many Thouſand Thouſand Years,
Thy Scene is ſtill beginning;
When thou haſt ſuffer'd all theſe Times
The juſt Reward of wilful Crimes,
Thy Thread ne'er ceaſes ſpinning.
Th'eternal Now, who can unfold?
'Tis ever new, but never old.

VI.

O Lord, how is thy Sentence juſt
In leaving Man, that Rebel-Duſt,
To his deſerv'd Damnation!
Short wilful Sins committed here
With long Remorſe are puniſh'd there
O Woe beyond Relation!
Weigh this, thou harden'd Heart and Face;
ThyTime is ſhort, Death comes pace.

VII. Haſt

VII.

Haſt thou yet Senſe? avoid the Snare;
Thy Pleaſures fleeting Moments are,
That dye as faſt as taſted;
Theſe, at the Hazard of thy Soul,
Doſt thou purſue without Controul,
And ſeeſt thy Minutes waſted?
Thou ſenſeleſs Wretch, thou matchleſs Fool,
Thou laugh'ſt and art the Devil's Tool.

VIII.

As long as God eternal reigns,
And his Almighty Sway retains,
Hell-Torment will be laſting;
They ſhall be plagu'd with Cold and Heat,
Thirſt, Hunger; Fire ſhall be their Meat,
Their Worm is never waſting;
And this unequall'd Miſery
Won't end till God ſhall ceaſe to be.

IX.

Awake and riſe from ſinful Sleep:
Bethink thy ſelf, thou ſtraying Sheep:
Return by true Repentance:
Ariſe, thy wicked Ways amend;
The Glaſs of Life runs to its End;
Then ſhiver at thy Sentence;
Perhaps within few Minutes Breath
Thou'rt ſnatch'd away by ſudden Death.

X.

Let neither worldly Gain nor Luſt,
Ambition, Pride, nor golden Duſt
Longer enſlave thy Paſſions;

Look how the carnal Lethargy
O'er-ſpreads the great Majority,
  Who ſport with all Temptations;
Above all Things keep in thy Sight
The 'forenam'd long eternal Night.

XI.

Moſt Reprobate of all Mankind,
Bereft of Senſe, hard-hearted, blind,
  Why doſt thou love the Creature?
Shall that eternal Gulph of Hell,
Where Millions of Tormentors dwell,
  Ne'er ſhock thy ſinful Nature?
Can then no Tongue, no Eloquence
Perſuade thee to a better Senſe?

XII.

Eternity! tremendous Word,
Home-ſtriking Point, Heart-piercing Sword,
  Beginning without Ending!
Eternity without a Shore!
Where ever fiery Billows roar,
  What is thy Sight portending?
Lord Jesu, when it pleaſes Thee,
Bring me to bleſt Eternity.

Of HEAVEN, and the Heavenly JERUSALEM.

O Ewigkeit! du Freuden Wort.

To the foregoing Tune.

I.

ETernity, delightful Sound!
Where real Joys are to be found,
And Scenes of endleſs Glory!
O Life! where Pleaſures ever roll,
Thy Foretaſte entertains my Soul
With Bliſs not tranſitory.
Come All, who long for Heav'n on Earth,
You'll find it in the ſecond Birth

II.

The Glories of this preſent World
By Time and Tide are toſs'd and hurl'd
Down to their full Deſtructions.
Look up, my Soul, th' eternal Hills,
Where Pleaſures glide on Chryſtal Rills
With ever new Productions;
For, as the bleſt Apoſtles ſay,
That Bliſs admits of no Decay.

III.

Eternity! thy endleſs Length
Inſpires my Soul with Chriſtian Strength
To bear theſe ſhort Afflictions.
Conſid'ring thine eternal Bliſs,
I ſlight this World's Calamities
And conſtant Contradictions;

Whilſt

Whilſt there I fix my longing Soul,
Where bliſsful Years for ever roll.

IV.

If you wou'd ballance all the Pain
And Torments of the Martyrs ſlain,
E'en from the Fall of ADAM,
With that ſurpaſſing glorious Prize
Reſerv'd for Saints in Paradiſe,
Paſt mortal Senſe to fathom,
They would be found too light and frail
To move, much leſs to turn the Scale.

V.

Reflect upon the dreadful Coaſts
Of Hell and all the frightful Ghoſts
Tormenting one another!
Where num'rous Crouds of Sinners lye:
Tortur'd with keen Deſpair they try
Their Conſciences to ſmother.
O! what ſurprizing Grace is this,
Which frees us from that dark Abyſs!

VI.

In Heav'n our happy Eyes and Ears
Shall ſtill enjoy, for endleſs Years,
Tranſcending Scenes of Pleaſure;
There all the Saints in God rejoice;
They love and ſing with Heart and Voice
The Praiſe of God, their Treaſure:
There CHRIST reveals a greater Store
Of Bliſs than they conceiv'd before.

VII.

How do I long and faint to see
The Courts of blest Eternity
In all their glorious Beauty!
I'd part with all the Joys of Sense,
Take Wings of Faith and fly from hence
To the Reward of Duty.
If Thought alone gives such Delight,
What must th' Enjoyment of thy Sight!

VIII.

Away with all the Dreams of Time:
Away what Worldlings call sublime:
Away with sinful Pleasure:
Away with all the golden Dust:
What Thieves may steal, or Time can rust;
I long for greater Treasure:
Nothing created can suffice
A Soul made for eternal Joys.

IX.

Eternity! delightful Sound!
Where real Joys are to be found
And Scenes of endless Glory!
O Life, where Pleasures ever roll!
Thy Foretaste entertains my Soul
With Bliss not transitory.
O JESU! fix this Sense in me,
Till Thou reveal'st Eternity.

FINIS.



INDEX.

A.

ALL *Glory to the Sov'reign Good* Pag. 151
All my Hope is fix'd and grounded --- 64
Alone in God put thou thy Truſt - -- -- 110
And now another Day is gone -- -- -- 174

B.

Before thy Throne I now appear -- -- -- 171
Bleſt's the Man whoſe upright Walking -- -- 70

C.

Chriſt, by whoſe all-ſaving Light -- -- -- 24
Chriſt, everlaſting Source of Light -- -- -- 179
Chriſt is my Light and Treaſure -- -- -- 197
Chriſt th'eternal Lamb of God -- -- -- -- 58
Chriſt, thy holy Wounds and Paſſion -- -- -- 27
Chriſt was to Death abaſed -- -- -- -- -- 38
Come and hear the ſacred Story -- -- -- -- 75
Come hither, ſaith our bleſſed Lord -- -- -- 121
Come Holy Ghoſt: Come, Lord our God -- -- 42
Come, let us all with Fervour -- -- -- -- 10
Commit thy Ways and Goings -- -- -- -- 63

D.

Deareſt Jeſu, we are here -- -- -- -- -- 72
Due Praiſes to th' incarnate Love -- -- -- 6

E.

Eternity! delightful Sound -- -- -- -- -- 208
Eternity! tremendous Word -- -- -- -- 204

F.

Faithful God, I lay before Thee -- -- -- 117
Father, Lord of Mercy -- -- -- -- -- 182
Father, thine eternal Kindneſs -- -- -- -- 78
From God the Lord my Saviour -- -- -- 134

G.

God is our Refuge in Diſtreſs -- -- -- -- 138
God the Father our Defence -- -- -- -- 21
God the Lord of the Creation -- -- -- -- 169
Greateſt High-Prieſt, Saviour Chriſt -- -- 130
Great God, in Thee I put my Truſt -- -- 116

INDEX.

H

He reigns; the Lord our Saviour reigns -- -- 16
He that confides in his Creator -- -- -- 61
How bright appears the Morning-Star -- -- 162
How ſhall I meet my Saviour -- -- -- -- 3

I.

Jeſu, Source of Gladneſs -- -- -- -- -- 128
Jeſu, Source of my Salvation -- -- -- -- 29
In God the Lord moſt juſt -- -- -- -- -- 136
In me reſume thy Dwelling -- -- -- -- -- 46
In Thee, Lord Chriſt, is fix'd my Hope -- -- 91
Is God for me, what is it? -- -- -- -- 139
Is God withdrawing, all the Coſt -- -- -- 60

L.

Lord Chriſt, reveal thy holy Face -- -- -- 69
Lord Jeſu, bleſſed Prince of Peace -- -- -- 185
Lord Jeſu, Fountain of my Life -- -- -- 194
Lord, raiſe in me a conſtant Flame, -- -- 105
Lord, thine Image thou haſt lent me -- -- 56

M.

My Father, form thy Child -- -- -- -- -- 12
My Life I now to God reſign -- -- -- -- 198
My Soul, awake and tender -- -- -- -- 167
My Soul, exalt the Lord thy God -- -- -- 145

N.

Never will I part with Chriſt -- -- -- -- 132
Now come, ye Chriſtians all -- -- -- -- -- 54
Now give Thanks, ye Old and Young -- -- 181
Now let us praiſe the Lord -- -- -- -- 144
Now the Saviour comes indeed -- -- -- -- 1

O.

O boundleſs Grief -- -- -- -- -- 36
O God my Lord -- -- -- -- -- -- -- 89
O Jeſu, Bridegroom of my Soul -- -- -- -- 73
O Lamb of God our Saviour -- -- -- -- 35
O Lord, how many Miſeries -- -- -- -- 125
O Lord, in Mercy caſt an Eye -- -- -- - 165
O my God, avert the Storm -- -- -- -- 98

O Thou



INDEX.

O Thou ſweeteſt Source of Gladneſs -- -- -- 43
Our Father, who from Heav'n above -- -- 107
Our whole Salvation doth depend -- -- -- 101
Out of the Deeps of long Diſtreſs -- -- -- 97

R.

Raiſe your Devotion, mortal Tongues -- -- -- 41
Remove from us, O faithful God -- -- -- 187
Rouſe thy ſelf my Soul, and gather -- -- -- 176

S.

Shan't I ſing to my Creator -- -- -- -- 153
Shepherds, rejoice; lift up your Eyes -- -- -- 7
Shew Pity, Lord; O Lord forgive -- -- -- 95
Sleep well, my Dear; ſleep ſafe and free -- -- 189
Soul, what Return has thy Creator -- -- -- 131
Sure as I live thy Maker ſaith -- -- -- 39
Sweet Jeſu, when I think on Thee. -- -- -- 17

T.

Thee, Lord, I love with ſacred Awe -- -- -- 193
'Tis ſure that awful Time will come -- -- -- 201
To Day the Lord in Triumph reigns -- -- -- 40
To God let all the Human Race -- -- -- -- 52
To our Almighty gracious God -- -- -- -- 50
To Thee, O Lord, I ſend my Cries -- -- -- 114

V.

Vain fooliſh Men profanely boaſt -- -- -- -- 84

W.

What Thanks can I repay -- -- -- 147
When Adam fell, the Frame entire -- -- 86
When Chriſt hung on the curſed Tree -- -- 32
When Guilt and Shame are raiſing -- -- 34
When we are under great Diſtreſs -- -- 184
Why thus with Grief oppreſt - -- -- 66
With this new Year we raiſe new Songs -- -- 9
With what Fervour of Devotion -- -- 157
Wonderful Creator -- -- -- -- 149

Y.

Ye Chriſtians in this Nation -- -- -- 10
Ye Criſtians pluck your Courage up -- -- 191

REGISTER.

REGISTER.

A.

ACH Gott und Herr -- -- -- 89
Ach Gott vom Himmel -- -- -- 165
Ach Gott wie manches -- -- -- 126
Ach lieben Chriſten ſeyd getroſt -- -- -- 191
Allein auf Gott ſetz -- -- -- -- -- 110
Allein Gott in der Höh ſey Ehr -- -- -- 50
Allein zu dir, Herr Jeſu Chriſt, -- -- -- 91
Auf dieſen Tag bedencken wir -- -- -- 47
Auf meinen lieben Gott -- -- -- -- 131
Aus tieffer Noth ſchrey ich zu dir, -- -- -- 96

B.

Befiehl du deine Wege -- -- -- -- -- 63

C.

Chriſte, der du biſt Tag und Licht -- -- -- 179
Chriſt lag in Todes Banden -- -- -- 38
Chriſtus der iſt mein Leben -- -- -- -- 197
Chriſtus, der uns ſelig macht -- -- -- -- 24

D.

Da Jeſus an dem Creutze ſtund -- -- -- 32
Das alte Jahr vergangen iſt -- -- -- -- 183
Den Vater dort oben -- -- -- -- -- 182
Du Friede-Fürſt, Herr Jeſu Chriſt -- -- -- 188
Durch Adams Fall iſt gantz verderbt -- -- 86

E.

Ein' feſte Burg iſt unſer Gott -- -- -- 138
Erbarm dich mein, O Herre Gott -- -- -- 95
Es iſt das Heyl uns kommem her -- -- -- 101
Es iſt gewiſslich an der Zeit -- -- -- -- 201
Es ſpricht der Unweiſen Mund wohl, -- 84

F.

Für deinen Thron tret ich hiemit -- -- -- 171

G.

Gelobet ſeyſtu Jeſu Chriſt -- -- -- -- 6
Gott der Vater wohn uns bey. -- -- -- 51
Gott des Himmels und der Erden, -- -- -- 169

REGISTER.

H.

Helfft mir Gott's Güte preiſen -- -- -- 40
Herr Gott, dich loben wir -- -- -- 52
Herr Jeſu Chriſt dich zu uns wend -- -- 60
Herr Jeſu Chriſt mein's Leben Licht, -- -- 194
Hertzlich lieb hab ich dich, O Herr! -- -- 193
Heut triumphiret Gottes Sohn, -- -- -- 40
Hilff mir mein Gott, hilff, daſs nach dir -- -- 105
Höchſter Prieſter, der du dich -- -- -- 130

I.

Ich hab' mein' Sach Gott heimgeſtellt, -- -- 198
Ich ruff zu dir Herr Jeſu Chriſt -- -- -- 114
Jeſu, deine heil'ge Wunden -- -- -- -- 27
Jeſu! meine Freude -- -- -- -- -- 128
Jeſu, meines Lebens Leben, -- -- -- -- 29
Jeſus Chriſtus, Gottes Lamm, -- -- -- 58
In dich hab ich gehoffet Herr, -- -- -- 116
Iſt Gott für mich, lo trete -- -- -- -- 139

K.

Komm Heiliger Geiſt, Herre Gott! -- -- 42
Kommt her zu mir, ſpricht Gottes Sohn, -- -- 121
Kommt und laſſt euch Jeſum lehren, -- -- 75

L.

Liebe, die du mich zum Bilde -- -- -- 56
Liebſter Jeſu, wir ſind hier, -- -- -- 70
Lobt Gott ihr Chriſten allzugleich -- -- 7

M.

Meine Hoffnung ſtehet feſte -- -- -- 64
Meinen Jeſum laſs ich nicht -- -- -- 132
Mein Vater zeuge mich -- -- -- -- 12

N.

Nimm von uns Herr du treuer Gott -- -- 187
Nun dancket alle Gott -- -- -- -- 144
Nun freu't euch lieben Chriſten Gemein, -- -- 54
Nun kömmt der Heyden Heyland -- -- -- 1
Nun lob mein' Seel den Herren -- -- -- 145
Nun ſich der Tag geendet hat -- -- -- 174

REGISTER.

O.

O du allersüſte Freude, -- -- -- -- 43
O Ewigkeit, du Donner-Wort! -- -- -- 204
O Ewigkeit, du Freuden-Wort! -- -- -- 208
O Jeſu du mein Bräutigam! -- -- -- 73
O Jeſu ſüſs wer dein gedenckt -- -- -- 17
O Lamm Gottes unſchuldig -- -- -- 31
O Traurigkeit! -- -- -- -- 36

S.

Schlaff ſanft und wohl -- -- -- -- 189
Sey Lob und Ehr dem höchſten -- -- -- 151
Singen wir aus Hertzens Grund -- -- -- 181
Solt ich meinem Gott nicht ſingen -- -- -- 153
So wahr ich lebe, ſpricht dein Gott, -- -- 93
Straff mich nicht in deinem Zorn, -- -- -- 98

T.

Treuer Gott, ich muſs dir klagen -- -- -- 117
Treuer Vater, deine Liebe -- -- -- -- 78

V.

Vater unſer im Himmelreich -- -- -- 107
Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her -- -- 16
Von Gott will ich nicht laſſen -- -- -- 134

W.

Wach auf mein Hertz und ſinge -- -- 167
Warum betrübſtu dich mein Hertz -- -- 60
Was gibſtu denn, O meine Seele -- -- 131
Was kan ich doch für Danck -- -- -- 147
Wenn meine Sünd mich kräncken, -- -- -- 34
Wenn wir in höchſten Nöthen ſeyn -- -- 184
Werde munter mein Gemüthe -- -- -- 176
Wer nur den lieben Gott läſt walten -- -- - 61
Wie ſchön leucht uns der Morgen Stern -- -- 162
Wie ſoll ich dich empfangen -- -- -- 3
Wo Gott zum Hauſs nicht gibt ſein' Gunſt -- 60
Wohl dem Menſchen, der nicht wandelt -- - 70
Womit ſoll ich dich wohl loben -- -- 157
Wunderbarer König -- -- -- 149

Z.

Zeuch ein zu deinen Thoren -- - 46

BERLIN MUSEUM 30 60 AUG

SUPPLEMENT

TO

German Pſalmody:

Done into *Engliſh.*

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS

The PRINCESS DOWAGER

OF WALES.

MADAM,

May it pleaſe YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

MOST graciouſly to permit me to decorate the following Sheets with Your NAME. Deficient as theſe Endeavours may be found in many Reſpects by ſo refined a Taſte as YOUR ROYAL HIGH-

HIGHNESS's; their Intention at leaſt will plead for Your Patronage and obtain it from the Piety and Humanity of Your Heart.

Encouragement to ſolid Piety, wherever found, is a Bleſſing to Mankind: when met with from the Throne, is a Proof that Providence takes particular Care of the Deſtiny of ſuch an Empire.

The World knows that we enjoy this Happineſs under the preſent ROYAL FAMILY more abundantly than perhaps any Nation ever did. How much of it we owe to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS's precious Inſtructions and Example, I ſhall leave to the Acknowledgments of ſenſible and conſcious Nations.

DEDICATION.

It is this Happineſs, MADAM, that inſpires me with Hopes, that YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS will condeſcend moſt graciouſly to favour this Supplement to the German Pſalmody with the ſame Reception the late Mr. Jacobi's Labours have formerly met with from You.

It is the Senſe of this Happineſs alſo, that excites me to join in the moſt fervent Prayers, that, infinite and immortal as the Reward of ſuch Virtues will prove in the Manſions of God, yet He may permit us long the Poſſeſſion of their Example on Earth; and continue to grant to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, in particular, the pureſt and greateſt Satisfaction of noble Souls: that of doing good, and of ſeeing this Happineſs

pineſs ſecured to, and enjoyed by future Generations.

I am with the moſt profound Reſpect,

MADAM,

May it pleaſe YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS's,

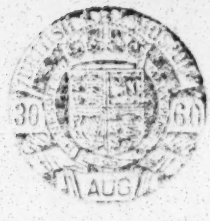
Moſt dutiful,

Moſt humble,

And moſt obedient Servant,

The EDITOR,

John Haberkorn.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Plainneſs and Simplicity of the following Tranſlation, the Lovers of Divine Harmony are deſired to receive with Candour, ſince it hath nothing in View but the Glory of our moſt gracious Lord, the only Reſtorer of our fallen Nature; who though above all Praiſe, yet has encouraged us by his Word to hope, that he will be pleas'd to accept our poor Performances, provided they be offered up with a ſincere and filial Heart.

And here I cannot forbear expreſſing my Joy, in obſerving that within ſome few Years paſt, Pſalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, are become ſo frequent and familiar, that many Thouſands of Families all over *Great Britain* are now more delighted with them, than I believe was ever known ſince the Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt was preached in theſe Parts; and bleſſed be God, the

Love

Love of this ſweet Employment increaſes daily amongſt us.

Some eminent and pious Divines, * in their Comments on the *Revelation*, have judiciouſly obſerved, " that whenever " the Lord of our Salvation opened a " New Scene of his Kingdom, Muſick " and Singing were the conſtant Fore- " runners and Attendants of it." They who piouſly obſerve the Signs of theſe our Times, will confeſs, that the Kingdom, we pray for every Day, is come nigh us of a Truth; witneſs the many Souls who have been awakened, convinced, and brought to the great Shepherd and Biſhop of our Souls, Jeſus Chriſt the Righteous, ſo that we may ſay with Truth: *To the Poor the Goſpel is preached.*

Glory be to God in the Higheſt, On Earth, Peace, good Will towards Men. Hallelujah, Amen, Hallelujah.

---

* Dr. *Waple*, and Dr. *Moore*.

INDEX.

ALL the World exalt the Lord, Page 1
Lord Chriſt th'eternal Father's, 3
Now let each humble Creature, 4
Jeſu! my Heart's moſt joyful Reſt, 7
Jeſus, Jeſus, nought but Jeſus, 11
A Lamb goes forth, and bears the Guilt, 13
Here World ſee thy Redeemer, 16
Rouſe thyſelf, my Soul, and dwell, 20
Chriſt crucify'd! my Soul by Faith, 23
Thy Soul, my Jeſu! hallow mine, 25
Retake thy own Poſſeſſion, 26
O Chriſt, my ſweeteſt Life and Light, 29
Enlighten me my Light, 35
Lord Saviour Chriſt, my Sovereign Good, 39
To Thee Jehovah, I'll be ſinging, 41
Lord Jeſu! Sun of Graces, 43
Jeſu! teach me moſt exactly, 45
Jeſu grant Thou me thy Fulneſs, 47
What to do in my Condition, 48
Another Step is made with God, 50

Tell

Tell me no more of golden Treaſures, Page 53
O my Soul, deſir'ſt thou Reſt, 56
Why ſhould I continue grieving, 58
What Thou my God doſt, all's well done, 61
God will make it, can'ſt thou take it, 63
I ſing to Thee with Heart and Tongue, 65
Praiſe thou, my Soul, the moſt mighty and great King of Glory, 69
Hallelujah, Love, Thanks, and Praiſe, 70
The Day is gone, come Jeſu my Protector, 72
Now Woods and Fields are quiet, 73
Now let us praiſe with Fervour, 75
Jeſu clemens, pie Deus, 77
Erit, erit illa hora, 78



A

SUPPLEMENT

OF

German Pſalmody.

Of the Incarnation of CHRIST.

Gott ſey Danck in aller Welt.

To the Tune, Now the Saviour comes indeed,

I.

ALL the World exalt the Lord,
Who for ever keeps his Word,
And reveals the Sinner's Bliſs,
In his Son the Prince of Peace.

II.

What the Fathers wiſh'd of old,
And the Prophets have foretold;
All what they did prophecy,
Is fulfill'd moſt glorioufly.

III.

Sion's Help, and *Abraham*'s Shield,
Jacob's Bliſs, the Virgin's Child,

The two-ſtemm'd *Immanuel*'s come
From his Virgin-Mother's Womb.

IV.

Be Thou welcome Saviour Chriſt,
Thee Hoſanna's in the high'ſt!
Come, and take thy bleſt Abode
In my Heart, thou loving God.

V.

King of Glory, enter in;
Cleanſe it from the Filth of Sin;
Take it, for 'tis all thy own,
And make thy Salvation known.

VI.

Grant thy Comforts to my Mind,
Since I'm naked, poor and blind:
Leſt old Satan's ſubtil Boaſt
Should rejoice to ſee me loſt.

VII.

Cruſh that helliſh Serpent's Head;
Save me from my greateſt Dread;
That through Faith I may with Thee
Be united ſavingly.

VIII.

Thus when Thou in Majeſty
Shalt return triumphantly,
I with Joy may 'riſe and ſtand
Juſtify'd at thy Right Hand.

HEINR. FELD.



Of



Of the Incarnation of Christ



Of the Incarnation of CHRIST.

Herr Chriſt der ein'ge Gottes Sohn.

I.

LORD CHRIST th' eternal Father's
Only begotten Son!
Whoſe pow'rful Wiſdom gathers
All Things beneath his Throne:
Bleſt Morning Star, whoſe Splendour
Exceeds all Stars in Grandeur
And Brightneſs, far and near.

II.

Born Man for our Salvation
In this World's latter Tide,
Without Contamination
On his chaſte Mother's Side.
He broke Death's Chains and Priſon,
Unbarr'd Heav'n's Gate when 'riſen,
Brought us to Life again.

III.

Encreaſe thy Love and Knowledge
In us from Day to Day,
That Faith and Chriſtian Courage
May guide us in thy Way;
And taſting th' inmoſt Savour
Of thy ſweet Love and Favour,
Thirſt ever after Thee.

IV.

Thou Lord of th' whole Creation,
Th' Almighty Father's Pow'r;
Who reign'ſt without Ceſſation
Heav'n, Earth and Hell all o'er!

Turn us to Thee our Saviour,
That henceforth our Behaviour
May never ſwerve from Thee.

V.

Lord, mortify th' old Nature;
Renew us by thy Grace;
Reſtore the fallen Creature
T' a Likeneſs of thy Face;
That all this Life's Enjoyment
Be made our chief Employment
Of ever praiſing Thee.

E. C.

On New-Year's-Day.

Nun laſt uns gehn und treten.

To the Tune, Awake, my Soul, and tender.

I.

NOW let each humble Creature
Adore the God of Nature,
For his kind Preſervation
And daily new Creation.

II.

We ſtretch our Life and wander
From Year to Year, and yonder
We live, keep on improving,
Till Date and Year's removing.

III.

Thro' Pains, thro' wants and Errors,
Thro' diſmal Wars and Terrors,

Thro'

Thro' Croſſes, Striſes and Hurry,
That ſeem the World to worry.

IV.

As in tempeſtuous Weathers
The kind and careful Mothers,
With Nature's ſwift Affection
Run to their Babes Protection.

V.

No leſs our Heav'nly Lover
Is preſent with his Cover,
When ſtormy Winds are blowing,
To ſave his Childrens going.

VI.

Great Guardian of our Being,
In vain is our foreſeeing,
With all our beſt Care-taking,
Except thine Eyes be waking.

VII.

Bleſt be thy gracious Favour,
Each Morn renews its Savour;
Bleſt be the Hands aſſwaging
All Heart-akes, ne'er ſo raging,

VIII.

Hear, Father, our Petition,
Relieve our weak Condition;
Be ſtill the Source of Gladneſs
In all our Grief and and Sadneſs.

IX.

Grant all thy true Sojourners
And heavy laden Mourners,
That own thy Viſitations,
An Heart endu'd with Patience.

X.

Remove our ſad Diſorders,
And make in all our Borders
Thy Peace and Truth together
To meet and kiſs each other.

XI.

Lord grant thy Benedictions
To all good Thoughts and Actions,
To Youth and Age declining,
Thy gracious Sun be ſhining.

XII.

Be Thou the Orphans Father;
The Straying draw together;
Relieve the Poor and Scanty,
To all in Want give Plenty,

XIII.

Heal all the Sick and Wounded;
The Souls that are ſurrounded
With fearful Thoughts and Terrors,
Lord, reſcue from their Errors.

XIV.

But chiefly grant thy Spirit,
Thro' Chriſt's all-ſaving Merit,
To fill us with ſuch Graces
As lead to thine Embraces.

XV.

All this, we pray, be giving,
O Life of all that's Living!
To us and all that ſavour
Thy New-Year's Gift and Favour.

P. Gerhard.


AUG


of the Name of Jesus
JESU my hearts moſt Joyfull Reſt my
Which leaning on thy Loving breaſt Re - -
ſouls delight and Treaſure
- - ceives Exta - - tick Pleaſure
My Lips attempt a -
Praiſe for Thee though Thine Unfathom'd
Love to me exceeds all thouht and Meaſure

Of the Name of Jesus




AUG

Of the Name of JESUS.

Mein Hertzens-Jeſu, meine Luſt.

To the Tune, Another Step is made with God.

I.

JESU! my Heart's moſt joyful Reſt;
My Soul's Delight and Treaſure!
Which leaning on thy loving Breaſt
Receives extatick Pleaſure.
My Lips attempt a Praiſe for Thee,
Though thine unfathom'd Love to me
Exceeds all Thought and Meaſure.

II.

My Heart's wrapt up in Extaſy
Whene'er it feels thy Preſence;
It ſings, it ſhouts, it leaps for Joy,
And tunes its chearful Cadence;
As oft it kiſſes Thee by Faith,
Draws Life, and Grace, and all it hath,
From thy moſt loving Eſſence.

III.

Thou art my ſweet and wondrous Light,
By which my Soul and Spirit
Diſcern with open Face the Sight
Of thine all-ſaving Merit:
O take my Heart, and fill the ſame
With all the Splendor of thy Name;
O Lord! do not defer it.

IV.

Thou art my ſure and heav'nly Way,
All's plain thro' Thee before me:
Who knows Thee, doth not run aſtray,
But treads the Path to Glory.
Great Saviour, let me ne'er expect
To find yet Heav'n thro' ſad Miſtake
In Things but tranſitory.

V.

Thou art the Truth, and Thee alone
I've firmly choſe to guide me;
Thy Word I can depend upon,
All's falſe and Shew beſide Thee,
Lord, ſet my Heart at Liberty,
That keeping cloſe and true to Thee,
Thy Grace may ſafely hide me.

VI.

Thou art my Life, whoſe Influence
Shall be my Soul's Direction;
Thy Spirit guiding ev'ry Senſe
Shall rule my Thought and Action;
That fill'd with Spirit, Life and Grace,
I may run ſtrait my Chriſtian Race,
And ſuffer no Defection.

VII.

Thou art my ſweet and heav'nly Bread,
Thy Father's choiceſt Preſent;
On which I live, when Hunger's Dread
Requires Supports inceſſant:
Thou Manna! ſtrengthening Life and Blood,
Grant me t'avoid ſuch tempting Food
As carnal Taſtes think pleaſant.

VIII.

Thou art my Cordial, and thy Fruit
Is of Celeſtial Flavour :
Who taſtes Thee once, is in Purſuit
T'enjoy thy conſtant Savour :
O living Source, for which I pant
Thy Sweetneſs pour in full Extent
Into my Soul for ever.

IX

Thou art my Ornament of Grace,
My Wedding Robe and Garment,
Deck'ſt with white Silk of Righteouſneſs
My Soul to high Preferment.
Grant me to count that glitt'ring Pomp
Th' whole World runs after in the Lump
As Dung, of no Concernment.

X.

Thou art my Rock, and ſafe Retreat,
Where I may dwell ſecurely ;
From whence no helliſh Crew can beat,
No ſcorching Heat can touch me :
Incarnate Saviour, grant Thou me
To be for ever found in Thee,
Thy Love can beſt inſure me.

XI.

Thou art the Shepherd of my Soul,
And my ſweet Food and Paſture,
Thou brought'ſt me back, when I did ſtroll
With great tranſporting Geſture :
Now take thy Sheep within thy Care,
That it by Force nor flatt'ring Snare
Stray from thy Flock hereafter.

XII.

My Soul's kind Bridegroom ! that's the Name
By which I ſhall embrace Thee:
My Sov'reign High-Prieſt, and the Lamb,
Whoſe Dying doth ſolace me:
My King, who doth my Heart poſſeſs,
And puts my Foes to great Diſtreſs,
When they preſume to face me.

XIII.

Thou art my choiceſt Friend, whoſe Love
Affords true Satisfaction;
My Brother, who doth faithful prove,
True Mother in Dejection:
Phyſician of my deepeſt Sores,
My Balſam and my careful Nurſe,
That keeps me from Diſtraction.

XIV.

Thou art my Leader in the Fight,
And Captain of Salvation;
My Courage in the greateſt Fright,
My Ship in Navigation:
Mine Anchor in a dreadful Storm,
My Pilot in Shipwreck's Alarm,
Who never miſs'd his Station.

XV.

Thou art my leading Star and Guide,
When Darkneſs will confound me;
My Stock in Wants on every Side,
My Height when Depth will drown me:
My ſweet Deſert in Bitterneſs,
My ſafe Retreat and ſhelt'ring Place,
When ſudden Show'rs ſurround me.

Thou

XVI.

Thou art mine *Eden*, where I ſpend
My ſilent Hours with Pleaſure ;
My ſweeteſt Flow'r, which I attend,
And humbly ſmell at Leiſure ;
My lovely Roſe in croſſing Vale,
Where Thorns and Briars ſtill aſſail
My tireſome Steps ſans Meaſure.

XVII.

Thou art my Comfort when I'm ſad,
In Joy my Song's Oblation,
By Day my Taſk, which makes me glad,
At Night my Meditation :
In Sleep my ſweeteſt Dream and Reſt,
My ſofteſt Quilt that warms my Breaſt,
And Skreen of my Salvation.

XVIII.

What ſhall I further boaſt of Thee
My God, my Lord, my Lover ?
For thou art more than All to me,
What Words can ne'er diſcover.
Lord ! let thy conſtant Love increaſe,
Till Soul and Spirit are at Eaſe,
And Time and Sighs are over.

P. LANGE.

Of the Name of JESUS.

Jeſus, Jeſus, nichts als Jeſus.

To the Tune, Lord, thine Image Thou haſt lent me.

I.

JESUS, Jeſus, nought but Jeſus
Shall my Wiſh and Zeal be ſtill,

Now my Longing never ceaſes
To conform to Jeſus' Will:
For my Heart with Him quite fill'd,
Cries, O Lord, but what Thou wilt.

II.

EVEN to Thee my Love I tender,
To thy Praiſe I live and move;
All I have to Thee I render,
For thou gav'ſt me all in Love.
In thy Blood, which Thou haſt ſpilt,
I'm ſecure, do what Thou wilt.

III.

SHOULD what's proſperous in Appearance,
Yet be contrary to Thee;
Quickly change the falſe Adherence,
Jeſu grant what's good for me.
Be Thou mine, thy Kingdom build,
I'll be Thine, do what Thou wilt.

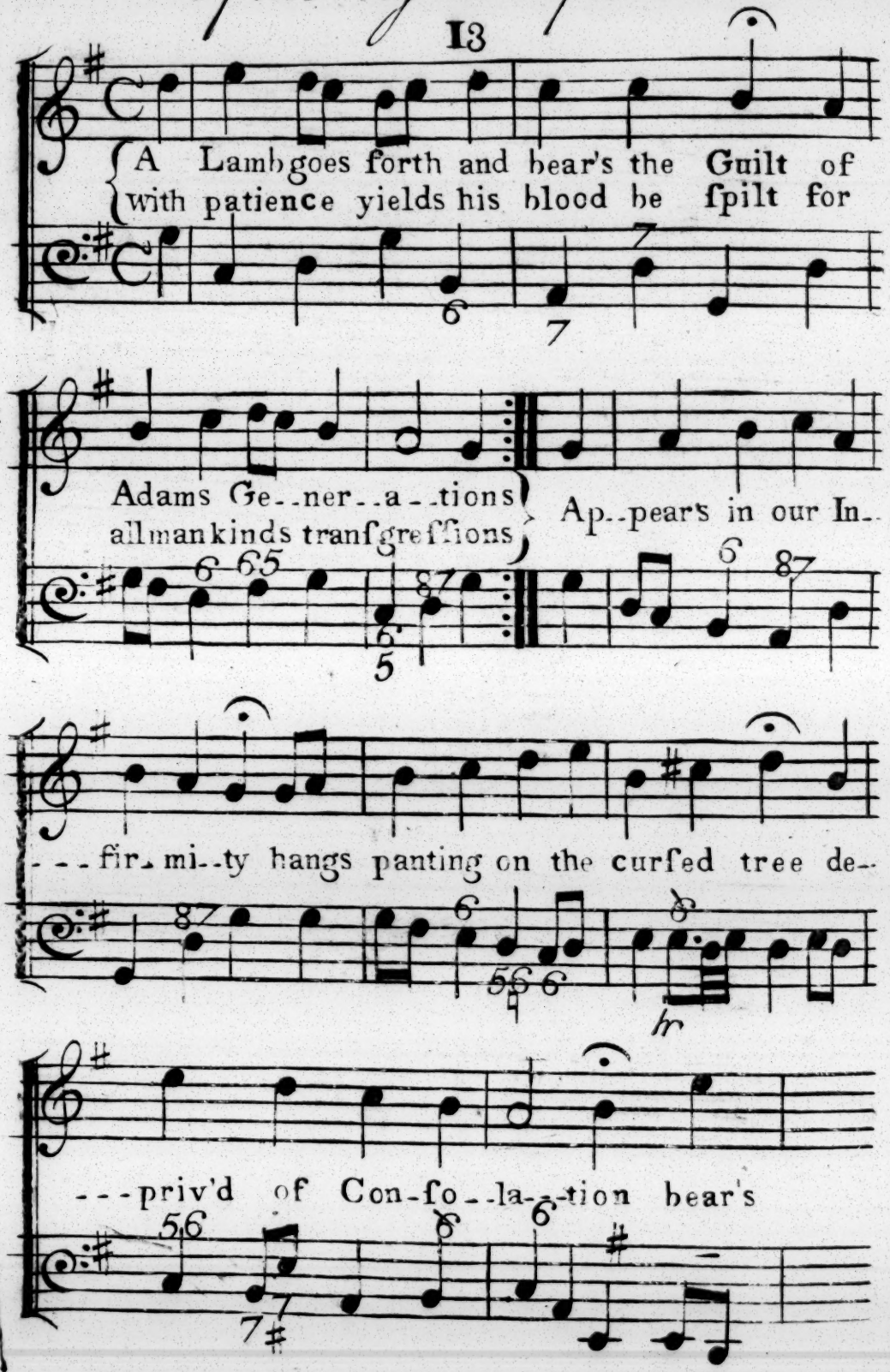
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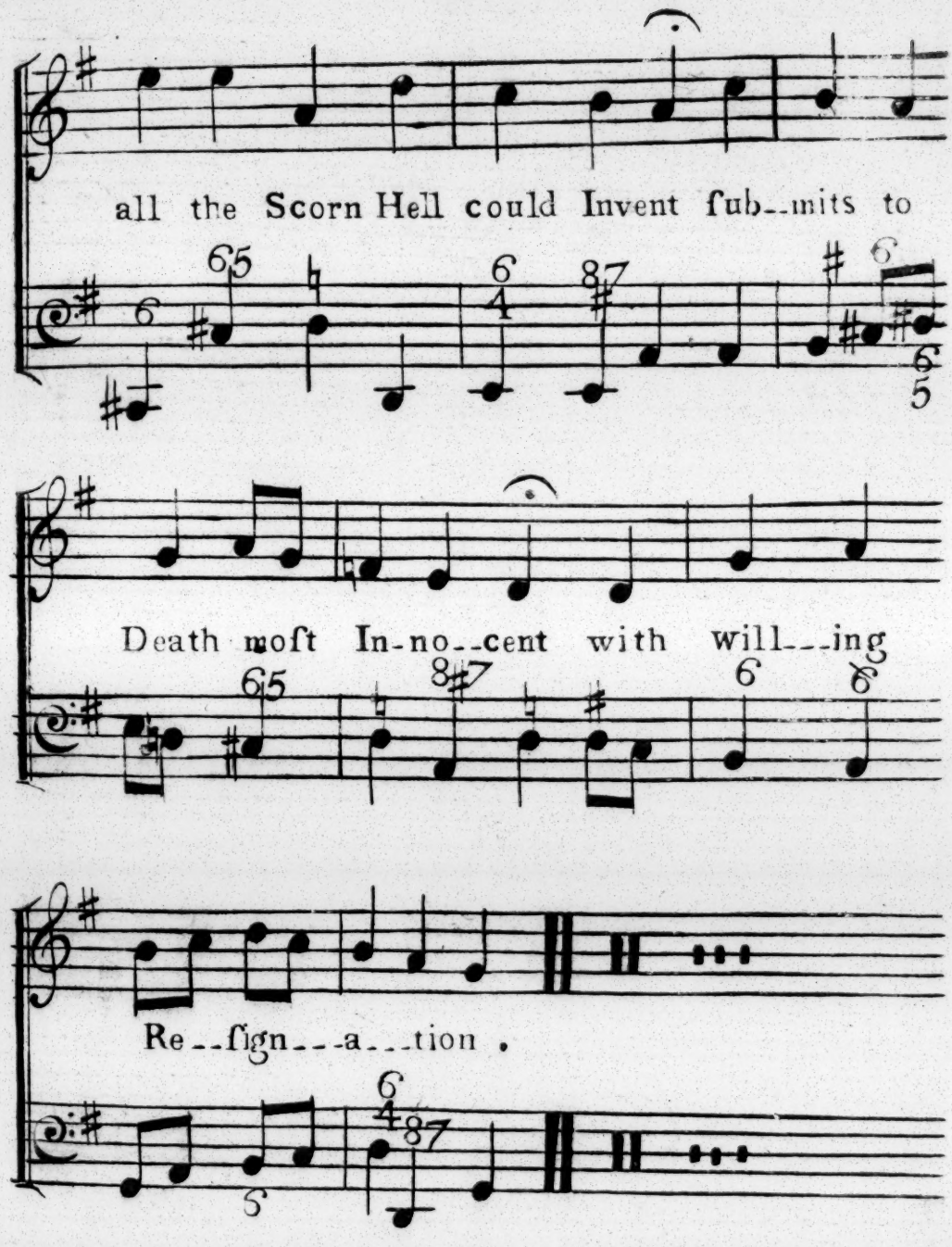
UNDO *mine*, and do *thy* Pleaſure,
In and through me, God my all!
Let me love Thee without Meaſure,
When I mourn, joy, riſe or fall:
If thine Image is rebuilt,
I'm content, do what Thou wilt.

V.

SACRED Lord! thy Name be praiſed,
That Thou gav'ſt Thyſelf for me,
And haſt by thy Spirit raiſed
New Deſires to cry to Thee:
Do with me, my Rock and Shield!
What Thou wilt; yea, what Thou wilt.




A Lamb goes forth and bear's the Guilt of
with patience yields his blood be ſpilt for
Adams Ge--ner--a--tions
allmankinds tranſgreſſions
Ap--pear's in our In--
---fir--mi--ty hangs panting on the curſed tree de--
---priv'd of Con-ſo--la--tion bear's


all the Scorn Hell could Invent ſub--mits to
Death moſt In-no--cent with will---ing
Re--ſign---a---tion .


AUG

On the Paſſion of CHRIST.

Ein Lämlein geht und trägt die Schuld.

I.

A Lamb goes forth, and bears the Guilt
Of *Adam*'s Generations:
With Patience yields his Blood be ſpilt,
For all Mankind's Tranſgreſſions;
Appears in our Infirmity,
Hangs panting on the curſed Tree,
Depriv'd of Conſolation,
Bears all the Scorn Hell could invent,
Submits to Death, moſt innocent,
With willing Reſignation.

II.

This Lamb is Chriſt, the greateſt Friend,
And Saviour of our Spirits,
Whom God the Father choſe to ſend,
To ſave us by his Merits:
My Son! ſays He, go down and bail
The Children which are doom'd to Hell
Without thine Interceſſion:
The Sentence is without Reprieve,
Thou canſt and ſhalt be their Relief,
By thy own Blood's Oblation.

III.

Yea, Father, ſaid th' obedient Son,
Command and I will ſuffer,
My Will at thy Decree ſhall run,
To execute thine Offer:

O Love! what Pow'r doſt thou compriſe!
Thou canſt, what Man could ne'er deviſe,
  Force God the Lord of Wonder
To part with his beloved Son,
To ſuffer for a World undone,
  Whoſe Awe ſplits Rocks aſunder.

IV.

Thou nail'ſt Him to the Croſs with Shame
  O'erload'ſt his Soul with Sorrow;
Doſt ſacrifice Him like a Lamb,
  And melt'ſt his Heart and Marrow:
The Heart in Groans ſighs out its Pow'r,
The Veins pour out the purple Gore,
  To the laſt Drop's Deſcenſion:
O ſweeteſt Lamb! my humble Clay
Shall love and ſing its Life away,
  In Praiſe of thy Redemption.

V.

All my Life long I'll cling to Thee
  With all my Mind and Senſes,
Thee I'll embrace, as Thou doſt me
  Without the leaſt Suſpences:
Thou art my Soul's beſt Life and Light,
Nay, when my Heart is breaking quite,
  Thine ſhall be my Receiver:
I will ſubſcribe myſelf to Thee
As thy peculiar Property,
  To be thy own for ever.

VI.

By Night and Day my Heatt ſhall ſing,
  Of thy tranſporting Sweetneſs,
My Body, Soul and Mind ſhall bring
  An Off'ring to thy Meekneſs:

My Spring of Life ſhall overflow
With grateful Purlings from below,
T' increaſe thy Name's ſweet Savour;
And what thy Love vouchſafes to me,
Shall in my Mind and Memory
Be deep impreſt for ever.

VII.

Enlarge thyſelf, O Heart of mine,
Thou ſhalt ſtore up a Treaſure
Exceeding th' equinoctial Line,
Nay, Heav'n and Earth in Meaſure:
Away with all th' *Arabian* Gold,
And all that is of precious Mould,
I've found what is far better;
The holy Treaſure which I mean,
Is Chriſt! thy Blood which ran ſo clean
From thy own Wounds: what's greater?

VIII.

This Blood I ſhall improve from hence,
In all my Time and Station:
In Fight it ſhall be my Defence,
In Tears my Exultation:
In Joy my well-tun'd Inſtrument,
And when my Reliſh quite is ſpent,
This Manna ſhall ſupport me:
In Drought this Spring ſhall be my Taſte,
Its Converſe, when alone, ſhall laſt
At Home, or on a Journey.

IX.

What Harm can I from Death ſuſtain,
Thy Blood's my Life unfading;
In melting Heat and ſcorching Pain,
It will afford ſweet Shading:

When

When gloomy Thoughts ſurround my Breaſt,
This Blood of Thine gives Eaſe and Reſt,
On which I lean and conquer:
Let ſwelling Surges raiſe th' Alarm,
And toſs my Ship about in Storm,
Then Thou art ſtill mine Anchor.

X.

At laſt when I with Joy ſhall ſee
Thy glorious Kingdom clearing,
This Blood ſhall then my Purple be,
Which I deſire t'appear in:
My Head ſhall wear it as a Crown,
In which I'll come before the Throne,
Of thine eternal Father:
And ſtand on thine exalted Side
As Thy beſt dreſs'd and choſen Bride,
To live and reign together.

P. GERHARD.

Paſſion Hymn.

O Welt! ſieh hier dein Leben.

I.

HERE World ſee thy Redeemer,
Hangs like a curs'd Blaſphemer,
And pants his Life away!
The Sov'reign Prince of Glory,
Bears like a Lamb before Thee,
All th' Helliſh Spite of ſinful Clay.

II.

Come near! view well his Bruiſes,
With th' open Crimſon Sluices,

His

His Body ſwims in Blood!
His Heart, his Bones and Marrow
Do melt in Grief and Sorrow,
As one forſaken of his God.

III.

My Life! who is the Author
Of this unheard of Slaughter?
Who nail'd Thee to the Croſs?
For Thou art not a Sinner,
Nor like our Fall's Beginner,
Whoſe Offſprings are but helliſh Droſs.

IV.

Lord! I and my Tranſgreſſions,
Have rais'd thoſe curſed Legions
'Gainſt Thee the Prince of Peace!
Theſe rous'd th' infernal Lion,
To kill the King of *Sion*,
And crucified the Lord of Bliſs.

V.

Alas! my ſinful Members,
Should feel the hotteſt Chambers
Of Hell's moſt fiery Goal:
Thy Stripes and cruel Treatment,
Without the leaſt Abatement,
Had all deſerv'd my guilty Soul.

VI.

Thou tak'ſt my Sins upon Thee,
Whoſe Weight had quite undone me,
Hadſt Thou not interpos'd:
Thy Cords, thy Pangs and Scourges,
Laid on by barbarous Butchers,
Prove my Releaſe at thy dear Coſt.

VII.

Thou art my Bail and Surety,
Layſt down thy Life, tho' purely
For me and my vaſt Debt:
Thou'rt crown'd in baſe Deriſion
With Thorns, which make th' Inciſion
Into thy pure and ſacred Head.

VIII.

Into Death's Jaws Thou'rt leaping
To ſave me from its gaping,
For my moſt endleſs Wo:
My Death by thine is hurried,
Into thy Grave and buried;
None but my God could love me ſo.

IX.

How vaſt an Obligation
Is due to thine Oblation,
From me and all Mankind:
My Body, Soul and Spirit,
To th' Honour of thy Merit,
Shall now and ever be reſign'd.

X.

Though all the beſt Donation,
Within my needy Station,
Falls ſhort of thy Deſert:
Yet all thy ſacred Paſſion,
Shall be my Meditation,
Till the laſt Motion of my Heart.

XI.

Within my View I'll place it,
Joy conſtant ſhall expreſs it,

Where'er I live or move :
Thy bitter Gall and Potion,
Shall fix my beſt Devotion
On thy moſt pure and perfect Love.

XII.

How much our great Tranſgreſſions
Provoke the God of Patience,
When holy Juſtice frowns :
What dreadful Bolts of Vengeance,
Are Sins moſt ſure Attendance,
I'll learn from thy Blood, Sweat, and Wounds.

XIII.

Thy Scars and Prints ſo bloody
I'll make my deepeſt Study,
And learn of Thee, my Lamb :
To bear the worſt Affliction,
And wilful Contradiction,
Of ſuch as ſlight Thy glorious Name.

XIV.

When wicked Tongues are ſtinging,
Their ſpiteful Venom flinging
Upon my poor Converſe,
My Mind ſhall fly to Jeſus,
Forgive the worſt Diſgraces,
Contriv'd by Satan's Meſſengers.

XV.

My darling Luſt and Paſſion
I'll watch without Ceſſation,
And nail it to thy Croſs :
What contradicts my Maſter,
I ſhall oppoſe the faſter,
The more his Love ſupplies my Loſs.

Thy Tears, thy Groans, thine Anguiſh,
Thy Pain, which made Thee languiſh
Thy ſacred Life away,
At laſt ſhall ſhew thy Merit,
And raiſe my Soul and Spirit,
To ſing for ever Hallelujah.

P. GERHARD.

On the Paſſion of CHRIST.

Meine Seel ermuntre dich.

To the Tune, Deareſt Jeſu, we are here.

I.

ROUSE thyſelf, my Soul, and dwell
On the Love of thy Redeemer,
Who has reſcued Thee from Hell,
And the Chains of the Blaſphemer.
Think on this profound Oblation,
And rejoice in thy Salvation.

II.

Lo! th' eternal Son of God
Feels for thee what thou ſhouldſt ſuffer;
His whole Body ſwims in Blood,
Bears the Scorn of every Scoffer:
He for thee was bruis'd and wounded,
Greater Love was no where grounded.

III.

Thou deſerv'dſt the hotteſt Place
'Midſt the loweſt Hell of Devils,
Ne'er to ſee the God of Grace,
For thy many wilful Revels:

But

But the Captain of Salvation
Pluck'd thee from deſerv'd Damnation.

IV.

By his Suff'rings He has quell'd,
God's eternal Wrath and Vengeance,
All the Law he has fulfill'd,
Cancell'd its moſt dreadful Sentence:
Conquer'd Death, Sin, Hell and Devil,
And ſecur'd thy Life from Evil.

V.

Now my Soul! what hadſt thou beſt
To return thy God and Saviour?
His vaſt Suff'rings are no Jeſt,
His great Love no Sham-Behaviour:
Think on thy deep Obligation,
T'wards the Author of Salvation.

VI.

Never can the beſt of Deeds,
Make the leaſt Return in Nature,
His great Merit far exceeds
All th'Efforts of every Creature:
Shameful are my Love's Pretences,
And more heinous mine Offences.

VII.

What's committed ſhall from hence,
Never be from me repeated,
Now I ſolemnly commence
T' have my Life new conſecrated:
Chriſt, thy Love ſhall be the Meaſure
Of my Honour, Gain and Pleaſure.

VIII.

Sins, ye Satan's Brood, get hence,
You ſha'nt live within my Borders,
You'd deprive me of my Senſe,
And my Saviour's ſaving Orders:
Without whom there's no 'Solation,
No Remiſſion, no Salvation.

IX.

Thou my Saviour ſhalt alone,
Be my Sovereign Lord and Leader,
I ſubſcribe myſelf Thy own,
Thou ſhalt be my Food and Feeder:
All my Life ſhall ſpeak thy Praiſes,
Till I learn Angelick Phraſes.

X.

Thee, my Lord! I'll have in View,
In my Thoughts, my Words, and Actions;
Every Mercy ſhall renew
All my Vows without Diſtractions:
What Thou lov'ſt, I will be loving,
What Thou hat'ſt, I'll be removing.

XI.

What Thou wilt, ſhall be my Will,
My Life's Mirror thine Example;
When Thou ſcourgeſt, I'll be ſtill,
Do but make my Heart thy Temple:
Where the Earneſt of thy Spirit,
Seals the Bleſſings of thy Merit.

XII.

Jeſu! now I firmly ſtand
To this ſolemn Reſolution,
Straight to follow thy Command,
'Gainſt the tempting World's Intruſion:

Thy


AUG

Obedience to Christ unto Death

23




Death my Heart is more and more deligh - ted
I long and I figh I will only with thee Be
Crucify'd Jesu, with all that's in me.


BRITISH MUSEUM
30
60
AUG

Thy ſure Preſence ſhall ſolace me,
I will never ceaſe t'embrace Thee.

XIII.

Doſt Thou, Lord, vouchſafe us here
Such Foretaſtes of Heav'nly Pleaſure,
When by Faith we dare draw near
Jeſu! to thy living Treaſure?
Do we taſte ſo much in Weakneſs,
What will ſhew thy future Greatneſs?

XIV.

What extatick Scenes of Life,
What triumphing Joy of Glory?
What Tranſportings after Strife,
When that's paſt, what's tranſitory?
Lord! I ſhall for ever praiſe Thee,
When immortal Thou ſhalt raiſe me.

XV.

Every Moment I rejoice
At this promis'd Expectation,
Praiſing Thee with Heart and Voice
Jeſu! for Thy free Donation:
Lord! increaſe my Faith's Dependance,
On thy Grace and its Attendance.

Dr. BREITHAUPT.

Obedience to CHRIST *unto Death.*

Gecreutzigter! mein Hertze ſucht.

I.

CHRIST crucify'd! my Soul by Faith
Deſires to be with Thee united:
For with thy bitter Croſs and Death
My Heart is more and more delighted.

I long and I ſigh: I will only with Thee
Be crucify'd, JESU! with all that's in me.

II.

O that my Heart might fix and twine
About thy bloody Croſs and Paſſion;
That I could make thy Merit mine,
And gain thy Father's Approbation:
Thus longing I ſigh, and will only with Thee
Be crucify'd, JESU! with all that's in me.

III.

O that I to the Law of Sin
Might quite be dead in Thee my Saviour,
That its moſt heavy Yoke within
Might not affect my whole Behaviour.
Thus longing I ſigh, and will only with Thee
Be crucify'd, JESU! with all that's in me.

IV.

O that I as a dying Man
Might leave the World with its Temptation,
And count what's pleaſing to its Clan,
As mere dead Traſh to my Salvation:
Thus longing I ſigh, and will only with Thee
Be crucify'd, JESU! with all that's in me.

V.

O that th' old *Adam* might be nail'd
Faſt to thy Croſs with his Pollutions,
That I might be no more aſſail'd
By his moſt raging Luſts and Motions:
Thus longing I ſigh, and will only with Thee
Be crucify'd, JESU! with all that's in me.

VI.

Thus let me of thy Croſs and Death
Become a genuine Partaker,

And grant that every ſelfiſh Breath,
Law, World and Fleſh, grow daily weaker:
Lord! hear Thou my ſighing, and let me with Thee
Be crucify'd, JESU! with all that's in me.

C. ZINZENDORFF.

Paſſion Hymn.

Die Seele Chriſti heil'ge mich.

To the Tune, Before thy Throne I now appear.

I.

THY Soul, my Jeſu! hallow mine,
Thy Spirit with my own combine,
Thy ſacred Body ſlain for me,
From ſin ſet Soul and Body free.

II.

The Water ſpouting from thy Side,
The Soldier's Spear had open'd wide,
Shall be my Bath, and all thy Blood
Shall cleanſe and bring me near to God.

III.

Thy Blood-Sweat trickling from thy Face,
Prevent my coming in Diſgrace:
Thy holy Paſſion, Death and Tomb,
Secure me from the Wrath to come.

IV.

Lord Jeſu! grant Thou my Requeſt,
And hide me ſafe within thy Breaſt,
Make me within thy Wounds to dwell,
Secure from all the Fiends of Hell.

V.

Call me in my laſt Agony,
And take me, O my God! to Thee;
That I with all thy Saints above,
May never ceaſe to praiſe thy Love.

J. Angelus.

Whitſunday Hymn.

Zeuch ein zu deinen Thoren.

I.

RETAKE thy own Poſſeſſion,
Thou glorious Gueſt of Hearts;
Who after my Creation
Renew'dſt my inward Parts:
O bleſſed Holy Ghoſt,
Proceeding from the Father
And with the Son together,
Art God the Lord of Hoſt.

II.

Come, Lord, and make me reliſh
Thy gracious Influence,
That Grace, which all that's helliſh
And ſinful drives from hence:
Thy Mind reſtore in me,
That I with Soul and Spirit
May pay to thy great Merit,
The Praiſe I owe to Thee.

III.

I was a wither'd Scyon,
Thou haſt tranſplanted me;
From Death, that grimmeſt Lion,
Thy Grace has ſet me free:

By grafting me in Chriſt,
  Whilſt into his Oblation,
  Which purchas'd my Salvation,
By Thee I was baptiz'd,

IV.

Thou art that Oil moſt holy,
  Wherewith anointed is
My Spirit, Soul and Body,
  In Chriſt the Lord of Bliſs:
For his own Property,
  As King, and Prieſt, and Prophet.
  Whom God by his Beloved
Skreens from his Sanctuary.

V.

Thou art the Guide, that teaches
  The Soul, whene'er ſhe prays;
Thy Pray'r ſoars up and reaches
  The ſacred Throne of Grace:
Thy Pleadings never fail
  To move divine Compaſſion,
  Till th'humble Soul's Oblation
Is heard and anſwer'd well.

VI.

Thou art a chearful Spirit,
  Which doth indulge no Grief,
Thy Comforts ne'er miſcarried,
  But brought ſad Souls Relief:
How often haſt Thou given
  In ſmiling Condeſcenſion,
  Beyond my Comprehenſion
Extatic Taſtes of Heav'n.

VII.

Thou art th'eternal Center,
Of Love and Unity,
Where foul Contentions enter,
In vain we look for Thee:
Thou God of Truth and Peace!
O may thy Truth delight us,
And thy ſweet Peace unite us,
And all our Diſcords ceaſe.

VIII.

The Earth and whole Creation
Owns thy ſupporting Hand;
What Heart, what Pow'r, what Paſſion,
Shrinks not at thy Command?
Thy Sov'reign Pow'r extend,
And let thy Truth and Graces,
Thy Peace o'er Chriſtian Places,
In plentious Show'rs deſcend.

IX.

Ariſe and ſtop the Torrent
Of growing Miſery,
Reſtore the Goſpel-Current
To ſpread with Liberty:
Let flouriſh as before
The Lands that feel Sins laſhes,
The Churches laid in Aſhes,
By Flames of bloody War.

X.

Be Thou our King's Defender,
Confirm his Royal Throne;
Make all his Subjects render
To him and God his own:

Old Age with Wiſdom bleſs,
  The Youth with true Devotion,
  Th' whole Realm with Godlike Notion
Of real Happineſs.

XI.

The Minds of all the Nation
  Endue with Faith and Love,
And pour on every Station
  Thy Bleſſings from Above:
Confound the Sceptic Clan
  Who with *Agrippa*'s Faſhion,
  'Gainſt Chriſt's Propitiation,
Delude unwary Men.

XII.

Direct our Converſation
  According to thy Mind,
And when this mortal Station
  At laſt ſhall be reſign'd,
Then grant, thou God of Love,
  That our whole Life's Profeſſion,
  May end in the Poſſeſſion
Of laſting Bliſs above.

P. GERHARD.

On the Philanthropy of CHRIST.

O Jeſu Chriſt mein ſchönſtes Licht.

I.

O Chriſt, my ſweeteſt Life and Light,
  Whoſe loving Condeſcenſion,
Embraces me by Day and Night
  Beyond my Comprehenſion:

Lord,

Lord, grant me to return thy Love
With due and true Devotion,
That my Notion
Of Mercy may improve
In every Thought and Motion.

II.

Let nothing dwell within my Heart
But thy ſweet Love and Favour;
Thy Love engage my Soul to part
With every ſinful Savour:
Remove my Mind from great and ſmall,
Which breeds the leaſt Diviſion
And Colliſion
'Twixt me and God my All,
Who ſav'd me from Perdition.

III.

How ſweet, how glorious, and how kind
Is thy great Love and Merit?
Were this but fix'd within my Mind,
What could diſturb my Spirit?
Then let no Thought ariſe in me,
No Object move my Senſes,
No Pretences
Obſtruct my Love to Thee,
Then Heav'n on Earth commences.

IV.

O that this great and ſov'reign Good,
Were once in my Poſſeſſion!
O that it would enflame my Blood
To glow with holy Paſſion!
Grant, I be watching Day and Night

To keep this Heav'nly Treaſure
From the Seizure
Of Satan's ſecret Spite,
Who ſeeks our Wo with Pleaſure.

V.

Thou cam'ſt in Love to my Relief,
Bor'ſt Sins due Pain and Torment,
Hang'ſt on the Croſs juſt as a Thief
Or Murd'rer without Garment:
Scorn'd, ſpit upon and ſore diſtreſt,
O let thy Suff'rings enter
To the Center
Of this my ſtubborn Breaſt,
To melt and make it tender.

VI.

Thy purple Gore, Thou ſhedſt for me,
Is precious, pure and holy,
But this my Heart, that ſwerves from Thee,
Is Flint-like hard'ned Folly:
Lord! make the Virtue of thy Blood
Sink deep into the Nature
Of thy Creature
And ſpread this ſaving Flood
Through every Vein and Feature.

VII.

O that my Heart with Eagerneſs
Would open wide and gather
Each Drop of Blood, my Sins did preſs
From Thee, my Mediator!
O were mine Eyes a Well of Tears
To guſh with inward Anguiſh
Forth and languiſh
Like thoſe, whoſe loving Fears
At laſt their Object vanquiſh.

VIII.

O that I with a Babe's Deſire
Came running, weeping, ſtretching,
As long, till Love's intrinſick Fire
My longing Soul were catching!
Oh! would thy Heart unite with mine
In loving Condeſcenſion,
And th' Extenſion
Of all thy Pow'rs divine,
Admit of no Declenſion.

IX.

Oh draw me, Deareſt! after Thee
And I ſhall run with Pleaſure,
I'll run with all the Fervency
T' embrace Thee, Lord, my Treaſure!
And taſte the Sweetneſs of that Love,
Whoſe bleſt Communication
Brings Salvation,
Doth Sin and Grief remove,
With Eaſe on all Occaſion.

X.

My Comfort, Jewel, Life and Light,
My Sov'reign Good and Portion!
Make me Partaker of thy Sight,
I'm thine with all Devotion,
Without thy Love, there's nought but Gall,
I find no Satisfaction,
But Diſtraction
Surrounding every Wall,
And cauſing ſad Reflection.

XI.

But Lord! thy Love is perfect Reſt,
The Source of all true Pleaſure:

O Jeſu ! grant my Soul be bleſt,
T' enjoy Thee without Meaſure:
Be Thou my Flame and burn in me,
My Balſam, be Thou healing
All that's ailing,
And all Depravity,
I'm ſtill with Grief bewailing.

XII.

Thy Love, my Saviour ! all ſupplies,
Whate'er my Soul is wanting;
'Tis the true Light unto mine Eyes,
My Cordial when I'm fainting:
My ſweeteſt Wine and heav'nly Food,
My richeſt Robe and Garment,
My Preferment,
Defence of Life and Blood,
My Lodge and ſafe Apartment.

XIII.

My deareſt Dear, if Thou remove
What is my Birth and Being?
Shou'dſt Thou withdraw thy precious Love,
My beſt of Goods were fleeing:
Grant, I may ſtrive to entertain
Thee, my ſweet Gueſt, with Gladneſs,
That no Sadneſs
Diſturb thy Love again,
Which cures my ſinful Madneſs.

XIV.

Thy Love has always been the ſame,
E'en from my firſt Beginning,
Before I knew thy glorious Name,
Could do nought elſe but ſinning:

Oh! let thy Love, Almighty Lord!
Continue to attend me,
And defend me
From Fiends of any Sort,
That would deſtroy and rend me.

XV.

Lord! grant thy Love an Influence
On this my preſent Station,
But if by Frailty I ſhould chance
To ſwerve from my Salvation:
Be Thou my Guide and Counſellor,
In all my Thoughts and Actions,
Give Corrections,
When Sin's deluding Pow'r,
Would drive me to Diſtractions.

XVI.

Thy Love uphold me when diſtreſt,
And Strength when I am fainting;
And when this mortal Period's paſt,
My Heart for Thee be panting:
Then let thy loving Faithfulneſs
Support my Aſpiration,
Breathe Salvation
With Joy through Death to preſs,
And taſte Love's full Poſſeſſion.

PAUL GERHARD.

Note, This HYMN *Paul Gerhard* took from the Prayer of J. ARNDT's *Garden of Paradiſe*, Of the Love of JESUS.

Of



Of true and false Christianity



Of True and False Chriſtianity.

Erleucht mich Herr mein Licht.

I.

ENLIGHTEN me my Light,
I'm groping ſtill in Darkneſs;
And know myſelf not right:
This I perceive, alas!
Tho' I'm not what I was,
Yet what I ought to be,
I find not yet in me.

II.

I liv'd before ſecure,
And free from inward Trouble;
But now feel how impure
My miſ-ſpent Life has been,
O Sinfulneſs of Sin!
What brought before Delight,
Now's diſmal in my Sight.

III.

No temporal Loſs nor Want,
Creates this deep Affliction;
For I'm not ignorant
Of many loving Friends,
No Foe nor Spite offends,
I've Health of Body ſtill,
And moderate Food at Will.

IV.

No, 'tis a Pain of Mind,
That thus o'erwhelms my Spirit,
Doth Bone and Marrow grind;

The great Concern I have
Is, that I toſs and wave,
Not ſure, if I be Thine
O Jeſu! and Thou mine.

V.

It is not now all one,
So call'd and be a Chriſtian,
No, no, 'tis he alone
Deſerves that glorious Name,
Whoſe ſelf-denying Aim,
Kills his beloved Sin,
And lives to Chriſt within.

VI.

Chriſt lives in him alone,
Who ſeeks himſelf in nothing,
Doth all his Luſt diſown
With every worldly View,
Pomp, Honour, gainful Crew;
Renouncing all and ſays,
But Jeſus chears my Days.

VII.

True Faith makes this his Word,
With inward Thirſt and Hunger:
Jeſu! my God and Lord,
My Surety, and my Shield,
Oh! lead me as Thou wilt,
I'm thine, and thine I'll be,
To all Eternity.

VIII.

Whoſe Heart's here not ſincere,
His Faith is mere Pretenſion,
And has in God no Share,

Builds all his Hope on Sand,
And can at laſt not ſtand;
The ſureſt Ground of Faith,
Sticks cloſe to Jeſus Path.

IX.

Here lies my Want I fear,
My Love to Thee my Saviour,
Has n't been at all ſincere,
Whil'ſt I'm with all my Zeal,
An almoſt Chriſtian ſtill;
Preferr'd the Charms of Toys,
Before thy laſting Joys.

X.

My Heart, now arm thy Breaſt
With holy Reſolution;
Or thou canſt find no Reſt:
Bidſt thou forthwith adieu,
To every ſelfiſh View;
And cling'ſt to Chriſt alone,
Then is thy Bliſs begun.

XI.

Shouldſt thou poor Worm eſchew,
The King of Glory's Summons;
To whom th' whole World is due,
The Holy, Wiſe, and Juſt,
The true Believers Truſt,
And whoſe Almighty Sway,
All Living muſt obey.

XII.

When all Things fall away,
That Heav'n and Earth's containing,
He knows of no Decay;

Remains the living Rock
Of Bliſs, that nought can ſhock,
And whom he once approves,
He ever protects and loves.

XIII.

But who neglects the Hour
Of his kind Invitation,
Is there ſhut out of Door
Of God's own Dwelling Place,
Never to ſee his Face,
Should his deſponding Fears
Produce a Sea of Tears.

XIV.

Doth God claim thy Conſent,
Submit thine Affirmation,
And ſay with Heart's Content;
I totally reſign
My Life with all that's mine,
To Thee by Day and Night,
My God, my Soul's Delight.

XV.

Do what Thou wilt with me
Lord! make me but a Veſſel
Of Grace, that lives to Thee,
And th' Honour of thy Name,
Thou uncreated Lamb,
Endow me with thy Love,
Then, Lord! I have enough.

HOGSENIUS.

Herr

Herr Jeſu Chriſt du höchſtes Gut.

I.

LORD Saviour Chriſt, my Sovereign Good,
And Source of all true Graces!
Behold, how Sin's moſt dreadful Load,
My guilty Soul oppreſſes:
Thine Arrows ſtick within my Heart,
And Conſcience multiplies the Smart
In me the worſt of Sinners.

II.

In Mercy look on my Diſtreſs,
Remove that ſore Oppreſſion,
For Thou haſt ſuffer'd in my Place,
And paid for my Tranſgreſſion;
That I may not with endleſs Fear,
Sink down in Darkneſs and Deſpair,
To everlaſting Torment.

III.

When I review my miſ-ſpent Days,
With all their ſad Tranſactions,
The Shame of thy rejected Grace,
Turns to my Soul's Diſtraction;
The Dread, I'm ſeiz'd with every where
Would end in nothing but Deſpair,
Did not thy Word relieve me.

IV.

But here thy Goſpel Truth ſteps in,
With its reviving Treaſure,
And ſhews the Off'ring for my Sin,
Which I embrace with Pleaſure;

For Thou my God wilt ne'er diſdain,
A broken Heart that turns again,
In Faith to Thee my Jeſu.

V.

Lord! pity my diſtreſſed Soul,
Conſider my Complaining,
And make my broken Spirit whole,
Which nothing has remaining;
But longs within the Blood of Thine,
To be waſh'd clean from every Crime,
Like *David* and *Manaſſe*.

VI.

Thus humbled, to the Throne of Grace,
I fly to ſue for Mercy,
Reject not from thy loving Face,
A Worm that loves and fears Thee:
And cries, Caſt all my Treſpaſſes,
Into the Ocean of thy Grace,
That they ne'er riſe againſt me.

VII.

For thy great Name's ſake, Lord my God!
I cry once more; forgive me,
And eaſe me of that heavy Load,
That ſtill doth preſs and grieve me;
That with thy Peace my Heart be bleſt,
And live from hence to Thee my Reſt,
In Duty and Obedience.

VIII.

Thy joyful Spirit ſtrengthen me,
Thy Wounds heal my Diſeaſes,
Thy Blood in my laſt Agony,
Apply in that great Criſis;




To Thee Jehovah I'll be singing for where is
To Thee my hymns I will be bringing Do thou but
Such a glorious God like thee
Grant thy Spirits Aid to me.
That I may sing in
my Redeemer's Name and Thou may'st con-de-
---scend to hear the Same,

And take me to thy promis'd Reſt,
Where I may ſing with all the Bleſt,
Thine everlaſting Praiſes.

Of PRAYER.

Dir, Dir, Jehovah, will ich ſingen.

I.

TO Thee Jehovah, I'll be ſinging,
For where is ſuch a glorious God like Thee?
To Thee my Hymns I will be bringing,
Do Thou but grant thy Spirit's Aid to me;
That I may ſing in my Redeemer's Name,
And Thou may'ſt condeſcend to hear the ſame.

II.

O Father, draw me to my Saviour,
That thy dear Son may draw me unto Thee,
Thy Spirit guide my whole Behaviour,
And rule both Senſe and Reaſon thus in me:
That Lord thy Peace, I taſte, may ne'er depart,
But make ſweet Melody within my Heart.

III.

Vouchſafe me, Lord! this heav'nly Favour,
Then ſhall my ſinging pleaſe thy gracious Ear,
And all my Lays breathe forth thy Savour,
My Pray'r in Truth and Spirit Thou wilt hear,
Then ſhall thy Spirit raiſe my Heart above,
To ſing ſweet Pſalms in high Degrees of Love.

IV.

'Tis He that makes ſtrong Interceſſions
With Sighs unutterably ſoft and mild,

Inſtructs

Inſtructs my ſecret Aſpirations,
Bears witneſs with my Heart that I'm thy Child,
And Coheir with my bleſt Redeemer Chriſt,
To call Thee Abba, Father in the High'ſt.

V.

When thus my filial Heart's aſcending
Through thy moſt ſacred Spirit unto Thee,
Then thy paternal Heart is bending
It's fervent Love and Favour ſo to me,
That Thou ne'er can'ſt refuſe my humble Suit
I make to thee in Spirit and in Truth.

VI.

The Pray'r, that's of thy Spirit's teaching,
Is ſurely kindled by his holy Flame,
And muſt infallibly be reaching
Thy Throne, for 'tis in thy Son's bleſſed Name:
In whom I am thy Child, and Heir of Heav'n,
Receiving Grace for Grace which thou haſt giv'n.

VII.

That I've theſe witneſſing Solaces,
Fills me with Comfort and with Chearfulneſs,
And know, that all good Gifts and Graces,
For which at any time I Thee addreſs,
Thou grant'ſt and ſtill doſt more abundantly,
Than I can think, deſire, or beg of Thee.

VIII.

O Bliſs! I crave in Jeſus' Name then,
Who intercedes at thy right Hand for me,
In Him is all that Yea and Amen,
Whate'er in Faith and Spirit's aſk'd of Thee;
Bleſs'd be Thou, Lord, for thy tranſcending Grace,
That Thou vouchſafeſt to me this Bleſſedneſs.

CRASSELIUS.

Of a Chriſtian Life *and* Converſation.

Herr Jeſu Guaden Sonne.

To the Tune, Lord Chriſt th'eternal Father's

I.

LORD Jesu! Sun of Graces,
Original Life and Light!
Chear up our dimſight Faces,
With thy moſt heav'nly Sight;
Revive our ſinking Spirits,
Renew us by thy Merits,
And chaſe our ſinful Night.

II.

Forgive our ſore Tranſgreſſions,
And caſt them in the Sea
Of Thy divine Compaſſions,
That we may live to Thee:
Thy Peace paſt our Conception,
Compleat our Soul's Perfection:
Lord, hear us graciouſly!

III.

Th' old *Adam*'s Inclination
From all our Hearts remove;
Our humble Dedication
Thy conſtant Grace improve:
That henceforth all our Actions
Be led by the Directions
Of Thy redeeming Love.

IV. Pro-

IV.

Promote thy ſaving Knowledge
In us, Almighty Lord!
And make us in thy College
Apt Scholars of thy Word:
That following thine Example,
Our Heart be made thy Temple
In ſpite of Hell's Effort.

V.

Thy bloody Wounds relieve us
In our emergent Thirſt,
And kill our Luſts that grieve us,
Whene'er they riſe at firſt;
Let all our ſinful Paſſions
Be crucify'd Oblations,
And ever abhor'd as curſt.

VI.

Inflame our Heart and Center
With thy Seraphick Love,
That nothing there may enter,
But what thy Smiles approve;
And living without ceaſing,
O Lord! to thy well pleaſing,
Ne'er from thy Path remove.

VII.

Endow our Faith with Vigour,
Our Minds with Chearfulneſs,
For all our beſt Endeavour
Is but the Work of Grace;
But formal Deeds of Senſes,
Alas! are meer Offences,
Before thy holy Face.


AUG

Of Christian Simplicity




by thine unfpotted and moft holy living thou
has an un-paralleld Patternbeengiving im-
-printthis moft deeply up-on my ownHeart till
I be as fimple and pure as thou art.


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VIII.

O Lord, of all Compaſſion,
Eternal Truth and Love,
Deſtroy our Soul's Contagion,
Renew us from above;
Raiſe in our Hearts, dear Jeſu!
A conſtant Zeal to pleaſe Thee,
Till we from Time remove.

JOACH. LANGE.

Of Chriſtian Simplicity.

Jeſu! lehre mich recht thätlich.

I.

JESU! teach me moſt exactly,
What is true Simplicity,
Which is Childlike, Pure and Godly,
Void of all Hypocriſy;
For by thine unſpotted and moſt holy living
Thou haſt an unparallel'd Pattern been giving;
Imprint this moſt deeply upon my own Heart,
Till I be as ſimple and pure as Thou art.

II.

When to my beſt Information
In thy Word I read and hear,
What in order to Salvation
I ſhould do, believe, and bear:
Then keep me, my Saviour, from being deluded,
Whate'er may be ſlily and falſely intruded
By blind human Reaſon and my perverſe Will,
Through which Satan ruins ſo many Souls ſtill.

III. Ra-

III.

Rather hear my Supplication
  Bleſſed Jeſu! Great and Good!
And vouchſafe the Confirmation,
  Through thy precious Croſs and Blood;
That with a moſt childlike and ſimple Behaviour
Thy Spirit endow me to pleaſe Thee my Saviour,
  And thy holy Father by Thee reconcil'd
  May make me thy Coheir and own me his Child.

IV.

That I ſimply, firm and ſurely
  May believe thy faithful Word,
And moſt ſimply, and moſt purely
  Do, what Thou my Sovereign Lord
Moſt graciouſly ordereſt without an Exception,
And ſimply ſubmit to thy ſaving Direction;
  That I as thy Child be for ever induc'd
  To cry, Abba, Father, in Spirit and Truth.

V.

That my Thoughts, my Words, and Actions
  Be without Hypocriſy,
All my Senſes and Affections
  Breathe but mere Simplicity;
Simplicity guide both my Living and Loving,
Simplicity ſeaſon my happy Removing,
  And that my beſt Epitaph be thus compil'd,
  Here lies a ſincere, and a moſt ſimple Child.

VI.

Jeſu! now I will embrace Thee,
  Thou my deareſt Prince of Peace!
Never ſhall I ceaſe to trace Thee,
  Till thy Love has granted this;



Spiritual distreſs



And then ſhall my Heart be in full Exultation,
To praiſe thy great Name without any Ceſſation,
O moſt joyful Echo, the Lord gives Conſent,
To Thee be the Glory, to me Heart's Content.

P. Misky.

Spiritual Diſtreſs.

Jeſu gib mir deine Fülle.

JESU grant Thou me thy Fulneſs,
Seeſt Thou not my ſad Lot,
How I loath my wretched Dulneſs,
Wilt thou not redeem my Spirit
By thy Merit?

II.

Thou art Light, I live in Darkneſs;
Thou art pure, I'm impure;
Thou art Strength, I faint with Weakneſs:
Save me, Lord! in thy Compaſſion
From Tranſgreſſion.

III.

Didſt not Thou, my Soul's Phyſician,
Feel the Force of my Sores,
To retrieve my ſad Condition,
Should my Life with Death ſurrounded
Be confounded!

IV.

No, thy Love can't loſe its Nature,
Should thy Grace hide its Face
From one poor diſtreſſed Creature?

It

It admits in its Extenſion
No Declenſion.

V.

As a Fire is Heat-diſperſing,
So forſooth, is this Truth.
That who's with thy Light converſing,
Muſt derive from its bright Grandeur
Light and Splendor.

VI.

But how long is thy Delaying,
Ere Thou heal'ſt and reveal'ſt
What thy faithful Word is ſaying?
Come ere Death my Life is ſnatching,
Whilſt I'm watching.

Anſwer:

Thou muſt wait my Time of Graces,
Love me ſtill, bear my Will,
Till thou'rt ripe for mine Embraces;
Sure at laſt I will deliver
Thee for ever.

F. Richter.

Ach was ſoll ich Sünder machen.

To the Tune, Father thine eternal Kindneſs.

I.

WHAT to do in my Condition,
Or what Courſe now muſt I take,
Since my Conſcience is awake,
And reveals Sin's foul Ambition?

This

This ſole Confidence I have,
JESU ! Thee I'll never leave.

II.

True ! my uncontroul'd Tranſgreſſion
Has run counter to thy Will,
Yet I'm ſure Thou lov'ſt me ſtill,
By thy gracious Interceſſion :
Let my Sins oppreſs and grieve,
JESU ! Thee I'll never leave.

III.

Tho' the Yoke of ſad Temptation,
Which true Chriſtians daily feel,
Follows me upon the Heel,
This ſhall cauſe no Separation
'Twixt my Saviour and my Grief,
JESU ! Thee I'll never leave.

IV.

True, my Life is but a Bubble,
And a Vapour in the Air,
Death attends us every where ;
All this gives me no great Trouble,
Tho' I'm going to the Grave,
JESU ! Thee I'll never leave.

V.

Die I ſoon, I'm ſoon removed
From this World's Impertinence,
Reſt in Hopes of better Senſe,
And aſſur'd that my Beloved,
My Salvation did retrieve,
JESU ! Thee I'll never leave.

VI.

Thou my Life and Reſurrection,
Wilt in thine appointed Time
Raiſe me to a Life ſublime,
And thy Grace is my Protection,
When rebellious Souls ſhall grieve;
Jesu! Thee I'll never leave.

VII.

Ever ſhalt Thou be my Jeſus:
Thou canſt change this Life of Pain
To perpetual Joy and Gain,
Seal my Soul with all thy Graces,
Thou canſt give and I receive,
Jesu! Thee I'll never leave.

Longing after God *and* Christ.

Gott Lob! Ein Schritt zur Ewigkeit.

I.

ANOTHER Step is made with God
Tow'rds mine eternal Station,
To Thee through all this Pilgrim Road
I've made my Heart's Oblation;
O Source! from whom my Life depends,
And every Heav'nly Grace deſcends
Into my longing Boſom.

II.

I'm counting Minutes, Days, and Years,
Which ſeem too ſlowly moving,
Till that long wiſh'd for Time appears,
T'embrace Thee, Lord, ſo loving:

Till

Longing after God and Christ




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Till all what mortal is in me
Be wholly ſwallowed up in Thee,
And I become immortal.

III.

'Tis from thy flaming Love I find,
My Soul is thus delighted,
That all the Pow'rs of Heart and Mind
Are ſo with Thee united;
That Thou in me, and I in Thee,
And yet I cannot ceaſe to be,
For ever drawing nearer.

IV.

O that Thyſelf would'ſt haſte to come:
I'm watching every Motion,
Ere Death ſurprize me with my Tomb,
And end this dull Devotion:
Come in thy glorious Majeſty,
Look, how thy Servant waits for Thee,
Whoſe Loins are ready girded.

V.

And ſince the Oil of Gladneſs is
Pour'd in my Soul and Spirit,
And I rejoice in preſent Bliſs
With what I ſhall inherit:
The Light of Life ſhines forth in me,
And keeps my Lamp thus trimm'd for Thee,
To welcome my Beloved.

VI.

Thy longing Spouſe is crying Come,
Come, ſays thy Pilgrim Lover;
She calls and ſtill repeats her Tone,
Come, Jeſu! Love's Improver!

Then, haſte my Lord and Spouſe divine,
Thou ſurely know'ſt that I am thine,
Moſt ſacredly united.

VII.

Though to thy Wiſdom be reſign'd
The proper Time and Meaſure,
Yet Thou art always well inclin'd
To hear me call with Pleaſure:
And ſee me thus improve thy Grace,
With Chearfulneſs to run my Race,
To meet Thee my Redeemer.

VIII.

I am content that nought of all
Can breed a Separation
'Twixt me and Thee, whom I can call
My Bridegroom and Salvation;
And that Thou, deareſt Prince of Life!
Wilt make me thine eſpouſed Wife,
And Coheir of thy Kingdom.

IX.

Lord! I adore thy laſting Grace
For this new Date and Station,
That Thou haſt brought me through theſe Days
And nearer to Salvation;
Thus ſtepping forward by Degrees,
Still reaching at that bleſſed Place
Jeruſalem above me.

X.

And ſhould my Hands be tir'd at length,
My feeble Knees grow ſinking,
Then Lord afford new Grace and Strength
To keep my Faith from ſhrinking,

That


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of the best choice



That through thy pow'rful Aid, O God!
My Feet may run the heav'nly Road
Without an Intermiſſion.

XI.

My Soul! march boldly on in Faith,
Be not diſmay'd nor frighted,
Nor Trifles turn thee from thy Path,
With what the World's delighted:
But ſhould thy Race too ſlowly move,
Then ſtretch the Wings of fervent Love,
And ſoar aloft like Eagles.

XII.

Jeſu! my Soul has taken Flight
From Earth to Heav'n already;
Thou haſt, O Source of Love and Light!
Exhauſted Soul and Body:
Farewel ye fleeting Hours of Time,
Mine Element is more ſublime,
Since I'm in Jeſu living.

A. H. FRANCK.

The beſt Choice.

Ach ſagt mir nichts von Gold und Schätzen.

To the Tune, He that confides in his Creator.

I.

TELL me no more of golden Treaſures,
Of Pomp and Beauty here below;
There's nought can give me ſolid Pleaſures,
Of what the World can make a Shew:

Let every one his Love proclaim,
The Love to Jeſus is my Aim.

II.

He is alone the Source of Gladneſs,
My Gold, my Treaſure and my Love,
On whom I fix mine Eyes in Sadneſs,
His Sight can all Heart-ake remove:
Let all Mankind their Love purſue,
The Love of Chriſt I have in view.

III.

How tranſient's all the worldly Pleaſure?
Created Beauty cannot laſt:
Old *Time* diminiſhes at Leiſure,
What human Hands in Form have caſt:
Let others love whate'er they pleaſe,
My Love to Chriſt ſhall never ceaſe.

IV.

He is my Life I can rely on,
The Truth itſelf, th'eternal Word,
He is the Vine, I am his Scion,
He is my Soul's firm Rock and Fort;
All Men may love whate'er they will,
Jeſus I love with fervent Zeal.

V.

He is the King of endleſs Glory,
The Lord of all celeſtial Hoſt,
To laſting Joys he can reſtore me,
Remove what ſtill afflicts me moſt:
The World may love their ſhort Delight,
My Love to Chriſt is infinite.

VI.

No Power can ſhake his heav'nly Palace,
His Kingdom don't with Time decay,

His Throne's beyond the reach of Malice,
His Scepter bears th' eternal Sway :
Let others hunt for meaner Loves,
The Love to Chriſt my Soul approves.

VII.

His Riches are beyond Conception,
His Stores admit of no Decay,
His Sov'reign Goodneſs paſt Expreſſion
Doth He not every where diſplay ?
Mankind may love what they admire,
My Love to Chriſt ſhall never tire.

VIII.

He will exalt my preſent Station
O'er all, and make it like his own ;
He will enrich his poor Relation
With ſolid Treaſures yet unknown :
What Fav'rites others may eſpy,
In Jeſu's Love I'll live and die.

IX.

Though Want on every Side attends me,
As long I ſojourn from my Home,
Yet thoſe Supports he timely ſends me,
Beſpeak more glorious Things to come :
Thus let me love in Silence ſtill,
My Jeſus and his holy Will.

J. Angelus.

Love to CHRIST.

Meine Seele wilt du ruhn.

I.

O My Soul, desir'st thou Rest,
And to be for ever blest!
Wilt thou keep thy roving Passions
From the Torment of Vexations?
Love but Christ, and Him alone,
Then thy Business will be done.

II.

None yet did his Choice disprove,
Who resign'd to Christ his Love;
None was ever yet forsaken,
Who with Jesus' Love was taken;
For who loves but Him alone,
His Salvation is begun.

III.

Loving Christ the sov'reign Good
Fills the Soul with solid Food:
For his Love is always giving
Lasting Joy and heav'nly Living,
Levels all this fleeting Time
With Eternity sublime.

IV.

Thus, my Soul! wilt thou be free
From thy great Anxiety?
Dost thou strive for real Pleasure,
And for Rest which has no Measure?

Give

56


O my soul desir'st thou Rest and to be for-
- - - ever Blest wilt thou keep thy Roving Passions
from the torment of Vexations Love but Christ and
Him alone then thy Business will be done


BRITISH MUSEUM
AUG

Give to Chriſt alone thy Love,
Then thou'ſt Reſt and Joy enough.

V.

That thou haſt 'midſt all thy Wants
Liv'd ſo long in Ignorance
Of this heav'nly Bliſs and Jewel,
And purſu'd but Helliſh Fuel!
O lament thy miſ-ſpent Time,
Careleſs of this Pearl divine.

VI.

Count all worldly Joy and Gain
But the Food of future Pain,
For the Traſh of earthly Treaſure
Can't give Reſt nor laſting Pleaſure;
But the Love of Jeſus is,
Solid Reſt and ſov'reign Bliſs.

VII.

Now my Jeſus! grant me Grace,
That in all my future Days,
I may make thy Love my ſtudy,
And abhor what's vain and muddy;
But to love Thee, Lord! I call,
Shall be my beſt Wiſh and all.

VIII.

Pour the Spirit of thy Love
With his Graces from above
Into this my Heart and Center,
That no unclean Thoughts may enter;
Fit it for a dwelling Place
Of thy conſtant loving Grace.

IX.

O how bleſt that Soul muſt be
Whoſe beſt Love is fix'd on Thee!

Shuns the taſte of ſinful Pleaſure,
Making Thee her only Treaſure;
Thou to her art all in all,
For her Breaſt th' whole World's too ſmall.

X.

Reſt, Security and Peace,
Endleſs Joy and conſtant Eaſe,
Is what, Chriſt! thy Love is giving,
Oh! my Spirit wert thou living
In this Love of Chriſt alone,
Help me Lord, and 'twill be done.

XI.

God the Love, in whom He dwells,
To pure Love He ſtrait compels,
That He's in us, we may know it
By our loving Works, that ſhew it;
For the Spirit of the High'ſt
Makes us love our God and Chriſt.

XII.

O thou pure and perfect Love,
Come bleſt Spirit from above;
Fill me with thy holy Nature,
Call to me by every Creature:
Love but Chriſt and Him alone,
Leſt thou art for ever undone.

J. C. SCHADE.

Chearfulneſs of Faith.

Warum ſolt ich mich denn grämen.

I.

WHY ſhould I continue grieving!
Ha'n't I ſtill Chriſt my Hill,
And my Saviour living? Who'll

chearfulness of Faith





Who'll deprive me of Salvation?
Which by Faith Jeſus hath
Giv'n in Expectation.

II.

Naked was my firſt Beginning
On this Earth, at my Birth,
Full of Tears and Sinning:
Naked will be my returning,
When the Damp of my Lamp
Shall give over burning.

III.

Soul and Body, Life and Station,
Are n't my own, God alone
Gave me their Poſſeſſion:
When He claims their Reſtitution,
I'll adore, and reſtore
All without Confuſion.

IV.

Doth He ſend me ſore Correction,
Muſt Diſtreſs ſtill oppreſs,
Should that cauſe Dejection?
God who ſends it can ſoon end it,
He knows beſt when my Reſt
Shall begin, and mend it.

V.

God as oft with Days of Gladneſs
Chear'd my Heart, ſhould I ſtart
At an Hour of Sadneſs?
He, whoſe Love oughtweighs his Vengeance,
Can't reject with neglect
My ſincere Dependance.

VI.

Satan, World, in their grim Fancy,
Cannot harm, tho' they ſwarm With

With their Crew againſt me:
Let them vent their Spite and Fury,
God and Grace ſoon will chaſe,
Rout them, and ſecure me.

VII.

With undaunted Reſolution,
Chriſtian Heart! where thou art,
Stand without Confuſion:
Nay, ſhou'd Death with his laſt Meſſage
Call thee hence, Chriſt's Defence
Leads through his dark Paſſage.

VIII.

Conquer'd Death cannot deſtroy us,
But cuts ſhort Grief and Smart,
Which doth here annoy us;
Shuts the Door of Sin and Sadneſs,
And makes way for the Day
Of eternal Gladneſs.

IX.

There I ſhall in Seas of Pleaſure
Bathe my Heart, after Smart,
Without End or Meaſure;
Here's no real Good to reſt in,
All our Gain is but vain,
Periſhing and waſting.

X.

World! what are thy Goods and Chattles?
But a Hand full of Sand,
Vain and empty Rattles;
Yonder are the ſolid Treaſures,
Where the Lord will afford,
Endleſs Joys and Pleaſures.



Resignation



XI.

Lord my Spring of Conſolation,
Thou art mine, I am Thine,
Here's no Separation;
I am Thine, for Thou wert giving,
All thy Blood for my Good,
And my heav'nly Living.

XII.

Thou art mine, ſince I embrace Thee
With my Heart, ne'er to part,
Till thy Light ſolace me;
Lord, haſte on, tranſlate me yonder,
Where thy Love ſhall improve,
To an endleſs Wonder.

P. GERHARD.

RESIGNATION.

Was Gott thut, das iſt wohl gethan.

I.

WHAT Thou my God doſt, all's well done,
Thy Will's moſt Juſt and Holy,
As Thou'lt diſpoſe of all my own,
I reſt in Thee moſt fully;
Thou art my God whoſe loving Rod
Turns all my ſore Diſtreſſings
Into the greateſt Bleſſings.

II.

What Thou my God doſt, all's well done,
Thou never wilt deceive me,
The ſtraiteſt Path, Thou lead'ſt me on,
Will ne'er of Bliſs bereave me;
I patiently rely on Thee,

Speak

Speak Thou, my Trouble is mending,
On Thee my All's depending.

III.

What Thou my God doſt, all's well done,
Thy Care of me proves ſteady,
Thou my Phyſician, when I groan
Wilt not preſcribe what's deadly;
But give the Doſe Thou'ſt wiſely choſe
For my full Reſtoration,
O bleſſed Conſolation.

IV.

What Thou my God doſt, all's well done,
Thou art my Light and Living,
Thy Love to all beneath the Sun
Is doing Good and Giving,
To Thee I leave my Joy and Grief,
For Time will ſoon diſcover
How kind my heav'nly Lover.

V.

What Thou my God doſt, all's well done,
Tho' I muſt take the Chalice,
That's bitter to my nat'ral Man,
Yet weans me from my Follies;
For Thou at laſt will make me taſte
Its Fruit of ſolid Gladneſs,
Then farewell Sin and Sadneſs.

VI.

What Thou my God doſt, all's well done,
To this I ſtand for ever;
Let Sorrow, Sickneſs, Death come on,
Nought me from Thee ſhall ſever:
For thy Support will not fall ſhort




God will make it canſt thou Take it
Things ſhall have a Bleſſed End let the
Croſſing waves b toſſing keep but Cloſe to
Chriſt thy Friend

To ſave me in that Criſis,
Then do what thy Love pleaſes.

Of RESIGNATION.

Gott wills machen, daß die Sachen.

I.

GOD will make it, canſt thou take it,
Things ſhall have a bleſſed End;
Let the croſſing Waves be toſſing,
Keep but cloſe to Chriſt thy Friend.

II.

He that's ſhrinking whilſt he's thinking,
Chriſt neglects his Pain and Grief;
Shall with Haring Doubts and Caring
Pay dear for his Unbelief.

III.

Thou Neglecter, thy Protector
Never ſlept nor ſlumber'd yet;
Fix thine Eye on bleſſed *Sion*,
That keeps Faith and Hope diſcreet.

IV.

His retarding of rewarding
Doth not change his loving Heart;
Be thy whining ne'er ſo pining,
Sure He knows thy bitter'ſt Smart.

V.

Truſt thou rather, God thy Father
Thy Salvation has decreed;
Reſignation of thy Station
Finds redreſs in time of Need.

VI.

Suck thou Sweetneſs from the Kiſſes
Of thy Saviour's ſaving Rod;
He that guides it and provides it,
Doth not hurt but lead to God.

VII.

Will thy quavering Thoughts be wavering,
Caſt them all into his Hand,
Who to-Morrow's Joys and Sorrows
Still has at his ſole Command.

VIII.

He thy Sov'reign all doth govern,
His great Pow'r's of vaſt Extent;
Of thy Croſſes and thy Loſſes
He knows when to make an End.

IX.

His great Wonders are the Tinder,
Where our Faith is catching Light;
All his Actions and Directions
Prove his Wiſdom infinite.

X.

When his Seaſon comes, thy Reaſon
Finds his helping Hand is nigh,
And to ſhame thee of thy Frailty
'Twill come unexpectedly.

XI.

Selfwill'd chuſing or refuſing
Seeks in all its Intereſt;
But when forcing muſt's indorſing,
High Complaints break out at laſt.

XII.

Far more bleſſed all diſtreſſed,
Who reſign to Jeſus' Will;

Who in Sadneſs and in Gladneſs
With *Job*'s Mind run parallel.

XIII.

Caſt with Patience all Vexations
In the Blood thy Saviour ſpilt ;
Who'll be ſhifting Trials ſifting,
Doth but multiply his Guilt.

XIV.

Who're refuſing Chriſt was chuſing,
And left as his prime Command,
Shall with Terror ſee their Error,
When they're plac'd at his left Hand.

XV.

But the Lovers and Improvers
Of their Saviour's eaſy Yoke,
Shall with Pleaſure gain the Treaſure
Of their ever living Rock.

XVI.

Amen, Amen, in the Name then
Of my Jeſus I'll be ſtill ;
Be his Going and his Doing
Where, how, when and what He will.

D. HERRNSCHMIDT.

Praiſe of GOD.

Ich ſinge dir mit Hertz und Mund.

To the Tune, Shepherds rejoice.

I.

I Sing to Thee with Heart and Tongue,
Lord God, my Soul's Delight !
Declaring to the World in Song
The Knowledge of thy Might.

II.

I know, Thou art the Source of Grace,
And our eternal Bliſs,
From whence devolves to human Race
All real Happineſs.

III.

What are we? what do we poſſeſs
Upon this earthly Ball,
Thou, Father, in thy Tenderneſs
Doſt not beſtow on all?

IV.

Who ſpreads the lofty Firmament,
And ſtarry Skies around?
Who makes the Dew and Rain deſcend,
To water all the Ground?

V.

Who warms us 'midſt the Froſt and Snow?
Who ſkreens us from the Wind?
Who makes the Wine and Oil to grow
To chear our Heart and Mind?

VI.

Who doth preſerve our Life and Health,
Our Eaſe and ſafe Abode?
Who ſtill ſecures our Peace and Wealth
At home and from abroad?

VII.

On Thee, great God and Lord of Hoſts,
Depends our Life and All,
Thou keep'ſt the Watch around our Coaſts,
And ſav'ſt both great and ſmall.

VIII.

Thou feed'ſt us all from Year to Year,
Art ever kind and good,
Reliev'ſt us when the Danger's near,
And guard'ſt us from the Flood.

XI.

We Sinners feel thy chaſt'ning Hand
But in a kind Degree,
At laſt Thou fling'ſt our Sins like Sand,
And drown'ſt them in the Sea.

X.

And when our Hearts groan out their Grief,
Thy Pity doth renew,
Thou ſend'ſt what makes for our Relief
And for thy Glory too.

XI.

Thou count'ſt a Chriſtian's weeping Hours,
Their Cauſe from whence they riſe,
The ſmalleſt Tears that e'er he pours,
Thou keep'ſt within thine Eyes.

XII.

Thou, Lord, ſuppli'ſt the Wants of Life
with everlaſting Bliſs,
And tak'ſt us from this World of Strife,
To thy own Realms of Peace.

XIII.

Then leap for Joy, my Soul, and ſing,
And take new Courage up,
For thy Creator, God and King
Is thy perpetual Prop.

XIV.

He is thy Portion, and thy Love,
Thy Comfort and thine All,
Can'ſt thou crave more in Heav'n above,
Or on this earthly Ball?

XV.

Why doſt thou weep thine Eyes ſo dim,
And griev'ſt both Day and Night?
Caſt all thy great Concerns on Him,
Who gave thee Life and Light.

XVI.

Has He not from thine early Days
Maintain'd and nouriſh'd thee?
Remind the many dang'rous Ways,
From which he kept thee free.

XVII.

He ne'er miſtook one Step as yet
In his vaſt Government,
What he tranſacts or doth permit
Turns to a bleſſed End.

XVIII.

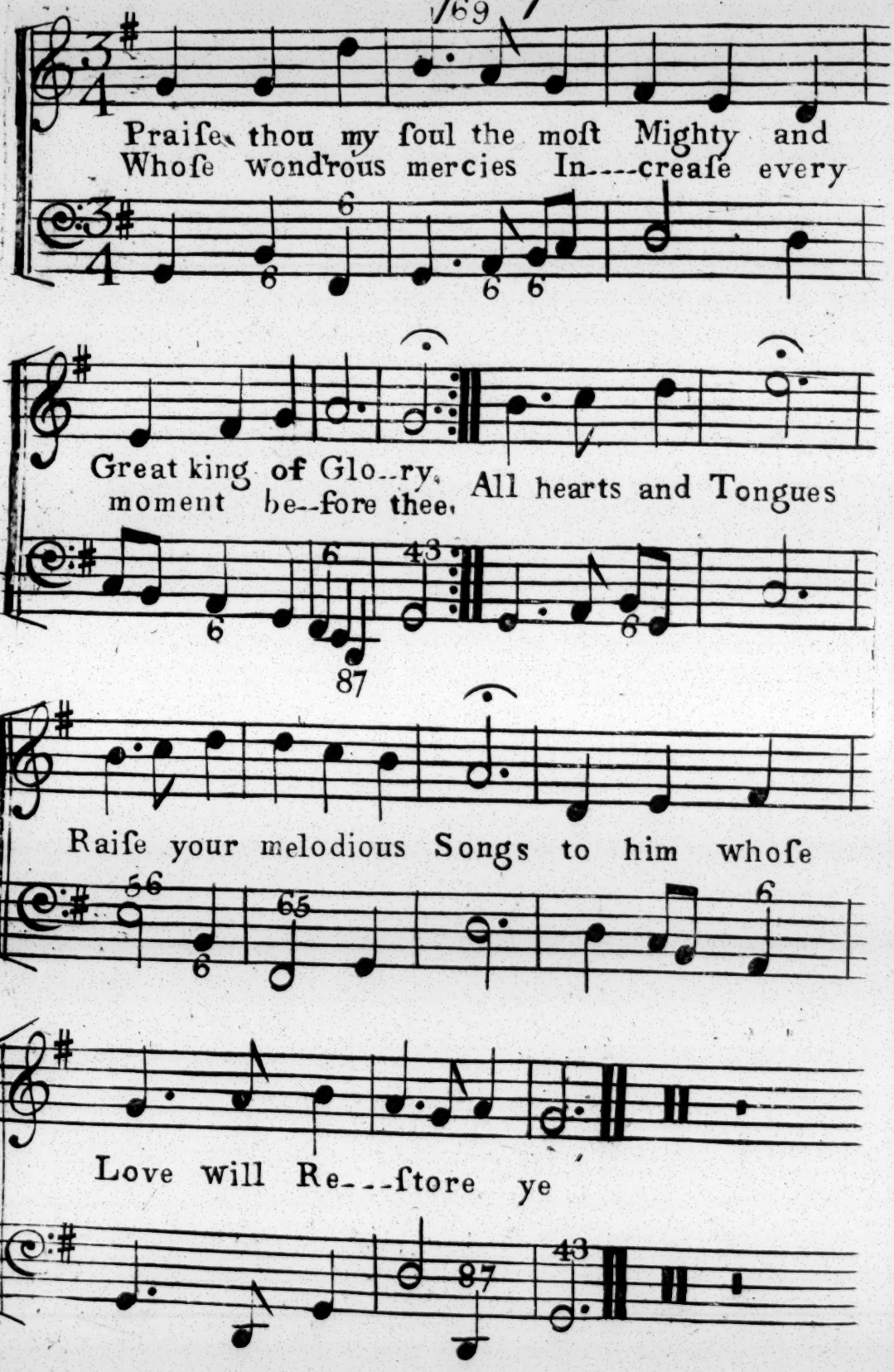
Then let thy God without controul
Purſue his holy Ways;
Thus Peace ſhall here attend thy Soul,
And there more joyful Days.

P. GERHARD.

Praiſe



Praise of God ✳



Praiſe of GOD.

Lobe den Herren den mächtigen König der Ehren.

I.

PRAISE thou, my Soul, the moſt mighty and great King of Glory,
Whoſe wond'rous Mercies increaſe every Moment before thee;
All Hearts and Tongues! Raiſe your melodious Songs
To Him, whoſe Love will reſtore ye.

II.

Praiſe thou the Lord, who ſo glorioufly every thing orders,
Whoſe gracious Providence carried thee through many Borders;
And ſtill preſerves all thy weak Sinews and Nerves,
So great's the Love of thy Warders.

III.

Praiſe thou the Lord, for thy ſkilful and wondrous Formation,
And thy more marvellous Life and Health's kind Prolongation;
How oft in Need did not thy God come with Speed
To ſecure thy Preſervation?

IV.

Praiſe thou the Lord, who has viſibly bleſſed thy Station,
Whoſe Show'rs of Mercy have viſited thine Habitation;
Remember now what the Almighty can do,
Whoſe Love attends thine Occaſion.

V.

All that's within me ſtill praiſe the Lord's moſt glorious Eſſence,
All breathing Creatures exalt your Preſerver's kind Preſence;
He is our Light, praiſe him by Day and by Night,
In Jeſu finiſh with Amen.

NEANDER.

Praiſe of GOD.

Hallelujah, Lob, Preiß und Ehr.

To the Tune, How bright appears the Morning Star.

I.

HALLELUJAH, Love, Thanks and Praiſe
Be to our Sov'reign God of Grace
For all his great Tranſactions!
His wondrous Name be e'er ador'd
By all Mankind with one accord
For his reveal'd Perfections:

O ſing! O bring
Hallelujah to Jehovah, holy is God,
He our God the Lord Sabbaoth.

II.

Hallelujah, Might, Majeſty
Be to the Lamb eternally,
In whom we are elected!
Who bought us with his precious Blood,
Therewith baptiz'd us into God,
His Love unknown detected!
Sacred, Bleſſed
Is the Union and Communion, great's the Pleaſure
We enjoy in Chriſt our Treaſure.

III.

Hallelujah let every Coaſt
Reſound to God the Holy Ghoſt,
Who has renew'd our Natures!
Endow'd us with a living Faith,
And turn'd our Feet to Jeſus' Path,
And made us Lamb like Creatures!
O yes, here he is
Solid Gladneſs, real Fatneſs, heav'nly Manna,
And the laſting true Hoſanna.

IV.

Hallelujah, Love, Thanks and Praiſe
Be to our Sov'reign God of Grace,
And his great Name for ever!
Proclaim with all th' Angelick Hoſt,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
His everlaſting Favour!
O ſing! O bring
Hallelujah to Jehovah, holy is God,
He our God the Lord Sabbaoth.

Evening HYMN.

Der Tag iſt hin.

I.

THE Day is gone, come Jeſu my Protector,
Thou Light of Souls, and ſinful Night's
Corrector;
Ariſe in me Thou Sun of Righteouſneſs,
Enlighten me, for Lord, I want thy Grace.

II.

The beſt of Thanks, Lord! be to Thee directed,
The Glory's Thine, that all is well effected
Thro' thy Decree, tho' that's unknown to me,
Thou art moſt Juſt, whate'er its Iſſue be.

III.

Yet one thing ſtill o'erwhelms me with Confuſion,
Inconſtancy oft ſhakes my Reſolution;
As Thou well know'ſt, who ſearcheſt Hearts
and Reins,
I ſtumble oft as Child of little Senſe.

IV.

Forgive the Guilt that drives me from thy Graces,
Sin, Satan, World, thruſt me from thine Embraces,
Yet I repent, and raiſe a new Deſign,
Aſſiſt me, Lord! be mine, I will be Thine.

V.

Iſrael's Support! my Shepherd and my Warder!
Unſheath thy Sword, and ſtop my Foes Diſorder;
Defend Thou me thro' thine Almighty Pow'r,
When *Belial*'s Crew my Soul ſeeks to devour.

Thou

Evening Hymn




30
60
AUG


30
60
AUG

Evening Hymn

73



VI.

Thou ſlumber'ſt not, when weary Limbs are
ſleeping,
Oh! let my Soul dwell ſafe within thy keeping;
Thou Source of Life! refreſh my Mind anon,
I cleave to Thee, my Rock! the Day is gone.

NEANDER.

Evening HYMN.

Nun ruhen alle Wälder.

To the Tune, Here World ſee thy Redeemer.

I.

NOW Woods and Fields are quiet,
Men ceaſe from Noiſe and Riot,
The Lab'rers go to Reſt:
But thou my Soul and Spirit,
Exalt thy Saviour's Merit,
And ſtrive, how thou ſhalt pleaſe Him beſt.

II.

The Sun has hid his Glances,
And gloomy Night advances,
The Day-light's Enemy:
Farewel! the bright Solaces
Of Chriſt the Sun of Graces
Shine in my Heart moſt chearfully.

III.

The Day-light now is vaniſh'd,
And th' azure Sky's repleniſh'd
With ſparking Stars around:

Thus

Thus ſhall I ſhine before Thee,
When Thou the Lord of Glory
Shalt place me on immortal Ground.

IV.

Tir'd Limbs for Reſt are preſſing,
My Garments in undreſſing
Are Tokens of our Fall:
But Chriſt! thy Reſtoration
Gain'd Robes of true Salvation,
To clothe my naked Soul withal.

V.

Head, Hands and Feet now weary,
Be glad that Reſt's ſo near ye,
Your Toil is at a Stand:
My Heart look up with Gladneſs,
For all thy Pain and Sadneſs,
Through Chriſt ſhall have a bleſſed End.

VI.

Now go, ye weary Members,
Retire into your Chambers,
The Bed's for you prepar'd:
The Time and Hour is waiting
For your moſt ſure Retreating
To reſt within your Mother-Earth.

VII.

Mine Eyelids tir'd with waking
Will ſoon fall faſt with taking
Their Reſt: But Life and Soul
I leave to Thee my Jeſus
And thy protecting Graces,
My God, my Shepherd, and my All!

VIII.

Extend thy Wings and Favour
On me, moſt gracious Saviour,
And keep me cloſe to Thee:
When Satan will devour me,
Let th' Angels Guards ſing o'er me;
" This Child ſhall unmoleſted be."

IX.

And ye, my dear Relations?
May God ſecure your Stations
From Harm of any kind:
Reſt under Chriſt's Pavilion,
Then ſhall no hoſtile Million
Diſturb your Body, Soul, nor Mind.

Praiſe after MEAT.

Nun laſt uns Gott den Herren.

To the Tune, My Soul awake and tender.

I.

NOW let us praiſe with Fervour
Our Lord and kind Preſerver,
Who has with his good Creatures
Refreſh'd our needy Natures.

II.

Our Body, Soul and Spirit,
Rais'd by our Saviour's Merit,
Still owe their Preſervation
T' his daily new Creation.

Our

III.

Our Food He is providing,
The Soul is ſtill abiding,
Tho' deadly Wounds diſcover
The Fall from our great Lover.

IV.

Yet there's a ſure Phyſician
That cures our ſad Condition,
'Tis Chriſt, whoſe bleſt Oblation
Retriev'd our loſt Salvation.

V.

His Baptiſm, Word, and Supper
Checks ev'ry ſinful Uproar,
By Faith the Sacred Spirit
Applies his ſaving Merit.

VI.

He pardons our Tranſgreſſings,
Endows us with his Bleſſings,
In Heav'n's our Expectation
Of taſting full Salvation

VII.

O Lord! enlarge the Savour,
Of thy preſerving Favour,
That all, thy Name do mention
May anſwer thine Intention.

VIII.

Thy Truth, which never varies,
Thy Love, that never wearies,
Grant us and all that ſay then
Through Chriſt a faithful Amen.

HELMBOLD.



De Amore Jesu

77



De Amore JESU.

I.

JESU clemens pie Deus!
Jeſu dulcis amor meus!
Jeſu bone, Jeſu pie,
Fili Dei & Mariæ.

II.

Quiſnam poſſit enarrare,
Quam jucundum Te amare,
Tecum fide ſociari,
Tecum ſemper delectari.

III.

Fac ut poſſim demonſtrare
Quam ſit dulce Te amare
Tecum pati, tecum flere
Tecum ſemper congaudere.

IV.

O Majeſtas infinita,
Amor noſter, ſpes & vita,
Fac nos dignos Te videre,
Tecum ſemper permanere.

V.

Ut videntes & fruentes
Jubilemus & cantemus
In beata cœli vita,
Amen, Jeſu, fiat ita.

W. PETERSEN.

Spes

Spes Sionis.

ERIT, erit illa hora,
Qua triumphet gens *Sion*,
Quando gemens ſine mora
Contremiſcet *Babylon*.

II.

Illa lena conſpurcavit
Virginalem tunicam,
Et lymphata laceravit
Sponſam Dei unicam.

III.

Roma, tu es fornicata
Cum permultis gentibus,
Quæ de tuis medicata
Vina bibunt fontibus.

IV.

O ſi *Roma* ſola fores
Quæ laſcivit turpiter!
Sed nunc alias ſorores
Educaſti leviter.

V.

Hæ vagantes per plateas,
Eœda vulgant corpora;
Amat Clerus haſce Deas,
Amat illas Curia.

VI.

Populus ſeductus illis
Incitatus æſtuat,
Et in urbe ac in villis
Thura ſua immolat.

VII. Cer-

Spes Sionis


E-rit e-rit il--la Ho-ra
Qua tri-umphet gens Si--on
Quando gemens fi--ne mo-ra
Con--tre-mi-ſcit Ba-by-lon.


BRITISH MUSEUM
AUG

VII.

Cernit hæc Deus & gemit,
Num hic Chriſti populus,
Quem cruore ſic redemit
Ille meus Filius?

VIII.

Gemit & cœtus *Sionis*,
Mille fundens lacrymas,
Qui ſub jugo *Babylonis*
Suas ſentit ſarcinas.

IX.

Quamdiu durabunt illa,
Surge Deus protinus,
Et amabilem deſtilla
Rorem tuum cœlitus.

X.

Audivere preces iſtas
Exorati ſuperi,
Et miſere mox haliſtas,
Tremuere noxii.

XI.

Meretrix ſpiritualis
Magna ruit *Babylon*;
Nympha vero nuptialis
Læta plaudit arx *Sion*.

XII.

Gaudet *Iſrael* fidelis,
Gaudet ſancta natio;
Vox in terra, vox in cœlis
Clara ſonat jubilo.

XIII.

Nuptiæ parantur Agni
Sponſa fulget aurea,

Sponſi jam Marita magni
Decorata laurea.

XIV.

Una dies, mille anni,
Mille plauſus generat,
Procul mors, procul Tyranni,
Nympha Regis imperat.

XV.

Mox in amplam domum Patris
Hæc Regina ducitur,
Nata Patris, Nata Matris
Patri ſoli ſubditur.

XVI.

Halleluja! Halleluja!
Concinnemus cantica,
Eja! jubilemus, eja!
In æterna ſecula.



IDEM.

FINIS.